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THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

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MUENCHEN

Photographed by J. & C. Watkins, Parliament St.
from the painting by Lewis.

THOMAS HOOD.

London, Edward Moxon & C.° 44, Dover St.

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

COMIC AND SERIOUS, IN PROSE AND VERSE.

EDITED, WITH NOTES, BY HIS SON.

VOLUME VI.

LONDON:

EDWARD MOXON & CO., DOVER STREET.

1862.

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MUENCHEN

HOOD'S COMPLETE WORKS.

1842.

[*Continued.*]

[THIS volume commences with further contributions to the "New Monthly" for this year; including, in verse, "Spring"—"The Turtles"—"The Elm Tree"—"More Hullah-baloo," and "The Season"—and in prose, "Diabolical Suggestions"—"Boz in America"—"Shakespeare," and "Student Life in Germany."]

SPRING.

A NEW VERSION.

"*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly—it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air."—*Hamlet.*

"COME, *gentle* Spring! ethereal *mildness* come!"
Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?
There's no such season.

The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!
For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter!
And suffer from her *blows* as if they came
From Spring the Fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,
And be her tuneful laureates and upholders,
Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*
Pour'd down their shoulders!

Let others eulogise her floral shows,
From me they cannot win a single stanza,
I know her blooms are in full blow—and so's
The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,
Are things I sneeze at!

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year!
And fair its early buddings and its blowings—
But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear
With other sowings!

For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,
A frigid, not a genial inspiration;
Nor can, like Iron-Chested Chubb, defy
An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,
To me all vernal luxuries are fables,
Oh! where's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg,
Stiff as a table's?

I limp in agony,—I wheeze and cough;
And quake with Ague, that Great Agitator;
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off
My Respirator.

What wonder if in May itself I lack
A peg for laudatory verse to hang on?—
Spring mild and gentle!—yes, as Spring-heeled Jack
To those he sprang on.

In short, whatever panegyrics lie
In fulsome odes too many to be cited,
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,
And that is blighted!

THE TURTLES.

A FABLE.

"The rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle."—BYRON.

ONE day, it was before a civic dinner,
Two London Aldermen, no matter which,
Cordwainer, Girdler, Patten-maker, Skinner—
But both were florid, corpulent, and rich,
And both right fond of festive demolition,
Set forth upon a secret expedition.
Yet not, as might be fancied from the token,
To Pudding Lane, Pie Corner, or the Street
Of Bread, or Grub, or anything to eat,
Or drink, as Milk, or Vintry, or Portsoken,
But eastward to that more aquatic quarter,
Where folks take water,
Or bound on voyages, secure a berth
For Antwerp or Ostend, Dundee or Perth,
Calais, Boulogne, or any Port on earth!

Jostled and jostling, through the mud,
Peculiar to the Town of Lud,
Down narrow streets and crooked lanes they dived,
Past many a gusty avenue, through which
Came yellow fog, and smell of pitch,
From barge, and boat, and dusky wharf derived;
With darker fumes, brought eddying by the draught,
From loco-smoko-motive craft;
Mingling with scents of butter, cheese, and gammons,
Tea, coffee, sugar, pickles, rosin, wax,
Hides, tallow, Russia-matting, hemp and flax,
Salt-cod, red herrings, sprats, and kipper'd salmons,
Nuts, oranges, and lemons,
Each pungent spice, and aromatic gum,
Gas, pepper, soaplees, brandy, gin, and rum;
Alamode-beef and greens—the London soil—
Glue, coal, tobacco, turpentine, and oil,
Bark, assafœtida, squills, vitriol, hops,
In short, all whiffs, and sniffs, and puffs, and snuffs,
From metals, minerals, and dyewood stuffs,
Fruits, victual, drink, solidities, or slops—
In flasks, casks, bales, trucks, waggons, taverns, shops,
Boats, lighters, cellars, wharfs, and warehouse-tops,
That, as we walk upon the river's ridge,
Assault the nose—below the bridge.

A walk, however, as tradition tells,
That once a poor blind Tobit used to choose,
Because, incapable of other views,
He met with "such a sight of smells."

But on, and on, and on,
In spite of all unsavoury shocks,

Progress the stout Sir Peter and Sir John,
Steadily steering ship-like for the docks—
And now they reach a place the Muse, unwilling,
Recalls for female slang and vulgar doing,
The famous Gate of Billing
That does not lead to cooing—
And now they pass that House that is so ugly
A Customer to people looking "smuggley"—
And now along that fatal Hill they pass
Where centuries ago an Oxford bled,
And proved—too late to save his life, alas !—
That *he* was "off his head."

At last before a lofty brick-built pile
Sir Peter stopp'd, and with mysterious smile
Tingled a bell that served to bring
The wire-drawn genius of the ring,
A species of commercial Samuel Weller—
To whom Sir Peter—tipping him a wink,
And something else to drink—
"Show us the cellar."

Obsequious bow'd the man, and led the way
Down sundry flights of stairs, where windows small,
Dappled with mud, let in a dingy ray—
A dirty tax, if they were tax'd at all.

At length they came into a cellar damp,
With venerable cobwebs fringed around,
A cellar of that stamp
Which often harbours vintages renown'd,
The feudal Hock, or Burgundy the courtly,

With sherry, brown or golden,
Or port, so olden,
Bereft of body 'tis no longer portly—
But old or otherwise—to be veracious—
That cobwebb'd cellar, damp, and dim, and spacious,
Held nothing crusty—but crustaceous.

Prone, on the chilly floor,
Five splendid Turtles—such a five!
Natives of some West Indian shore,
Were flapping all alive,
Late landed from the Jolly Planter's yawl—
A sight whereon the dignitaries fix'd
Their eager eyes, with ecstacy unmix'd,
Like fathers that behold their infants crawl,
Enjoying every little kick and sprawl.
Nay—far from fatherly the thoughts they bred,
Poor loggerheads from far Ascension ferried!
The Aldermen too plainly wish'd them dead
And Aldermanbury'd!

"There!" cried Sir Peter, with an air
Triumphant as an ancient victor's,
And pointing to the creatures rich and rare,
"There's picters!"

"Talk of Olympic Games! They're not worth mention;
The real prize for wrestling is when Jack,
In Providence or Ascension,
Can throw a lively turtle on its back!"

"Aye!" cried Sir John, and with a score of nods,
Thoughtful of classical symposium,

"There's food for Gods!
There's nectar! there's ambrosium!
There's food for Roman Emperors to eat—
Oh, there had been a treat
(Those ancient names will sometimes hobble us)
For Helio-gobble-us!"

"There were a feast for Alexander's Feast!
The real sort—none of your mock or spurious!"
And then he mention'd Aldermen deceased,
And "Epicurius,"
And how Tertullian had enjoy'd such foison;
And speculated on that *verdigrease*
That isn't poison.

"Talk of your Spring, and verdure, and all that!
Give *me* green fat!
As for your Poets with their groves of myrtles
And billing turtles,
Give me, for poetry, them Turtles there,
A-billing in a bill of fare!"

"Of all the things I ever swallow—
Good, well-dressed turtle beats them hollow—
It almost makes me wish, I vow,
To have *two* stomachs, like a cow!"
And lo! as with the cud, an inward thrill
Upheaved his waistcoat and disturb'd his frill,
His mouth was oozing and he work'd his jaw—
"I almost think that I could eat one raw!"

And thus, as "inward love breeds outward talk,"
The portly pair continued to discourse;

And then—as Gray describes of life's divorce,—
With "longing lingering look" prepared to walk,—
Having thro' one delighted sense, at least,
Enjoy'd a sort of Barmecidal feast,
And with prophetic gestures, strange to see,
Forestall'd the civic Banquet yet to be,
Its callipash and callipee!

A pleasant prospect—but alack!
Scarcely each Alderman had turn'd his back,
When seizing on the moment so propitious,
And having learn'd that they were so delicious
To bite and sup,
From praises so high flown and injudicious,—
And nothing could be more pernicious!
The turtles fell to work, and ate each other up!

MORAL.

Never, from folly or urbanity,
Praise people thus profusely to their faces,
Till quite in love with their own graces,
They're eaten up by vanity!

THE ELM TREE.*

A DREAM IN THE WOODS.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees."—*As You Like It.*

'Twas in a shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound—
And from a Tree
There came to me
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,
And sometimes underground.

Amongst the leaves it seem'd to sigh,
Amid the boughs to moan;
It mutter'd in the stem, and then
The roots took up the tone;
As if beneath the dewy grass
The dead began to groan.

No breeze there was to stir the leaves;
No bolts that tempests launch,
To rend the trunk or rugged bark;
No gale to bend the branch;
No quake of earth to heave the roots,
That stood so stiff and staunch.

No bird was preening up aloft,
To rustle with its wing;
No squirrel, in its sport or fear,

* This was suggested by a visit to Ham House, on the banks of the Thames.

From bough to bough to spring;
The solid bole
Had ne'er a hole
To hide a living thing!

No scooping hollow cell to lodge
A furtive beast or fowl,
The martin, bat,
Or forest cat
That nightly loves to prowl,
Nor ivy nook so apt to shroud
The moping, snoring owl.

But still the sound was in my ear,
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,
And sometimes underground—
'Twas in a shady Avenue
Where lofty Elms abound.

O hath the Dryad still a tongue
In this ungenial clime?
Have Sylvan Spirits still a voice
As in the classic prime—
To make the forest voluble,
As in the olden time?

The olden time is dead and gone;
Its years have fill'd their sum—
And e'en in Greece—her native Greece—
The Sylvan Nymph is dumb—
From ash, and beech, and aged oak,
No classic whispers come.

From Poplar, Pine, and drooping Birch,
And fragrant Linden Trees;
No living sound
E'er hovers round,
Unless the vagrant breeze,
The music of the merry bird,
Or hum of busy bees.

But busy bees forsake the Elm
That bears no bloom aloft—
The Finch was in the hawthorn-bush,
The Blackbird in the croft;
And among the firs the brooding Dove,
That else might murmur soft.

Yet still I heard that solemn sound,
And sad it was to boot,
From ev'ry overhanging bough,
And each minuter shoot;
From rugged trunk and mossy rind,
And from the twisted root.

From these,—a melancholy moan;
From those,—a dreary sigh;
As if the boughs were wintry bare,
And wild winds sweeping by—
Whereas the smallest fleecy cloud
Was stedfast in the sky.

No sign or touch of stirring air
Could either sense observe—
The zephyr had not breath enough

The thistle-down to swerve,
Or force the filmy gossamers
To take another curve.

In still and silent slumber hush'd
All Nature seem'd to be :
From heaven above, or earth beneath,
No whisper came to me—
Except the solemn sound and sad
From that MYSTERIOUS TREE !

A hollow, hollow, hollow sound,
As is that dreamy roar
When distant billows boil and bound
Along a shingly shore—
But the ocean brim was far aloof,
A hundred miles or more.

No murmur of the gusty sea,
No tumult of the beach,
However they may foam and fret,
The bounded sense could reach—
Methought the trees in mystic tongue
Were talking each to each !—

Mayhap, rehearsing ancient tales
Of greenwood love or guilt,
Of whisper'd vows
Beneath their boughs ;
Or blood obscurely spilt ;
Or of that near-hand Mansion House
A Royal Tudor built.

Perchance, of booty won or shared
Beneath the starry cope—
Or where the suicidal wretch
Hung up the fatal rope;
Or Beauty kept an evil tryste,
Insnared by Love and Hope.

Of graves, perchance, untimely scoop'd
At midnight dark and dank—
And what is underneath the sod
Whereon the grass is rank—
Of old intrigues,
And privy leagues,
Tradition leaves in blank.

Of traitor lips that mutter'd plots—
Of Kin who fought and fell—
God knows the undiscover'd schemes,
The arts and acts of Hell,
Perform'd long generations since,
If trees had tongues to tell!

With wary eyes, and ears alert,
As one who walks afraid,
I wander'd down the dappled path
Of mingled light and shade—
How sweetly gleam'd that arch of blue
Beyond the green arcade!

How cheerly shone the glimpse of Heav'n
Beyond that verdant aisle!
All overarch'd with lofty elms,
That quench'd the light, the while,

As dim and chill
As serves to fill
Some old Cathedral pile !

And many a gnarlèd trunk was there,
That ages long had stood,
Till Time had wrought them into shapes
Like Pan's fantastic brood ;
Or still more foul and hideous forms
That Pagans carve in wood !

A crouching Satyr lurking here—
And there a Goblin grim—
As staring full of demon life
As Gothic sculptor's whim—
A marvel it had scarcely been
To hear a voice from him !

Some whisper from that horrid mouth
Of strange, unearthly tone ;
Or wild infernal laugh, to chill
One's marrow in the bone.
But no——it grins like rigid Death,
And silent as a stone !

As silent as its fellows be,
For all is mute with them—
The branch that climbs the leafy roof—
The rough and mossy stem—
The crooked root,
And tender shoot,
Where hangs the dewy gem.

One mystic Tree alone there is,
Of sad and solemn sound—
That sometimes murmurs overhead,
And sometimes underground—
In all that shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound.

PART II.

THE Scene is changed! No green Arcade,
No Trees all ranged a-row—
But scatter'd like a beaten host,
Dispersing to and fro;
With here and there a sylvan corse,
That fell before the foe.

The Foe that down in yonder dell
Pursues his daily toil;
As witness many a prostrate trunk,
Bereft of leafy spoil,
Hard by its wooden stump, whereon
The adder loves to coil.

Alone he works—his ringing blows
Have banish'd bird and beast;
The Hind and Fawn have canter'd off
A hundred yards at least;
And on the maple's lofty top,
The linnet's song has ceased.

No eye his labour overlooks,
Or when he takes his rest ;
Except the timid thrush that peeps
Above her secret nest,
Forbid by love to leave the young
Beneath her speckled breast.

The Woodman's heart is in his work,
His axe is sharp and good :
With sturdy arm and steady aim
He smites the gaping wood ;
From distant rocks
His lusty knocks
Re-echo many a rood.

His axe is keen, his arm is strong ;
The muscles serve him well ;
His years have reach'd an extra span,
The number none can tell ;
But still his lifelong task has been
The Timber Tree to fell.

Through Summer's parching sultriness,
And Winter's freezing cold,
From sapling youth
To virile growth,
And Age's rigid mould,
His energetic axe hath rung
Within that Forest old.

Aloft, upon his poising steel
The vivid sunbeams glance—
About his head and round his feet

The forest shadows dance ;
And bounding from his russet coat
The acorn drops askance.

His face is like a Druid's face,
With wrinkles furrow'd deep,
And tann'd by scorching suns as brown
As corn, that's ripe to reap ;
But the hair on brow, and cheek, and chin,
Is white as wool of sheep.

His frame is like a giant's frame ;
His legs are long and stark ;
His arms like limbs of knotted yew ;
His hands like rugged bark ;
So he felleth still
With right good will,
As if to build an Ark !

Oh ! well within *His* fatal path
The fearful Tree might quake
Through every fibre, twig, and leaf,
With aspen tremor shake ;
Through trunk and root,
And branch and shoot,
A low complaining make !

Oh ! well to *Him* the Tree might breathe
A sad and solemn sound,
A sigh that murmur'd overhead,
And groans from underground ;
As in that shady Avenue
Where lofty Elms abound !

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But calm and mute the Maple stands,
The Plane, the Ash, the Fir,
The Elm, the Beech, the drooping Birch,
Without the least demur ;
And e'en the Aspen's hoary leaf
Makes no unusual stir.

The Pines—those old gigantic Pines,
That writhe—recalling soon
The famous Human Group that writhes
With Snakes in wild festoon—
In ramous wrestlings interlaced
A Forest Läocoon—

Like Titans of primeval girth
By tortures overcome,
Their brown enormous limbs they twine,
Bedew'd with tears of gum—
Fierce agonies that ought to yell,
But, like the marble, dumb.

Nay, yonder blasted Elm that stands
So like a man of sin,
Who, frantic, flings his arms abroad
To feel the Worm within—
For all that gesture, so intense,
It makes no sort of din !

An universal silence reigns
In rugged bark or peel,
Except that very trunk which rings
Beneath the biting steel—
Meanwhile the Woodman plies his axe
With unrelenting zeal !

No rustic song is on his tongue,
No whistle on his lips ;
But with a quiet thoughtfulness
His trusty tool he grips,
And, stroke on stroke, keeps hacking out
The bright and flying chips.

Stroke after stroke, with frequent dint
He spreads the fatal gash ;
Till, lo ! the remnant fibres rend,
With harsh and sudden crash,
And on the dull resounding turf
The jarring branches lash !

Oh ! now the Forest Trees may sigh,
The Ash, the Poplar tall,
The Elm, the Beech, the drooping Birch,
The Aspens—one and all,
With solemn groan
And hollow moan
Lament a comrade's fall !

A goodly Elm, of noble girth,
That, thrice the human span—
While on their variegated course
The constant Seasons ran—
Through gale, and hail, and fiery bolt,
Had stood erect as Man.

But now, like mortal Man himself,
Struck down by hand of God,
Or heathen Idol tumbled prone

Beneath th' Eternal's nod,
In all its giant bulk and length
It lies along the sod !—

Ay, now the Forest Trees may grieve
And make a common moan
Around that patriarchal trunk
So newly overthrown ;
And with a murmur recognise
A doom to be their own !

The Echo sleeps : the idle axe,
A disregarded tool,
Lies crushing with its passive weight
The toad's reputed stool—
The Woodman wipes his dewy brow
Within the shadows cool.

No Zephyr stirs : the ear may catch
The smallest insect-hum ;
But on the disappointed sense
No mystic whispers come ;
No tone of sylvan sympathy,
The Forest Trees are dumb.

No leafy noise, nor inward voice,
No sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmurs overhead,
And sometimes underground ;
As in that shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound !

PART III.

THE deed is done : the Tree is low
That stood so long and firm ;
The Woodman and his axe are gone,
His toil has found its term ;
And where he wrought the speckled Thrush
Securely hunts the worm.

The Cony from the sandy bank
Has run a rapid race,
Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern,
To seek the open space ;
And on its haunches sits erect
To clean its furry face.

The dappled Fawn is close at hand,
The Hind is browsing near,—
And on the Larch's lowest bough
The Ousel whistles clear ;
But checks the note
Within its throat,
As choked with sudden fear !

With sudden fear her wormy quest
The Thrush abruptly quits—
Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern
The startled Cony flits ;
And on the Larch's lowest bough
No more the Ousel sits.

With sudden fear
The dappled Deer
Effect a swift escape ;
But well might bolder creatures start,
And fly, or stand agape,
With rising hair, and curdled blood,
To see so grim a Shape !

The very sky turns pale above ;
The earth grows dark beneath ;
The human Terror thrills with cold
And draws a shorter breath—
An universal panic owns
The dread approach of DEATH !

With silent pace, as shadows come,
And dark as shadows be,
The grisly Phantom takes his stand
Beside the fallen Tree,
And scans it with his gloomy eyes,
And laughs with horrid glee—

A dreary laugh and desolate,
Where mirth is void and null,
As hollow as its echo sounds
Within the hollow skull—
"Whoever laid this tree along,
His hatchet was not dull !

"The human arm and human tool
Have done their duty well !
But after sound of ringing axe

Must sound the ringing knell ;
When Elm or Oak
Have felt the stroke,
My turn it is to fell !

"No passive unregarded tree,
A senseless thing of wood,
Wherein the sluggish sap ascends
To swell the vernal bud—
But conscious, moving, breathing trunks
That throb with living blood !

"No forest Monarch yearly clad
In mantle green or brown ;
That unrecorded lives, and falls
By hand of rustic clown—
But Kings who don the purple robe,
And wear the jewell'd crown.

"Ah ! little recks the Royal mind,
Within his Banquet Hall,
While tapers shine and Music breathes
And Beauty leads the Ball,—
He little recks the oaken plank
Shall be his palace wall !

"Ah, little dreams the haughty Peer,
The while his Falcon flies—
Or on the blood-bedabbled turf
The antler'd quarry dies—
That in his own ancestral Park
The narrow dwelling lies !

"But haughty Peer and mighty King
One doom shall overwhelm!
The oaken cell
Shall lodge him well
Whose sceptre ruled a realm—
While he, who never knew a home,
Shall find it in the Elm!

"The tatter'd, lean, dejected wretch,
Who begs from door to door,
And dies within the cressy ditch,
Or on the barren moor,
The friendly Elm shall lodge and clothe
That houseless man and poor!

"Yea, this recumbent rugged trunk,
That lies so long and prone,
With many a fallen acorn-cup,
And mast, and firry cone—
This rugged trunk shall hold its share
Of mortal flesh and bone!

"A Miser hoarding heaps of gold,
But pale with ague-fears—
A Wife lamenting love's decay,
With secret cruel tears,
Distilling bitter, bitter drops
From sweets of former years—

"A Man within whose gloomy mind
Offence had deeply sunk,
Who out of fierce Revenge's cup

Hath madly, darkly drunk—
Grief, Avarice, and Hate shall sleep
Within this very trunk!

"This massy trunk that lies along,
And many more must fall—
For the very knave
Who digs the grave,
The man who spreads the pall,
And he who tolls the funeral bell,
The Elm shall have them all!

"The tall abounding Elm that grows
In hedgerows up and down;
In field and forest, copse and park,
And in the peopled town,
With colonies of noisy rooks
That nestle on its crown.

"And well th' abounding Elm may grow
In field and hedge so rife,
In forest, copse, and wooded park,
And 'mid the city's strife,
For, every hour that passes by
Shall end a human life!"

The Phantom ends: the shade is gone;
The sky is clear and bright;
On turf, and moss, and fallen Tree,
There glows a ruddy light;
And bounding through the golden fern
The Rabbit comes to bite.

The Thrush's mate beside her sits
And pipes a merry lay;
The Dove is in the evergreens;
And on the Larch's spray
The Fly-bird flutters up and down,
To catch its tiny prey.

The gentle Hind and dappled Fawn
Are coming up the glade;
Each harmless furr'd and feather'd thing
Is glad, and not afraid—
But on my sadden'd spirit still
The Shadow leaves a shade.

A secret, vague, prophetic gloom,
As though by certain mark
I knew the fore-appointed Tree,
Within whose rugged bark
This warm and living frame shall find
Its narrow house and dark.

That mystic Tree which breathed to me
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,
And sometimes underground;
Within that shady Avenue
Where lofty Elms abound.

MORE HULLAH-BALOO.

"Loud as from numbers without number."—MILTON.

"You may do it extempore, for it's nothing but roaring."
QUINCE.

AMONGST the great inventions of this age,
Which ev'ry other century surpasses,
Is one,—just now the rage,—
Call'd "Singing for all Classes"—
That is, for all the British millions,
And billions,
And quadrillions,
Not to name *Quintilians*,
That now, alas! have no more ear than asses,
To learn to warble like the birds in June,
In time and tune,
Correct as clocks, and musical as glasses!

In fact, a sort of plan,
Including gentleman as well as yokel,
Public or private man,
To call out a Militia,—only Vocal
Instead of Local,
And not designed for military follies,
But keeping still within the civil border,
To form with mouths in open order,
And sing in volleys.

Whether this grand harmonic scheme
Will ever get beyond a dream,

And tend to British happiness and glory,
Maybe no, and maybe yes,
Is more than I pretend to guess—
However, here's my story.

In one of those small, quiet streets,
Where Business retreats,
To shun the daily bustle and the noise
The shoppy Strand enjoys,
But Law, Joint-Companies, and Life Assurance
Find past endurance—
In one of those back streets, to Peace so dear,
The other day, a ragged wight
Began to sing with all his might,
"*I have a silent sorrow here!*"

The place was lonely; not a creature stirr'd
Except some little dingy bird;
Or vagrant cur that sniff'd along,
Indifferent to the Son of Song;
No truant errand-boy, or Doctor's lad,
No idle filch or lounging cad,
No Pots encumber'd with diurnal beer,
No printer's devil with an author's proof,
Or housemaid on an errand far aloof,
Linger'd the tatter'd Melodist to hear—
Who yet, confound him! bawl'd as loud
As if he had to charm a London crowd,
Singing beside the public way,
Accompanied—instead of violin,
Flute, or piano, chiming in—
By rumbling cab, and omnibus, and dray,

A van with iron bars to play *staccato*,
Or engine *obligato*—
In short, without one instrument vehicular
(Not ev'n a truck, to be particular),
There stood the rogue and roar'd,
Unasked and unencored,
Enough to split the organs call'd auricular!

Heard in that quiet place,
Devoted to a still and studious race,
The noise was quite appalling!
To seek a fitting simile and spin it,
Appropriate to his calling,
His voice had all Lablache's *body* in it;
But oh! the scientific tone it lack'd,
And was, in fact,
Only a forty-boatswain-power of bawling!

'Twas said, indeed, for want of vocal *nous*,
The stage had banish'd him when he attempted it,
For tho' his voice completely fill'd the house,
It also emptied it.
However, there he stood
Vociferous—a ragged don!
And with his iron pipes laid on
A row to all the neighbourhood.

In vain were sashes closed
And doors against the persevering Stentor,
Though brick, and glass, and solid oak opposed,
Th' intruding voice would enter,
Heedless of ceremonial or decorum,
Den, office, parlour, study, and sanctorum;

Where clients and attorneys, rogues, and fools,
Ladies, and masters who attended schools,
Clerks, agents, all provided with their tools,
Were sitting upon sofas, chairs, and stools,
With shelves, pianos, tables, desks, before 'em—
How it did bore 'em!

Louder, and louder still,
The fellow sang with horrible goodwill,
Curses both loud and deep his sole gratuities,
From scribes bewilder'd making many a flaw
In deeds of law
They had to draw;
With dreadful incongruities
In posting ledgers, making up accounts
To large amounts,
Or casting up annuities—
Stunn'd by that voice, so loud and hoarse,
Against whose overwhelming force
No in-voice stood a chance, of course!

The Actuary pshaw'd and pish'd,
And knit his calculating brows, and wish'd
The singer "a bad life"—a mental murther!
The Clerk, resentful of a blot and blunder,
Wish'd the musician further,
Poles distant—and no wonder!
For Law and Harmony tend far asunder—
The lady could not keep her temper calm,
Because the sinner did not sing a psalm—
The Fiddler in the very same position
As Hogarth's chafed musician
(Such prints require but cursory reminders)

Came and made faces at the wretch beneath,
And wishing for his foe between his teeth,
(Like all impatient elves
That spite themselves)
Ground his own grinders.

But still with unrelenting note,
Though not a copper came of it, in verity,
The horrid fellow with the ragged coat,
And iron throat,
Heedless of present honour and prosperity,
Sang like a Poet singing for posterity,
In penniless reliance—
And, sure, the most immortal Man of Rhyme
Never set Time
More thoroughly at defiance!

From room to room, from floor to floor,
From Number One to Twenty-four
The Nuisance bellow'd, till all patience lost,
Down came Miss Frost,
Expostulating at her open door—
"Peace, monster, peace!
Where *is* the New Police!
I vow I cannot work, or read, or pray,
Don't stand there bawling, fellow, don't!
You really send my serious thoughts astray,
Do—there's a dear good man—do go away."
Says he, "I won't!"

The spinster pull'd her door to with a slam,
That sounded like a wooden d—n,

For so some moral people, strictly loth
To swear in words, however up,
Will crash a curse in setting down a cup,
Or through a doorpost vent a banging oath—
In fact, this sort of physical transgression
Is really no more difficult to trace
Than in a given face
A very bad expression.

However, in she went,
Leaving the subject of her discontent
To Mr. Jones's Clerk at Number Ten;
Who, throwing up the sash,
With accents rash,
Thus hail'd the most vociferous of men:
"Come, come, I say old fellor, stop your chant!
I cannot write a sentence—no one can't!
So just pack up your trumps,
And stir your stumps—"
Says he, "I shan't!"

Down went the sash
As if devoted to "eternal smash"
(Another illustration
Of acted imprecation),
While close at hand, uncomfortably near,
The independent voice, so loud and strong,
And clanging like a gong,
Roar'd out again the everlasting song,
"I have a silent sorrow here!"

The thing was hard to stand!
The Music-master could not stand it—

But rushing forth with fiddle-stick in hand,
As savage as a bandit,
Made up directly to the tatter'd man,
And thus in broken sentences began—
But playing first a prelude of grimaces,
Twisting his features to the strangest shapes,
So that to guess his subject from his faces,
He meant to give a lecture upon apes—

"Com—com—I say!
You go away!
Into two parts my head you split—
My fiddle cannot hear himself a bit,
When I do play—
You have no bis'ness in a place so still!
Can you not come another day?"
Says he—"I will."

"No—no—you scream and bawl!
You must not come at all!
You have no rights, by rights, to beg—
You have not one off leg—
You ought to work—you have not some complaint—
You are not cripple in your back or bones—
Your voice is strong enough to break some stones"—
Says he—"It aint!"

"I say you ought to labour!
You are in a young case,
You have not sixty years upon your face,
To come and beg your neighbour,
And discompose his music with a noise
More worse than twenty boys—

Look what a street it is for quiet !
No cart to make a riot,
  No coach, no horses, no postilion,
If you will sing, I say, it is not just
To sing so loud."—Says he, "I MUST !
I'm SINGING FOR THE MILLION !"

THE SEASON.

SUMMER's gone and over !
  Fogs are falling down ;
And with russet tinges
  Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled
  By the gusty thieves,
And the Book of Nature
  Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,
  Swallows, as they flit,
Give, like yearly tenants,
  Notices to quit.

Skies, of fickle temper,
  Weep by turns, and laugh—
Night and Day together
  Taking half-and-half.

So September endeth—
Cold, and most perverse—
But the Month that follows,
Sure will pinch us worse !

DIABOLICAL SUGGESTIONS.

"I cannot but advise all considering men whose lives are attended with such extraordinary incidents as mine, or even though not so extraordinary, not to slight such secret intimations of Providence, let them come from what invisible intelligence they will. That, I shall not discuss : but certainly they are a proof of the converse of spirits, and a secret communication between those embodied and those unembodied, and such a proof as can never be withstood.

"That such hints and notices are given us I believe few that have made any observations of things can deny : that they are certain discoveries of an invisible world, and a converse of spirits, we cannot doubt ; and if the tendency of them be to warn us of danger, why should we not suppose they are from some friendly agent (whether supreme, or inferior, and subordinate, is not the question), and that they are given for our good ?"—ROBINSON CRUSOE.

"And the Devil is still ready at hand with his evil suggestions, to tempt our depraved will to some ill-disposed action.

"He begins first with the phantasie, and moves that so strongly, that no reason is able to resist."—BURTON.

IT has been a favourite notion with enthusiasts and visionaries of various denominations, and in all ages, that we have an intimate intercourse with the invisible world : that we are guided in wholesome or prejudicial courses, and urged to virtuous or sinful actions, by the promptings of good and evil spirits. Defoe, from whom I have taken my mottoes, evidently inclined to this belief : his earnest repetition of the argument shows that he personally entertained the sentiments on the subject which he has attributed to his hero.

It is true that the quotations have reference only to benevolent ministerings; but the author does not therefore repudiate an infernal agency. On the contrary, Crusoe readily ascribes to the Devil the mysterious foot-print on the sand, howbeit the impression is of a man's naked sole, instead of the old traditional hoof. In fact, to judge from the writings and preachings of certain sectarians, the satanical interference in human affairs is much more direct and constant than the providential: the Devil in *propria personâ* (for his likeness is as well known as if it had been calotyped by Collen—or daguerreotyped by Beard), having an audible voice and a visible finger in the most humble of their domestic concerns. Moreover, this theory of an infernal intercourse is especially maintained by the weak and the wicked, to whom it affords a convenient plea in mitigation, if not an absolute transfer of their guilt, just as a little boy lays his fault on a bigger and older instigator. Thus when such a sinner breaks some divine commandment, or violates some human law—if he marries one woman too few, or two women too many—if he mistakes his neighbour's horse for his own ass—or swears to the wrong fact in an affidavit—or sticks his knife in a forbidden sheath—or absently sets fire to his house instead of light to his fire—whatever error the misguided creature may commit, the blame attaches not to him, but to a certain personage, who has appropriately been represented like a sort of black Scape Goat, with horns and a tail. In a word—the poor sinner has been the victim of "a Diabolical Suggestion."

This popular belief received some thirty years ago a striking confirmation in the dreadful murder of an elderly couple, who were killed in bed by their footman. There was no robbery committed, and the motive of the assassin was enveloped in the deepest mystery. The ordinary temptations

to such crimes were all absent—there was no injury to revenge, no hatred to gratify, no cupidity to indulge, no delinquency to conceal. According to his own account, and in which the criminal persisted at the gibbet, the deed originated in a sudden and unaccountable inspiration. He had been asleep, and on waking the thought came into his head—he could not tell how—to go and kill his master and mistress. In vain he strove to banish the diabolical suggestion—the horrible idea still haunted him with increasing importunity, till the struggle becoming intolerable and the impulse irresistible—the murder was consummated!

And was there really in this case any positive Satanical prompting—an actual whisper from the Prince of Darkness? It is impossible for mortal man to reply in the negative: but one may at least show that no such cause was necessary to the effect—that a direct infernal instigation was not indispensable to the bloody consequence. It is quite possible that the first fearful hint was the offspring of a dream—either a sleeping or waking one—for the opening of the outward organ does not simultaneously close that other eye, which gazes inwardly at another theatre, with its own stage, its own scenery, its own actors, and its own dramas. From the fragments of some visionary tragedy, just abruptly terminated, it was quite possible for the imagination to compound a new plot, incoherently mixed up with the dawning actualities of the house and its inmates. And hence the catastrophe. The mere entrance and entertainment of an unlawful speculation in an ignorant, vicious, and ill-governed mind seems to involve the final working out of the scheme. The more atrocious the proposal, the more vividly it presents itself,—the more horrible its features, the more frequently they recur; as a bad dream is oftener remembered than a good one. The man becomes in reality the slave of his own

depraved imagination—its persecutions wear out what remains of his better nature, and submitting at last to its goadings, he performs the abominable task. Thus the Killing in Thought begets the Killing in Act; for which reason, perhaps, the first Murderer was branded, not in the hand, but on the forehead.

"The wise only," says Coleridge, "possess ideas: the greater part of mankind are possessed by them"—*i.e.*, as a person is said to be *possessed* by an evil spirit or demon: a saying so true that we have only to look round us to discover hundreds of men and women, gentle and simple, in this state of mental thraldom; and in consequence, daily committing acts so mischievous to themselves or to others, as to seem the plausible results of Diabolical Suggestions. In this category one may perhaps include such malefactors as Oxford and Francis, for whose traitorous attempts there has hitherto appeared no adequate motive. It is not necessary, however, to suppose any treasonable conspiracy—a political purpose, a popular disloyalty, or a private enmity. The original sin needs not be of so deep a dye. The empty vapourings of a conceited, shallow-witted potboy, the melodramatic plottings of the son of a stage carpenter, would suffice, on the principle laid down, to induce the criminal result. The frequent repetitions of notorious offences—and in the case of Francis, the servility of the copy—the use of the same kind of weapon and the choice of the identical spot —are favourable to this hypothesis. An atrocious idea, wantonly entertained in the first instance, is pampered and indulged, till like a spoilt child it tyrannises over its parent; and vociferously overwhelming the still small voice of conscience and reason—perhaps stiller and smaller than usual, in the individual—compels him to submit to the growing imperiousness of its dictates. The mind—the sober,

honest, and industrious servant of the wise and good—is the lord and master of the weak and wicked. And this is especially true of the Imagination—lovely and beneficent as the delicate Ariel under the command of a gifted Prospero—but headstrong, brutish, and devilish as Caliban turned out—according to a later history—when the wand that held him in subjection was broken!

A delinquency from this cause—though immeasurably distant in turpitude from the offences just mentioned—was committed, no matter when, nor where, nor by whom; but he was a medical student in our metropolis. Amongst his other destructive or dangerous instruments he possessed a rifle; and along with it a diploma which entitled him to practice, on certain days, with other members of a shooting society at a club-target. At these meetings, the student was a constant attendant and competitor—never dreaming, however, of hitting anything but bull's-eyes—till one unlucky day it suddenly came into his head—he could not tell by what orifice—to wonder if he could kill a deer. From that hour the notion haunted him like a ghost—in his bed, at his meals, at his prayers even, or during a walk—which, in fancy, was only a Deer-stalking.

It occurred to him, whilst he listened to his patients—he knew that he could bring down a sick man, but could he kill a fat buck? He could operate fatally, as he was aware, on the human body—but could he do the same by a stag? The tormenting problem interfered with his professional studies—and at the Hospital, while the lecturer was explaining the functions of auricle and ventricle, the disciple was taking aim along an imaginary gun-barrel at an ideal Hart.

At length—the cacöethes, as he called it, became so unbearable, that obeying what Lord E—— and his keeper would certainly have considered a Diabolical Suggestion, the

rifleman posted down to C—— Park, and unceremoniously put a ball at 120 paces into the cranium of a monarch of the forest. The creature, as usual in such cases, sprang wildly aloft, and then fell dead, and the mental craving expired along with it. From that moment, the student declared he would not have given a light farthing to kill another deer, even though he had held his rifle in his hand, and the Earl's permission in his pocket.

It appears, then, that an unpruned imagination, backed by an inveterate memory, may produce evil consequences in the physical world, without any supernatural instigations. But by way of illustration let me adduce two more instances, the first being of a ludicrous character—the second more serious in its tone and tragical in its termination.

Amongst my intimates of ten years ago, there was one named Horace ——, a young man of a speculative turn of mind, and as often happens with such a character, of rather eccentric habits. When I first knew him he was professedly studying for the Bar: but his reading had little to do with the dusty tomes of the law. What he did read might be gathered from his conversation, from which it appeared that his favourite authors were those who put forward the greatest number of ingenious paradoxes, or the most fantastical theories. There was, in fact, a Shandean twist in his mind that inclined him to all kinds of whimsical speculations, and that favourite pastime with such philosophers, the flying of metaphysical kites.

He lived—a bachelor—in a small house in * * * street, with a limited establishment of domestics, amongst whom he possessed, I verily believe, the plainest maid-servant in all England. Ugliness was out of the question; that has its expression and its interest, which may become even painful or fearful; whereas, the longer you looked at Sally's coun-

tenance, the more ordinary it appeared. Lavater himself would have been puzzled to find in it any physiognomical character. It was as plain as a hard dumpling, and as insipid as gruel without sugar or salt. There was not a single line or marking in the whole visage to redeem it from the vacancy of a blank commonplace-book, it was universally flat and barren of meaning, as plain as Salisbury Plain—without a Stonehenge. Her figure was made to match. Her body would have done for a quadruped as well as for a biped, for it had no waist in the middle, and was furnished with limbs so unshapely, that her arms would have served for legs, and her legs for arms. Her feet were peculiar, and the pattern they would have stamped on a soft sand would have deserved a patent for originality. As to the other extremities, I am not naturalist enough to know whether there be amongst animals any physical gradation of hands into paws; but if there be, her hands were of that intermediate order, with five fingers apiece which seemed to have degenerated, or rather to have been aggravated into thumbs, and moreover each member was enveloped in a skin red as beet, and of a texture to have rasped away the stoutest towelling. In short, she seemed to have been created expressly for a maid of all-work to some utilitarian—not for show, but use—not very sightly, but very serviceable—like the ancient turnspits.

To her master she was invaluable: being not only sober, honest, and industrious, but frugal, steady, and above all, accustomed to his odd ways and whims, which she had learned to suit during a five years' service.

Judge, then, of my astonishishment, when on dining, *tête-a-tête*, with my friend Horace, the "old familiar face," whose plainness had invariably been attendant on the plain dinner, was deficient! Such a domestic phenomenon it was

impossible to observe without comment ; and when the cloth had been removed I ascertained that Sally had been parted with : but for some mysterious reason which her master did not seem inclined to communicate.

"Had she robbed him?"

"No."

"Or been saucy?"

"No."

"Or taken to drinking?"

"No."

"Become idle or dirty?"

"No."

There was another contingency, though it seemed idle to mention it. "Was she married?"

"Married! my dear fellow, did you ever look at her face? Why it was as plain as the plain Staffordshire ware—the dirty yellow sort without a sprig of pattern!"

And his eyes became fixed, as if he really saw that homely face before him, while he went on talking, or rather thinking aloud.

"Marry *her?* No, no—Nature has forbidden the banns. No man, with eyes in his head would have dreamt of it—so thoroughly homely! And then that coarse, clumsy, red, rough, huckaback hand!"

"Yes—it was coarse, red, and clumsy enough. I have often noticed it as she waited at table."

"You have?" said he, rather eagerly. "And did you ever think of kissing it?"

"No—most certainly."

"*I have,*" said he ; "and what is more, have been within an ace of doing it. Though it must have been ——"

And he again relapsed into his abstraction, and looked as if he saw that "red right hand" before him.

"—Though it must have been like kissing a grater."

I looked steadily at the speaker; but he was perfectly serious; indeed he was little given to jokes practical or verbal.

He was quite in earnest, therefore, about the salute, though what it had to do with poor Sally's dismissal was beyond conjecture. However, by dint of pressing, I extracted the truth. He had discharged her for no fault on her side—it was all owing to a propensity of his own—which he bitterly anathematised, "His confounded habit of speculating and theorising, even on matters of moonshine."

"Poor Sally!" said he, "you know how homely she was. I need not describe her face—you must have looked and wondered at it often and often—for there could not be such another in Nature. For my own part, she attracted me as much, or more than any of your professed beauties. And why not? she was as much a paragon in her own way as Marie Antoinette, or the Duchess of Devonshire. Well, from looking at her, I must needs begin speculating, like a dreaming fool as I am, if she could ever have found an admirer—whether, with all the diversity of human tastes, her form and features could ever have met with liking. Could a face of such vapid homeliness inspire a partiality? Was it possible, that it could find favour in the eyes even of the most coarse, vulgar, and unrefined of her own species—a Yorkshire ostler or a Paddington bargeman? Was it within probability that she had ever heard the slightest expression of admiration—the remotest approach to a personal compliment—even from the potboy? Never—never! And then her figure—that strange clumsy shape,—'if shape it could be called that shape had none'—equally devoid of lines of beauty and lines of deformity, a mere bundle of human flesh, could it ever have attracted a ticket-porter or a warehouseman, accustomed

to unsymmetrical bags, bales, baggage, and packages of goods in bulk—could her model and proportions have interested even a lighterman, or ballast-heaver, used to the contemplation of the rudest craft, the most ungainly hulks, expressly built for the coarsest drudgery? Never! And as to an offer, as it is called, the mere idea of suing for that red, stumpy, rough hand—but confound her hand! I'll tell you what, my dear fellow, I am convinced that some of our thoughts are neither more nor less than Diabolical Suggestions!"

"It is a rather general opinion."

"I am certain, at least, that only some demon of malice or mischief could have put into my head to inquire, '*What if I were suddenly to seize and imprint a kiss on that red, scrubby hand?*' She who probably had never received a salute since her childhood—not even from a tipsy hawbuck in fair-time—to receive such a love-token from a gentleman? She, who from her teens, had never been addressed with love-nonsense, even by the baker or his journeyman, to receive a tacit declaration of the passion from her own master! The flutter there would be of new-born Vanity—the tumult of awakened Hope! In short, I went on in my own dreamy way, speculating on the revolution in poor Sally's mind, the sudden change that might be wrought in all her old sentiments and feelings by such an extraordinary occurrence. And with any other man the foolish whim would have passed away, harmless, with the hour that gave rise to it; but it is my misfortune to be cursed with a memory which daguerreotypes every image, and stereotypes every hypothesis, however crude, vague, or idle, that it has once entertained. From that day forward the unlucky girl was associated with that confounded speculation, and the idea of that ridiculous manual experiment came up as regularly as my dinner. There she was before me, with her plain unloveable face—

and if she placed a dish, or changed my plate—there was the red, scrubby hand—suppose I were to kiss it?"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Yes, you may laugh; but you do not know the misery of such a besetting fancy. To be teased for hours by a haunting tune, or a nonsense verse, is bad enough; but to be bored by your own thoughts for days, weeks, and months, is intolerable. In fact, by the constant recurrence of the kissing notion, the mere sight of the coarse red hand begot a mechanical impulse that had to be resisted like a temptation. I have felt my lips, as it were, making themselves up for the act—and the wonder is, that I have never done it involuntarily; as, to a certainty, I must some day have done it deliberately, to get rid of the torment of the suggestion. There was no alternative, therefore, but to banish the object; and accordingly under the pretence of reducing my establishment, poor Sally, with an excellent character for moral beauty, has been transferred to my sister in the country."

"Yes, and as a provision against any such temptations in future, you have wisely engaged a new maid, as lovely and loveable as Perdita, and as 'neat-handed' as Phillis."

Shortly after this conversation, I went to the Continent, where I remained for some years; and on my return, one of my first visits was to my friend Horace. He was at home, and as usual of a morning, in his little study, whence, after a short conversation, he proposed an adjournment to the drawing-room in the first floor. Accordingly, still chattering, he led the way to the foot of the staircase, which I was about to ascend, when suddenly, in the very midst of a sentence, he hastily rushed past me and ran, or rather flew, up the carpeted steps, three stairs at a time. Eccentric as he had always been, his character had hardly prepared me for this flight, and I hesitated to follow, till his voice came down from

the top landing-place, earnestly begging me to excuse his rudeness, and promising an explanation.

This, however, I had already forestalled, and so confidently, that on entering the drawing-room, I seemed to see the figure of an alarmed female, in a morning wrapper and curl-papers, escaping by an opposite door. But there was neither opposite door nor disconcerted lady of the house: the only living figure in the room was Horace himself, looking rather flustered and foolish after his recent performance. As soon as he saw me he renewed his apologies, but in spite of the query in my face, the explanation was not forthcoming: he was evidently vexed and mortified, and when I directly applied for the promised elucidation, it was postponed till after our lunch, in the hope, perhaps, that the matter would escape my memory. But I was not to be so defrauded: the remembrance of former odd freaks, and the wild and whimsical theories in which they had originated, determined me to pluck out the heart of his mystery,—to obtain the solution of his acted riddle. I began, therefore, by congratulating him on his agility, of which he had furnished me with such a singular illustration; but this hint not taking effect, I fairly reminded him, that with all thanks for his hospitable refreshments, he had excited another appetite, which he was bound in honour to pacify; that the cravings of my curiosity remained to be appeased, and to forestal any wilful misapprehension of my meaning, I hummed a few bars of the popular melody—"Sich a gettin' up Stairs!"

"Ah—it may be a joke to *you*," said Horace, looking very serious and frog-like; "but it is death to me! My health, as you know, is none of the strongest, and these violent exercises are not adapted to improve it!"

"Then why indulge in them? There can be no necessity for a gentleman's running up his own staircase as you did—

unless, like the Poor Gentleman in the comedy, he mistakes his friend for a bailiff."

"No!—My dear fellow, you are quite mistaken—but that is your happiness. You have not my cursed speculative imagination—nor my tenacious, inveterate memory—and you will never die a martyr, as I shall, to a Diabolical Suggestion."

"A what?"

"A prompting from the Devil."

"Why—I hope not. I am no Methodist, to have the Old Gentleman at my ear and my elbow. But I beg pardon—you have perhaps joined the sect—or may be the Swedenborgians, who believe in an intercourse with good and evil spirits."

"Neither. It is not necessary to be a follower of the Count or of Whitfield, to be subject to such infernal influence. You remember the study I had engaged in just before you went abroad?"

"Yes—of the German language. And you were learning it with your accustomed gluttony, as if you wanted to get from the tip to the root of the tongue in a single week."

"Ah, I had better have taken to the Chinese! My mastery of the Teutonic language was the source of my misfortune. You are familiar, of course, with the German Romances?"

"Only in the translations."

"You know, then, the prominent part which is played by the Devil in their most popular stories. More prominent even than in Paradise Lost, where Satan figures, not in the ascendant, but as the rebellious antagonist of a still mightier Power, and the divine scheme of Human Redemption moves parallel with the diabolical plot for Human Perdition. In the German Romances, on the contrary, the Fiend possesses

the earth, and reigns as absolutely as any Lord Paramount of the feudal ages. Nay, his sway extends beyond this world to the world to come, and he has power over life and death, not only the temporary, but the eternal. The legitimate Governor of the Universe has been deposed, and there is a frightful interregnum—Anarchy succeeds to Order—and the blind random decrees of Chance supersede the ordinances of a sciential Providence. Immortal souls are lost by the turn of a die or a card, or saved by some practical subterfuge or verbal evasion. Fraud and Violence alone are triumphant. Justice is blind and Mercy is deaf—the innocent bosom receives the bullet that was moulded with unholy rites ; and the maiden, whose studies never extended beyond her prayer book, is involved in the fate of the ambitious student who bartered his salvation for interdicted knowledge. In short, you seem to recognise that dreary fiction of the atheist —a World without a God. Such is the German Diablerie !"

"You are too severe."

"Not at all. Look even at the Faust. Youth and Innocence, personified in poor Margaret, have no chance. She has no fair field, and assuredly no favour. The fight is too unequal. She has to contend single-handed against Man and Mephistophiles, the witchcraft of human love and the sorcery of Satanic hatred. The Prince of Hell in person acts supernaturally against her—but Heaven is passive, and works no miracle in her behalf. There is no help on earth —no pity in the skies—the guardian spirits and ministers of grace supposed to hover round, and to succour oppressed innocence, keep far aloof—the weak is abandoned to the strong—and the too tender and trusting nature is burdened, through a sheer diabolical juggle, with the unnatural murder of a Mother. The trial is beyond Humanity. The

seductions of Faust are backed by the artifices of the subtle Spirit that overcame Eve; and Margaret falls as she needs must under such fearful odds—and seemingly unwatched by that providential eye which marks the fall of a sparrow. There is indeed the final chorus from Heaven, that 'She is saved!' but was any mind ever satisfied—were *you* ever satisfied with that tardy exhibition of the Divine Justice—just as Poetical Justice is propitiated at the end of some wretched melo-dramatic novel, wherein at the twelfth hour the long-persecuted heroine is unexpectedly promoted to a state of happiness ever after?"

"Well—there is some show of truth and reason in your criticism—but, *revenir à nos moutons*—what has either Faust or the Frëyschutz to do with your scampering up stairs?"

"Everything. After learning German, my first use of the acquisition was to go through all their Romances, and consequently a regular course of Diablerie—from the Arch Demon who inhabited Pandemonium, to the Imp that lived in a bottle—from the scholar who bartered his soul, to the fellow who sold his own shadow. The consequence I might have foreseen. My head became stuffed with men in black and black dogs—with unholy compacts, and games of chance. I dreamt of Walpurgis Revels and the Wolf's Glen—Zamiel glared on me with his fiery eyes by night; and the smooth voice of Mephistopheles kept whispering in my ear by day. Wherever my thoughts wandered, there was the foul Fiend straddling across their path, like Bunyan's Apollyon—ready to play with me for my immortal soul at cards or dice—to strike infernal bargains, and to execute unholy contracts to be signed with blood and sealed with sulphur. In a word, I was completely be-Devilled."

"But the stairs—the running up stairs?"

"The result of my too intimate acquaintance with so much folly and profanity—a kind of bet. S'death! I'm ashamed to mention it!—a sort of wager that came into my head one day—a diabolical suggestion of course—that the Fiend might have me body and soul, in default of my reaching the top of the stairs before counting a certain number!"

"What! a wager with the Devil!"

"Yes—the infernal suggestion—for it *was* an infernal suggestion—was whispered to me at the stair-foot; and as if my salvation had really depended on the issue, I was up the whole flight in an instant. The next moment sufficed to convince me of the absurdity, not to say sinfulness, of the act; but what defence is our deliberate reason against such sudden impulses? Before reflection could come into play, the thing was done and over. Nor was that the end. You remember my irresistible prompting to kiss the red, rugged hand of poor Sally?"

"Perfectly."

"Well there was the same mental process. You know how much our ideas are the slaves of association—and especially they are so in a tenacious mind like mine, in which the most trivial fancies obtain a permanent record. To find myself near any stairs was enough therefore to revive the diabolical hint—the mere sight of a banister set me off—in fact, before the month was out I had raced again, again, and again, not only up my own flight, but up those of half my friends and acquaintances."

It was impossible to help laughing at this description. The picture of a gentleman scampering up people's stairs, with the agility of a lamplighter, was, as I said in my apology, so very comical.

"Humph! Not if you knock down your own servant

with the tray, or frighten an old rich aunt into hysterics—both of which I have performed within the last week."

"But you might perhaps break yourself—"

"Never! it's impossible! As I said before, the mere sight of the banisters is enough. Besides, from practice, the thing has become a habit, and the mental prompting is backed by a bodily impulse. No;" and he shook his head very gravely, "I shall never leave it off—except by death. And with my state of health, to run full speed up a long flight,—there are six-and-twenty stairs, and two sharp turns—under penalty of eternal perdition, before one could count a score—"

"Why, surely you do not believe in the validity of such a wager!"

"Heaven alone knows," replied Horace, very solemnly, who, if he had not been made positively superstitious by his German reading, and his familiarity with the supernatural, had at least learned to regard the abstract evil principle as a real and active personage. "I have tried over and over again to argue myself into your opinion. But all my reasoning and casuistry are of no avail against a sort of vague misgiving; and, as the forfeit is too awful to be risked on a doubt, I always take care, as far as in me lies, to secure the stake, by winning the wager—that is to say, by getting to the top before I can count twenty."

"You might secure it by slow counting."

"As if that would retard *his!* No, my dear fellow, there is no cheating *him!* To tell the truth, I shudder at times to think what may happen to me—a fall—a sprain—the encounter of other people on the stairs—a loose rod—the cat or dog—which, by the bye, shall be sent away——"

I looked again, full in Horace's face; but he was as grave as a Judge, and evidently in sad, sober earnest: as indee

appeared the next minute, when he went off into one of his fits of abstraction, but continued to talk to himself. From what he muttered it was plain that he was in the predicament of the people described by Coleridge as "possessed" by their own ideas. Some of his expressions even impressed me with a doubt of his perfect sanity—whether he was not under the influence of a kind of monomania. However, I tried to laugh and reason him out of his "wager," but the attempt was futile, and I took my leave.

"God bless you, my dear fellow!" and the tears filled his eyes as he energetically squeezed my hand, "it is the last time you will see me—mark my words. However it may affect me *hereafter*, that Diabolical Suggestion has done for me *here*—and will hurry me to my grave!

Poor Horace! His prediction was too true. On calling upon him a month afterwards, I found that he had let and removed from his old residence: but one of his servants had remained with the new tenants, and was able to give me some particulars of her ex-master. His health had suddenly broken—his complaint declaring itself to be a decided organic affection of the heart, and he had suffered from violent palpitations and spasms in the chest. The doctors had ordered change of air and scene—and about a fortnight before he had gone into the country, somewhere in Sussex, where he was living in a cottage, that, as she significantly added, was "all on one floor." But alas! she was incorrrect in her statement. He was *living* nowhere; for that very morning he had gone to call on the clergyman of the parish, and after a flight—which made the footman believe that he had admitted a madman, dropped dead on the last top step of the drawing-room stairs!

REVIEW

Boz in America.

Since the voyages of Columbus in seach of the New World, and of Raleigh in quest of El Dorado, no visit to America has excited so much interest and conjecture as that of the author of "Oliver Twist." The enterprise was understood to be a sort of Literary Expedition, for profit as well as pleasure: and many and strange were the speculations of the reading public as to the nature and value of the treasures which would be brought home by Dickens on his return. Some persons expected a philosophical comparison of Washington's Republic with that of Plato; others anticipated a Report on the Banking System and Commercial Statistics of the United States; and some few, perhaps, looked for a Pamphlet on International Copyright. The general notion, however, was that the Transatlantic acquisitions of Boz would transpire in the shape of a Tale of American Life and manners—and moreover that it would appear by monthly instalments in green covers, and illustrated by some artist with the name of Phiz, or Whiz, or Quiz.

So strong indeed was this impression, that certain blue-stockinged prophetesses even predicted a new Avatar of the celebrated Mr. Pickwick in slippers and loose trousers, a nankeen jacket, and a straw hat, as large as an umbrella. Sam Weller was to re-appear as his help, instead of a footman, still full of droll sayings, but in a slang more akin to that of his namesake, the Clock-maker: while Weller, senior, was to revive on the box of a Boston long stage,—only calling himself Jonathan, instead of Tony, and spelling

it with a G. A Virginian widow Bardell was a matter of course—and some visionaries even foresaw a slave-owning Mr. Snodgrass, a coon-hunting Mr. Winkle, a wide-awake Joe, and a forest-clearing Bob Sawyer.*

The fallacy of these guesses and calculations was first proved by the announcement of "American Notes for General Circulation," a title that at once dissipated every dream of a Clock-case, or a Club, and cut off all chance of a tale. Encouraged by the technical terms which seemingly had some reference to their own speculation, the money-mongers still held on faintly by their former opinions:—but the Romanticists were in despair, and reluctantly abandoned all hopes of a Pennsylvanian Nicholas Nickleby affectionately *darning his mother*—a New Yorkshire Mr. Squeers *flogging creation*—a *black* Smike—a brown Kate, and a Bostonian Newman Noggs, alternately swallowing a *cock-tail* and a *cobbler*.†

Still there remained enough in the announcement of American Notes, by C. Dickens, to strop the public curiosity to a keen edge. Numerous had been the writers on the land of the stars and stripes—a host of travelled ladies and gentlemen, liberals and illiberals, utilitarians and inutilitarians—human bowls of every bias had trundled over the United States without hitting, or in the opinion of the natives, even coming near the jack. The Royalists, missing the accustomed honours of Kings and Queens, saw nothing but a republican pack of knaves; the High Churchman, finding no established church, declared that there was no religion—the aristocrat swore that all was low and vulgar,

* With the wishes of these admirers of Boz we can in some degree sympathise: for what could be a greater treat in the reading way than the perplexities of a *squatting* Mr. Pickwick, or a *settling* Mrs. Nickleby?

† Not a horse and shoe-maker, but two sorts of American drink.

because there were no servants in drab turned up with blue, or in green turned down with crimson—the radical was shocked by the caucus, the enthralment of public opinion, and the timidity of the preachers—the metaphysical philosopher was disgusted with the preponderance of the real over the ideal—the adventurer took fright at Lynch law, and the saintly abolitionist saw nothing but black angels and white devils. An impartial account of America and the Americans was still to seek, and accordingly the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic looked forward with anxiety and eagerness for the opinions of a writer who had proved by a series of wholesome fictions that his heart was in the right place, that his head was not in the wrong one, and that his hand was a good hand at description. One thing at least was certain, that nothing would be set down in malice; for, compared with modern authors in general, Boz is remarkably free from sectarian or anti-social prejudices, and as to politics he seems to have taken the long pledge against party spirit. And doubtless one of the causes of his vast popularity has been the social and genial tone of his works,—showing that he feels and acts on the true principle of the "*homo sum*"—a sum too generally worked as one in long Division instead of Addition.

In the meantime the book, after long budding in advertisement, has burst into a full leaf, and however disconcerting to those persons who had looked for something quite different, will bring no disappointment to such as can be luxuriously content with good sense, good feeling, good fun, and good writing. In the very first half-dozen of pages the reader will find an example of that cheerful practical philosophy which makes the best of the worst—that happy healthy spirit which instead of morbidly resenting the deception of a too flattering artist, who had lithographed the ship's accom-

modations, joined with him in converting a floating cupboard into a *state-room*, and a cabin "like a hearse with windows in it," into a handsome *saloon*. But we must skip the voyage, though pleasantly and graphically described, and at once land Boz in Boston, where, suffering from that true *ground* swell which annoys the newly landed he goes rolling along the pitching passages of the Tremont hotel "with an involuntary imitation of the gait of Mr. T. P. Cooke in a new nautical melodrama."

Now, Boston is the modern Athens of America. Its inhabitants, many of them educated in the neighbouring university of Cambridge, are decidedly of a literary turn, and of course were not indifferent to the arrival of so distinguished an author in their city. Modesty, however, prevents him from recording in print the popular effervescence—the only fact which transpires is, that the first day being Sunday he was offered pews and sittings in churches and chapels, "enough for a score or two of grown up families." These courtesies, one and all, the traveller is obliged to decline for want of a change of dress,—a fortunate circumstance so far, that whilst the curious but serious Bostonians were congregated elsewhere, he was enabled, accompanied by only a score or so of little boys and girls of no particular persuasion, to take a survey and a clever sketch (p. 59) of the city. On Monday the case was evidently altered; for, after a visit to the State-House (p. 61), he was compelled to take refuge from the mob, in a place where he could not be made a sight or a show of—the Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind. Here he saw the interesting Laura Bridgman, a poor little girl, blind, deaf, dumb, destitute of the sense of smell, and almost of that of taste, yet, thanks to a judicious and humane education, not altogether dark within, nor hapless without. The following

picture is deeply touching; a mist comes over the clear eye in reading it.

"Like other inmates of the house she had a green ribbon bound over her eyelids. A doll she had dressed lay near upon the ground. I took it up and saw that she had made a green fillet such as she wore herself, and fastened it about its mimic eyes."

But the mob has dispersed; at least the bulk of it, for not counting the children, there remain but fourteen autograph-hunters, six phrenologists, four portrait-painters, seven booksellers, five editors, and nineteen ladies with handsomely bound books in their hands or under their arms, on the steps and about the door of the Blind Asylum. And there they may be still, for somehow Boz has given them the slip, and in the turning of the leaf is at *South* Boston, in the state hospital for the insane—not however as a patient,—for he was once deranged by proxy in some other person's intellects,—but witnessing and admiring the rational and humane mode of treatment which, as at our own Hanwell Asylum, has replaced the brutal, brainless practice of the good old times when insanity was treated as a criminal offence,—the tortures abolished for felons were retained for lunatics, and their poor over-heated brains had as much chance of cooling as under the Plombières of the Inquisition. Let the reader who has a mother turn to page 176 for a peep at a whimsical old lady, in the Hartford establishment, and then let him think that some fifty years ago the poor dear old soul would have been fettered, perhaps scourged, for only fancying herself an antediluvian! But to lighten a sad subject, let us smile at a characteristic interview between Boz and an Ophelia, in the same house,

"As we were passing through a gallery on our way out, a well dressed lady, of quiet and composed manners, came up, and proffering a slip of paper and a pen, begged that I would oblige her with an autograph. I

complied, and we parted. I hope *she* is not mad (quoth the visitor) for I think I remember having had a few interviews like that with ladies out of doors."

Huzza! whoo-oop! A mob has gathered again, and before he has gone a page, Boz is obliged to get into the Boston House of Industry, thence into the adjoining Orphan Institution, and from that, but not mortally crushed, into the Hospital, all highly creditable establishments, except in one iron feature, "the eternal, accursed, suffocating, redhot demon of a stove, whose breath would blight the purest air under heaven:" and so it does—parching the lungs with baked air. We have had some experience of the nuisance in Germany; and never saw it lighted without wishing for a washerwoman, exorbitant in her charges, to blow it up. But we must push on, or the observed of all observers will be divided from us by a square mile of the Lowell Factory Mill-icents "all dressed out with parasols and silk stockings," not white or flesh-colour, but blue, for these young women are decidedly literary, and besides subscribing to the circulating libraries, actually get up a periodical of their own!

"The large class of readers, startled by these facts, will exclaim with one voice, 'How very preposterous!' On my deferentially inquiring why, they will answer, 'These things are above their station.' In reply to that observation I would beg leave to ask what that station is."

What?—why, according to some of our moral stationers, the proper station for such people is the station-house, to which actors, singers, and dancers have so often been consigned in this country for acting, singing, and dancing upon too moderate terms. But better times seem to dawn—the licensing Justices begin to outvote the Injustices, and perhaps some day we shall have Playing and Dancing as well as Singing for the Million, Why not? Why should not the cheerful, amusing treatment which has proved so beneficial

to the poor mad people, be equally advantageous to the poor sane ones?

But to return to the Lowell lasses.—Pshaw! cries a literary fine gentleman, carelessly penning a sonnet, like Sir Roger de Coverley's ancestor, with his glove on, "they are only a set of *scribbling millers*." No such thing. In the opinion of a very competent judge they write as well as most of our gifted creatures and talented pens, and their "Offering" may compare advantageously with a great many of the English Annuals. An opinion not hastily formed, be it noted, but after the reading of "400 solid pages from the beginning to the end." No wonder the gratified Authoresses escorted the Critic—as of course they did, to the Worcester railway, which on the 5th of February, 1842, was beset of course by an unusual crowd, behaving, of course, as another mob did afterwards at Baltimore, but which Boz evidently mistook for only an every-day ebullition of natural curiosity.

"Being rather early, those men and boys who happened to have nothing particular to do, and were curious in foreigners, came (according to custom) round the carriage in which I sat, let down all the windows; thrust in their heads and shoulders; hooked themselves on conveniently by their elbows; and fell to comparing notes on the subject of my personal appearance, with as much indifference as if I were a stuffed figure. I never gained so much uncompromising information with reference to my own nose and eyes, the various impressions wrought by my mouth and chin on different minds, and how my head looks when it's viewed from behind, as on these occasions. Some gentlemen were only satisfied by exercising their sense of touch; and the boys (who are surprisingly precocious in America) were seldom satisfied, even by that, but would return to the charge over and over again. Many a budding President has walked into my room with his cap on his head and his hands in his pockets, and stared at me for two whole hours: occasionally refreshing himself with a tweak at his nose, or a draught from the water-jug, or by walking to the windows and inviting other boys in the street below, to come up and do likewise: crying, 'Here he is!—Come on!—Bring all your brothers!' with other hospitable entreaties of that nature."

Here is another speculator on the Phenomenon, who

evidently could not make up his mind whether the hairy covering of Boz was that of a real, or of a metaphorical Lion, p. 56.

"Finding that nothing would satisfy him, I evaded his questions after the first score or two, and in particular pleaded ignorance respecting the fur whereof my coat was made. I am unable to say whether this was the reason, but that coat fascinated him ever afterwards; he usually kept close behind me when I walked, and moved as I moved, that he might look at it the better; and he frequently dived into narrow places after me, at the risk of his life, that he might have the satisfaction of passing his hand up the back and rubbing it the wrong way."

From Worcester, still travelling like a Highland chieftain with his tail on, or a fugitive with a tribe of Indians on his trail, the illustrious stranger railed on to Springfield; but there his voluntary followers were *fixed*. The Connecticut river being luckily unfrozen, Boz embarked, designedly, as it appears, in a steam-boat of about "half-a-pony power," and altogether so diminutive, that the few passengers the craft would carry "all kept in the middle of the deck, lest the boat should unexpectedly tip over." But some buzz about Boz had certainly got before him, for at a small town on the way, the tiny steamer, or rather one of its passengers, was saluted by a gun considerably bigger than the funnel! (p. 174.) At Hartford, however, thanks to the Deaf and Dumb School, the common Gaol, the State Prison, and the Lunatic Asylum, the Dickens enjoyed four quiet days, and then embarked for New York in the New York,—

"Infinitely less like a steam-boat than a huge floating bath. I could hardly persuade myself indeed, but that the bathing establishment off Westminster Bridge, which I had left a baby, had suddenly grown to an enormous size; run away from home; and set up in foreign parts for a steamer."

At New York, in the Broadway, an ordinary man may find elbow-room; but Boz is no ordinary man, and accordingly for

a little seclusion is glad to pay a visit to the famous Prison called the Tombs. But the mob, the male part at least, again separates, and the gaol visitor ventures forth, as it appears, a little prematarely.

"Once more in Broadway! Here are the same ladies in bright colours, walking to and fro, in pairs and singly; yonder *the very same light blue parasol which passed and repassed the hotel window twenty times while we were sitting there.*"

Heavens! what a prospect for a modest and a married man. Popularity is no doubt pleasant, and Boz is extremely popular; but popularity in America is no joke. It is not down in the book, but we happen to know, that between 8 and 10 A. M., it was as much as Dickens could do, with Mrs. Dickens's assistance, to write the required autographs. It was more than he could do, between ten and twelve, to even look at the hospitable albums that were willing to take the stranger in. And now, not to forget the blue ladies in the Broadway, and the sulphur-coloured parasol, if he should happen to be recognised by yonder group of admirers and well-wishers, he will have, before one could spell temperance, to swallow sangaree, ginsling, a mint julep, a cocktail, a sherry cobbler, and a timber doodle! In such a case the only resource is in flight, and like a hunted lion, rushing into a difficult and dangerous jungle, Boz plunges at once into the most inaccessible back-slums of New York.

"This is the place: these narrow ways, diverging to the right and left, and reeking everywhere with dirt and filth. Such lives as are led here, bear the same fruits here as elsewhere. The coarse and bloated faces at the doors, have counterparts at home, and all the wide world over. Debauchery has made the very houses prematurely old. See how the rotten beams are tumbling down, and how the patched and broken windows seem to scowl dimly, like eyes that have been hurt in drunken frays. Many of these pigs live here. Do they ever wonder why their masters walk upright in lieu of going on all fours? and why they talk instead of grunting?"

But what are "these pigs?" Why, the very swine whence, under the New Tariff, we are to derive American pork and bacon; and accordingly Boz considerately furnishes his countrymen with a sketch of the breed.

"They are the city scavengers, these pigs. Ugly brutes they are; having for the most part, scanty, brown backs, like the lids of old horse-hair trunks, spotted with unwholesome black blotches. They have long gaunt legs, too, and such peaked snouts, that if one of them could be persuaded to sit for his portrait, nobody would recognise it for a pig's likeness."

No—for they have no choppers. We know the animals well, or at least their German cousins and Belgian brothers-in-law; and moreover, have tasted the bacon, which only wants fat to be streaky. But here is a livelier sample of a pig, who seems to have had a notion of Lynch Law.

"As we were riding along this morning, I observed a little incident between two youthful pigs, which were so very human as to be inexpressibly comical and grotesque at the time, though I dare say in telling, it is tame enough.

"One young gentleman (a very delicate porker with several straws sticking about his nose, betokening recent investigations in a dunghill) was walking deliberately on, profoundly thinking, when suddenly his brother, who was lying in a miry hole unseen by him, rose up immediately before his startled eyes, ghostly with damp mud. Never was a pig's whole mass of blood so turned. He started back at least three feet, gazed for a moment, and then shot off as hard as ever he could go: his excessively little tail vibrating with speed and terror like a distracted pendulum. But before he had gone very far, he began to reason with himself as to the nature of this frightful appearance: and as he reasoned, he relaxed his speed by gradual degrees, until at last he stopped, and faced about. There was his brother with the mud upon him glazing in the sun, yet staring out of the very same hole, perfectly amazed at his proceedings. He was no sooner assured of this, and he assured himself so carefully, that one may almost say he shaded his eyes with his hand to see the better, than he came back at a round trot, pounced upon him, and summarily took off a piece of his tail, as a caution to him to be careful what he was about for the future, and never to play tricks with his family any more."

But, as usual, Boz was not allowed exclusively to please

the pigs; and being hunted all along shore, he was obliged, like a deer *fort couru*, to take to the water, and was carried to the Long Island Jail, by a boat belonging to the establishment, and rowed by a crew of prisoners "dressed in a striped uniform of black and drab, in which they looked like faded tigers." Not a bad retinue, by the way, for a black and white Lion. In the Gaol, the Madhouse, and the Refuge for the Destitute, he again found a temporary repose, but even these retreats becoming at last uncomfortably crowded, he set off by railway for Philadelphia, with a longing eye, of course, to its *Solitary* Prison. But that he did not enjoy much *un*popularity on this journey, we may guess, when the travelling in the same carriage with Boz was too much for even Foxite taciturnity, and a Friend made such a desperate effort, as follows, to become an Acquaintance:

> "A mild and modest young Quaker, who opened the discourse by informing me, in a grave whisper, that his grandfather was the inventor of cold-drawn castor-oil. I mention the circumstance here, thinking it probable that this is the first occasion on which the valuable medicine in question was ever used as a conversational aperient."

The genuine drab colour of this anecdote is as true in tone as the tints of Claude, and gives a renewed faith in the artist. The following picture seems equally faithful, though reminding us of some of the Author's fancy pieces. Look at it, gentle reader, and then cry with us, "God forgive the inventor of the system of burying criminals alive in stone coffins!"

> "The first man I saw was seated at his loom at work. He had been there six years, and was to remain, I think, three more. He had been convicted as a receiver of stolen goods, but denied his guilt, and said he had been hardly dealt by. It was his second offence.
>
> "He stopped his work when we went in, took off his spectacles, and answered freely to everything that was said to him, but always with a strange kind of pause first, and in a low thoughtful voice. He wore a paper hat of his own making, and was pleased to have it noticed and commended. He had very ingeniously manufactured a sort of Dutch clock

from some disregarded odds and ends; and his *vinegar-bottle* served for the pendulum. Seeing me interested in this contrivance, he looked up at it with a good deal of pride, and said that he had been thinking of improving it, and that he hoped the hammer and a little piece of broken glass beside it 'would play music ere long.'

"He smiled as I looked at these contrivances to while away the time; but when I looked from them to him, I saw that his lip trembled, and could have counted the beating of his heart. I forgot how it came about, but some allusion was made to his having a wife. He shook his head at the word, turned aside, and covered his face with his hands.

"'But you are resigned now!' said one of the gentlemen, after a short pause, during which he had resumed his former manner.

"'Oh yes, oh yes! I am resigned to it.'

"'And are a better man, you think?'

"'Well, I hope so: I'm sure I may be.'

"'And time goes pretty quickly?'

"'Time is very long, gentlemen, between these four walls!'

"He gazed about him—Heaven only knows how wearily! as he said these words; and in the act of doing so, fell into a strange stare, as if he had forgotten something. A moment afterwards he sighed heavily, put on his spectacles, and resumed his work."

* * * * *

"On the haggard face of every man among these prisoners the same expression sat. I know not what to liken it to. It had something of that strained attention which we see upon the faces of the blind and deaf, mingled with a kind of horror, as though they had all been secretly terrified. In every little chamber that I entered, and at every grate through which I looked, I seemed to see the same appalling countenance. It lives in my memory with the fascination of a remarkable picture. Parade before my eyes a hundred men, with one of them newly released from this solitary suffering, and I would point him out."

* * * * *

"That it makes the senses dull, and by degrees impairs the bodily faculties, I am quite sure. I remarked to those who were with me in this very establishment at Philadelphia, that the criminals who had been there long were deaf."

Of course they were; and all more or less advanced towards a state (to adapt a new word) of idiosyncrasy. Again we say, Heaven forgive the inventors of such a course of slow mental torture! who could reduce a fellow-creature to become such a clock-maker! The truth is, no Solitary System

is consonant with humanity or Christianity. Whenever there shall be persons too good for this world, they may have a right to thus excommunicate those who are too bad for it —but, as Porson said, not till then!

Nevertheless to a gentleman mobbed, elbowed, jammed, stared at, and shouted after, a few hours in such a quiet hermitage would be a relief: nay, Boz tells us that it was once found endurable for a much longer term, by a voluntary prisoner, who, unable to resist the bottle, applied, as a favour, for a solitary cell. The Board refused, and recommended total abstinence and the long pledge, but the toper, to make sure of temperance, entreated to be put in the *stone jug*.

"He came again, and again, and again, and was so very earnest and importunate, that at last they took counsel together, and said, 'He will certainly qualify himself for admission, if we reject him any more. Let us shut him up. He will soon be glad to go away, and then we shall get rid of him.' So they made him sign a statement, which would prevent his ever sustaining an action for false imprisonment, to the effect that his incarceration was voluntary, and of his own seeking; they requested him to take notice that the officer in attendance had orders to release him at any hour of the day or night, when he might knock upon his door for that purpose; but desired him to understand that, once going out, he would not be admitted any more. These conditions agreed upon, and he still remaining in the same mind, he was conducted to the prison, and shut up in one of the cells.

"In this cell, the man who had not the firmness to leave a glass of liquor standing untasted on a table before him—in this cell, in solitary confinement, and working every day at his trade of shoe-making, this man remained nearly two years. His health beginning to fail at the expiration of that time, the surgeon recommended that he should work occasionally in the garden; and as he liked the notion very much, he went about this new occupation with great cheerfulness.

"He was digging here one summer-day very industriously, when the wicket in the outer gate chanced to be left open: showing, beyond, the well-remembered dusty road and sun-burnt fields. The way was as free to him as to any man living, but he no sooner raised his head and caught sight of it, all shining in the sun, than, with the involuntary instinct of a prisoner, he cast away his spade, scampered off as fast as his legs would carry him, and never once looked back."

At Washington Boz had an interview with the American President, and, as might be expected, the great drawing-room, and the other chambers on the ground-floor, were "crowded to excess." No wonder that as soon as released from the throng, our traveller turned his thoughts towards the wilds and forests of the Far West; with a vague hankering after the vast solitude and quiet of a Prairie! But such delights are to be reached by a course no smoother than that of true love,—as witness the coaching on a Virginian road, with an American Mr. Weller.

"He is a negro—very black indeed. He is dressed in a coarse pepper-and-salt suit excessively patched and darned (particularly at the knees), grey stockings, enormous unblacked high-low shoes, and very short trousers. He has two odd gloves: one of particoloured worsted, and one of leather. He has a very short whip, broken in the middle, and bandaged up with string. And yet he wears a low-crowned, broad-brimmed, black hat: faintly shadowing forth a kind of insane imitation of an English coachman! But somebody in authority cries 'Go ahead!' as I am making these observations. The mail takes the lead, in a four-horse wagon, and all the coaches follow in procession headed by No. 1.

"By the way, whenever an Englishman would cry 'All right!' an American cries 'Go ahead!' which is somewhat expressive of the national character of the two countries.

"The first half mile of the road is over bridges made of loose planks laid across two parallel poles, which tilt up as the wheels roll over them, and IN the river. The river has a clayey bottom, and is full of holes, so that half a horse is constantly disappearing unexpectedly, and can't be found again for some time.

"But we get past even this, and come to the road itself, which is a series of alternate swamps and gravel-pits. A tremendous place is close before us, the black driver rolls his eyes, screws his mouth up very round, and looks straight between the two leaders, as if he were saying to himself, 'We have done this before, but *now* I think we shall have a crash.' He takes a rein in each hand; jerks and pulls at both; and dances on the splash-board with both feet (keeping his seat of course), like the late lamented Ducrow on two of his fiery coursers. We come to the spot, sink down in the mire nearly to the coach-window, tilt on one side at an angle of forty-five degrees, and stick there. The insides scream dismally; the coach stops; the horses flounder; all the other six coaches stop; and their four-and-twenty horses flounder likewise; but merely for com-

pany, and in sympathy with ours. Then the following circumstances occur.

"BLACK DRIVER (to the horses).—'Hi!'

'Nothing happens. Insides scream again.

"BLACK DRIVER (to the horses).—'Ho!'

"Horses plunge, and splash the black driver.

"GENTLEMAN INSIDE (looking out).—'Why, what on airth—'

"Gentleman receives a variety of splashes and draws his head in again, without finishing his question, or waiting for an answer.

"BLACK DRIVER (still to the horses).—'Jiddy! Jiddy!'

"Horses pull violently, drag the coach out of the hole, and draw it up a bank, so steep, that the black driver's legs fly up into the air, and he goes back among the luggage on the roof. But he immediately recovers himself, and cries (still to the horses),

"'Pill!'

"No effect. On the contrary, the coach begins to roll back upon No. 2, which rolls back upon No. 3, which rolls back upon No. 4, and so on until No. 7 is heard to curse and swear, nearly a quarter of a mile behind.

"BLACK DRIVER (louder than before).—'Pill!'

"Horses make another struggle to get up the bank, and again the coach rolls backward.

"BLACK DRIVER (louder than before).—'Pe-e-e-ill!'

"Horses make a desperate struggle.

"BLACK DRIVER (recovering spirits).—'Hi, Jiddy, Jiddy, pill.'

"Horses make another effort.

"BLACK DRIVER (with great vigour).—'Ally Loo! Hi, Jiddy, Jiddy, Pill. Ally Loo!'

"Horses almost do it.

"BLACK DRIVER (with his eyes starting out of his head).—'Lee, den. Lee, dere. Hi. Jiddy, Jiddy. Pill. Ally Loo. Lee-e-e-e-e!'

"They run up the bank, and go down again on the other side at a fearful pace. It is impossible to stop them, and at the bottom there is a deep hollow, full of water. The coach rolls frightfully. The insides scream. The mud and water fly about us. The black driver dances like a madman. Suddenly we are all right, by some extraordinary means, and stop to breathe.

"A black friend of the driver is sitting on a fence. The black driver recognises him by twirling his head round and round like a harlequin, rolling his eyes, shrugging his shoulders, and grinning from ear to ear. He stops short, turns to me, and says:

"'We shall get you through, sa, like a fiddle, and hope a please you when we get you through, sa. Old 'ooman at home, sir,' chuckling very much. 'Outside gentleman, sa, he often remember old 'ooman at home, sa,' grinning again.

"'Ay, ay, we'll take care of the old woman. Don't be afraid.'

"The black driver grins again, but there is another hole, and beyond that another bank, close before us. So he stops short: cries (to the horses again), 'Easy—easy den—ease—steady—hi—Jiddy—pill—Ally—Loo,' but never 'Lee!' until we are reduced to the very last extremity, and are in the midst of difficulties, extrication from which appears to be all but impossible.

"And so we do the ten miles or thereabouts in two hours and a half, breaking no bones, though bruising a great many; and in short, getting through the distance 'like a fiddle.'"

The next conveyance was by the Harrisburg Canal, on which there are two passage-boats, the Express and the Pioneer. For some reason, however, the Pioneers *would* come into the other boat, in which Boz was a passenger—an addition that drew out a certain thin-faced, spare-figured man, of middle age and stature, dressed in a dusty, drabbish-coloured suit, and up to that moment as quiet as a lamb.

"'This may suit *you*, this may, but it don't suit *me*. This may be all very well with Down Easters, and men of Boston raising, but it won't suit my figure, no how; and no two ways about *that;* and so I tell you. Now, I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am; and when the sun shines on me, it does shine—a little. It don't glimmer where *I* live, the sun don't. No. I'm a brown forester, I am. I an't a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth skins where I live. We're rough men, there. Rather. If Down Easters and men of Boston raising are like this, I'm glad of it, but I'm none of that raising or of that breed. No. This company wants a little fixing—*it* does. I'm the wrong sort of a man for 'em, *I* am. They won't like me, *they* won't. This is piling of it up a little too mountainous, this is.'

"At the end of every one of these short sentences he turned upon his heel, and walked the other way; checking himself abruptly when he had finished another short sentence, and turning back again. It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of this brown forester, but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was put back to the wharf, and as many of the Pioneers as could be coaxed or bullied into going away were got rid of."

It was perfectly natural, after this "touch of the earthquake," to desire to see the Shakers, whose peculiar *delirium tremens* had been reported as unspeakably absurd: but the

elders had clearly received a hint of a chield coming, like Captain Grose, to make Notes and print them.

"Presently we came to the beginning of the village, and alighting at the door of a house where the Shaker manufactures are sold, and which is the head quarters of the elders, requested permission to see the Shaker worship.

"Pending the conveyance of this request to some person in authority, we walked into a grim room, where several grim hats were hanging on grim pegs, and the time was grimly told by a grim clock, which uttered every tick with a kind of struggle, as if it broke the grim silence reluctantly and under protest. Ranged against the wall were six or eight stiff, high-backed chairs, and they partook so strongly of the general grimness that one would much rather have sat on the floor than incurred the smallest obligation to any of them.

"Presently there stalked into this apartment a grim old Shaker, with eyes as hard, and dull, and cold, as the great round metal buttons on his coat and waistcoat: a sort of calm goblin. Being informed of our desire, he produced a newspaper wherein the body of elders, whereof he was a member, had advertised but a few days before, that, in consequence of certain unseemly interruptions which their worship had received from strangers, the chapel was closed for the space of one year."

The chapel will now be opened: for the chield is in England, and his Notes are not only printed but published, and by this time have been abundantly circulated, read, quoted, and criticised. Many of them, that will be canvassed elsewhere, are here left untouched, for obvious reasons; and various desirable extracts are omitted through want of space; for example, a pretty episode of a little woman with a little baby at St. Louis, and sundry sketches of scenery, character, and manners, as superior as "chicken fixings" to "common doings." We have nevertheless worked out our original intention. The political will discuss the author's notions of the republican institutions; the analytical will scrutinise his philosophy; the critical his style, and the hypocritical his denunciations of cant. Our only aim has been, according to the heading of this article, to give the reader a glimpse of Boz in America.

REVIEW.

SHAKSPEARE. Library Edition. Edited by C. KNIGHT.

SUPPOSING the title of a recent work to have been advertised some forty years ago, and to have excited our literary curiosity, we should certainly have guessed that "the Glory and the Shame of England" had reference to Shakspeare and his Critics.

For two centuries the Great Dramatist had been placed by universal suffrage at the head of our national Literature —his name had become a household word—his phrases as familiar as proverbs—and his plays were the staple of the stage; he was emphatically the Glory of our country, and yet to the shame of our literati, a well edited edition of his works was still to seek.

The task required, it is true, an unusual combination of natural endowments and acquirements, good taste, good feeling, a good ear, a good deal of reading, a good memory, and be it said, a good moral nature. Strongheaded, well-tuned, and mellifluous editors could not therefore be expected in droves like buffaloes, in flocks like larks, or in swarms like bees;—but as little reason was there to anticipate the extraordinary bad taste, bad feeling, bad ear, bad faith, and even bad language that were brought to the work by the Critics and Commentators. "The composition of Shakspeare," says one of his editors, "is a forest in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air: interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses." The more shame of the Doctor and his predecessors to have treated such a pleasure-ground like

a piece of waste land with the notification of "Rubbish shot here,"—the more sin to have pitched among the myrtles and roses the empty oyster shells of common place, the mere mud and road-drift of criticism, the broken crockery of controversy, and the old pots and kettles of personal abuse.

Strange to say, the worst of the Editors were not the dunces; poor Theobald was often right, whilst Warburton went perversely, ingeniously, and elaborately wrong. Pope was a poet and a scholar, yet so little understood his vocation, that he contemptuously described what ought to have been a "labour of love," as "the dull duty of an Editor." The Colossus of Literature was certainly no ignoramus, but his connection with the "Undying One" was unfortunate for both parties. Not that he was sparing in expressions of admiration, but it was evidently of that vulgar kind, which regarded the Plays of Shakspeare as very creditable for an Actor, but wonderful from a Poacher and a Link-boy! He allowed the Author to be an original genius: nay, that going even beyond Columbus he had "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;" but what are we to think of the sincerity of these panegyrics, when the extraordinary conclusion of the critic is, that "perhaps not one of the plays, if it had been exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer," that is to say, in the time of the Rambler, "would have been heard to the conclusion!"

A severe reflection, if well founded, not on the Dramatist, but on the play-goers. The facts, however, lead to quite an opposite inference. A French critic, coeval with Johnson, asserted, intending a sarcasm on the Author of Hamlet, that he was the idol of English play-goers, down to the London chair-men, sailors, hackney-coachmen, butchers and clerks so passionately fond of dramatic entertainments,—in other words, that there were better though raggeder judges in the pit and

gallery than in the stage box, which contained the full dressed Editor of Irene.

It is but reasonable, then, to suppose, that what had been so universally popular, and had survived for two centuries, contained some hard principle of vitality that would have prevented its being still-born at any epoch of gestation. Be it remembered, besides, that any piece is a new one to the man who sees and reads it for the first time, and we should like to be shown, for a shilling, the play-goer who ever felt disposed to damn a Tragedy or Comedy of Shakspeare's under such circumstances. For our own parts we cry O! for the chance of hissing such new plays as were brought out at the Globe at Bankside! O! a thousand times O! for the opportunity of catcalling such dramas as were submitted on their first nights to the lieges of Queen Bess and King James!

The truth is, Doctor Johnson was particularly ill-qualified for the office of Editor to Shakspeare, and he is here selected because an inventory of his defects would include most of the faults of his predecessors. As the first and worst of his imperfections, he wanted a due reverence and regard for his author, and was sadly deficient in the humility with which any mortal and fallible critic should have approached a work that time, the sternest and surest of censors, had so deliberately recommended to posterity. Witness the arrogant summary appended to each play, wherein the Dramatist is called forward at the fall of the curtain, after our modern fashion, not however to be overwhelmed with bouquets, but to receive a wreath from one hand, and a cabbage-stalk from the other!

The praise and blame are indeed so equally balanced, as to prove that the critic wanted that essential requisite, a congenial spirit, but "Surly Sam" had little in common with "Gentle Willy." Large of heart and liberal of hand, his

mind, nevertheless, was narrowed by party views and sectarian prepossessions which rendered him incapable of sympathising with a writer, who, if ever such mortal lived, was a man without a prejudice! He could not comprehend or value the catholic toleration, the Socialism (a good word badly abused) which is the essential characteristic of Shakspeare, as distinctive of the individual as the totem of the American Indian. The soul of goodness, the love of virtue, the pure-mindedness, so omnipresent in his Author, the Doctor was better fitted to appreciate, yet even these, for want of a declared ethical purpose, and a didactic formula, the great Moralist has undervalued.

As little could he detect or relish the excellence of the Shakspearian language, or the singular beauty of the versification. The great Lexicographer indeed tells us that his author deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language; but assuredly he means one of those bad masters who ill-use their dependants, for he tells us afterwards that Shakspeare had corrupted our tongue by every mode of depravation. But on this point the parties were far as the poles asunder, and time has decided against the LL.D. The Johnsonian diction was one of those inventions which it is quite unnecessary to secure by a patent; it was adapted exclusively to his own mode of thought, his own pen, and his own mouth; it was born of him and died with him; whereas the style of Shakspeare, while that of his contemporaries is crabbed and obsolete, is still fresh and flexible. The language of genius and the genius of language happily embraced, and the issue is an idiom that is and shall be living English to the end of Time. The versification of Shakspeare is unique; like Milton, he has a blank verse exclusively his own, and as excellently adapted to its purpose. The Epic Bard has painted Man before the Fall, the

Dramatic Poet has described whatever he has been ever since, in metrical harmonies as distinct as the condition of humanity in and out of Paradise. Thus the solemn and sustained tone of Milton seems to retain the pitch and cadences of the time when Adam discoursed with his Maker and the Angels; whilst the fluent rhythm of Shakspeare accords with the diversified passions and variegated course of human life.

The Miltonic music has tones like modulated thunder, sounds as from some antediluvian instrument, fabricated in those days when earth pastured the Mammoth, the Megatherium, and other brute monsters that have perhaps degenerated into the rhinoceros, the elephant, and the hippopotamus; Shakspeare's organ is a panharmonicon or full band, with a vox humana pipe,—as in the famous organ at Haarlem,—particularly fine.

Yet it was this wonderful instrument that Steevens undertook off-hand to set to rights, just as a journeyman from Broadwood's would propose to rectify an old harpsichord, a very tolerable machine for its age, but wofully out of tune! But our Apollo found more than one Midas. Pope, even, an adept in the established peals and changes of metre and rhyme-ringing, had not ear enough to appreciate the Shakspearian versification, and Johnson chiefly praised it for its smoothness, a common-place merit to be found in most copies of verses, and in all paintings on tea-boards.

Thus was the Glory of England edited and criticised, illustrated by notes as transparent as barricadoes, and illuminated by lamps as lustrous as ebony; his grammar tested by that of Lindley Murray, his Orthography by Entick's, his refinement by Chesterfield's, his learning by Dr. Busby's, his metre by the finger-ends of Steevens, his morals by the fable-ends of Gay, and his dramatic skill by that of the author of

"Cato." Anything more? Yes, he was purified by Bowdler, and whitewashed in effigy by Malone. Nothing but the Shakspearian stamina, a tenacious vitality like that of the Grisly Bear, with the same animal's capacity of carrying off an unknown quantity of lead, could have survived such treatment.

Fortunately for the national credit, a new school of criticism arose with Coleridge and Charles Lamb, each endowed with an intense love of the beautiful, a keen sense of the ludicrous, a fine ear, and above all, a veneration towards the great Dramatist, as if he had been a departed Prophet, and a loving pride in him, as though he were a living relation. So should Englishmen feel towards Shakspeare.* Hazlitt, Wordsworth, De Quincey (*vide* his admirable essay on the knocking at the gate in "Macbeth"), and others, followed in

* We do not here forget our obligations to Schlegel, Tieck, and the Germans, our very dear friends, as we have proved by constantly bantering them; a proof of latent affection that such acute metaphysicians ought to have detected. Ulrici, however, overlooked it between Benedict and Beatrice, when he said, "after carrying on a campaign of words without real enmity, they were entrapped into a marriage without real love." In reality these skirmishes of wit are delicious to the parties, from the very assurance, understood on both sides, that with all the show of hostility, there is no more actual war than in the manœuvres of a sham-fight. There is no more real malice in such encounters than in the coarser railleries of our carmen, cabmen, bargemen, and watermen (a relic of the ancient flyghtings), made up of oaths, abuse, nicknames, threats, and defiance, but ending, on both sides, in a laugh. Thus Lamb apologetically describes all the bad comparisons he has been applying to tobacco as

> "Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
> Such as perplexèd lovers use."

Such, in fact, as Beatrice employs in the play, where her very first words are an inquiry if Signor Montanto be returned from the wars, and being assured of his safety, she immediately "borrows language of dislike" to conceal the interest she feels in him. On this point, and the character of the lady, sharp, sweet, and spirited, as essence of punch, we agree with Mr. Knight.

the same path,—no tinkers of the text, making more holes than they mended, no metremongers pretending to give "a decent flow to the obstructed versification," no macadamisers professing to ninnyhammer the "rugged pavement" into a smooth one, but devout expositors earnestly seeking to interpret the oracles of a superior intelligence, faithful ministers striving conscientiously, lovingly, and humbly, to expound the Englishman's lay Bible.

Coleridge (for whom in lieu of the Germans, we must claim of Mr. Knight the merit of leading the way in teaching us to understand our own great Poet) was the first to encounter and overthrow the pragmatic notion that Shakspeare was a sort of Orson, a powerful savage, or according to the favourite mode of expression, a pure "Child of Nature." If he resembled a child at all, it was that gigantic infant in Rabelais, who by sheer original vigour, guided by instinct, found the use of his legs, and taking up his cradle on his back, "like the shell of a tortoise," gave incontestable proof, to the great offence of the inventors of leading-strings and go carts, that he was able to go alone. But the phrase involves besides an egregious error in the implied opposition of Nature to Art, as if they were antagonistic, instead of being as vitally connected as the Siamese Twins. Pope was much nearer the mark when he wrote

"All Nature is but Art unknown to thee"

whilst the ensuing line,

"All chance direction which thou canst not see,"

applies pointedly to the critic who detects in the highest works of genius neither skill nor cunning, rule nor method. But

"Nous avons changé tout cela."

The great Poet is no longer supposed to have extemporised a series of random melodies, like the Æolian harp, the great Dramatist to have only presented a felicitous series of images, like the kaleidoscope, some of the combinations casually beautiful, and the rest common-place or grotesque. The energy of genius is admitted to be controlled and guided by a Nous analogous to the moral Conscience, an internal censorship not acting capriciously, but in accordance with certain innate principles, compared with which the Dogmas of Aristotle are still in their puppyhood. In short, we now recognise in Shakspeare a composite Genius, an exquisite Poet, a powerful Dramatist, a profound moral Philosopher, a first-rate Naturalist,* and a consummate artist.

In this new college of criticism Mr. Knight has wisely and worthily enrolled himself; and accordingly exhibits a large share of what La Harpe called "l'obstination des Anglais sur le sentiment qu'ils ont de Shakspeare." This spirit is visible in his own observations, and in his extracts from the later English and German commentators.

But the first duty of an Editor is to settle the text of

* It has always surprised us that Walton, who was of age when Shakspeare expired in the blaze of his fame, has made no allusion in his "Angler" to one who was as devoted a lover of nature as himself. There were lines spun by the dramatist that ought to have caught the fisherman—sentences which ought to have been taken—passages which ought to have been gorged—but Izaak delighted rather in orthodox divines, like Dr. Donne—to whom, by the way, Ben Jonson addressed some verses quite as probably glanced at Shakspeare, as some that have been charged with the same air. The sarcasm, like Voltaire's, ascribes a vast but vulgar popularity.

"Who shall doubt, Donne, if I a poet be,
When I dare send my epigram to thee?

* * * *

My title's sealed. Those that for claps do write,
Let puny's, porter's, player's praise delight,
And, till they burst, their backs like asses load,
A man should seek great glory and not broad."

his Author; and we fully concur with Mr. Knight in the authority he attaches to the folio of 1623, and the faith he places in the professions of Heminge and Condell.

There is a great air of sincerity in their affectionate mention of Shakspeare, a serious tone of truth in their anxiety for the perfection of the work, and of candour and modesty in their account of the clear unblotted state of the MSS. (to which by implication they referred), and consequently the comparative lightness of their labours.

Eighteen of the Plays, indeed, appear for the first time in their collection, and of four others they seem to have had the only authentic copies. Add that the folio was not put forth like a catchpenny publication immediately on the death of the Author, but seven years after his decease, and the disclaimer of personal fame or self-profit, as the object of the editors, becomes plausible and probable.

The commendatory verses of Digges plainly ascribe to the "pious fellows" a worthier design; and Ben Jonson distinctly recognises the literary executorship of Heminge and Condell, and the true legacy, by the very title of his lines "To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakspeare, and what he hath left us."

The previous quartos were of course well known to Heminge and Condell, who from their intimate connection with Shakspeare and the theatre, would be able to distinguish which were printed from the genuine, or from "stolen or surreptitious copies." It follows that for the text in general, the folio of 1623 must be the best, and in many instances the only authority,—yet not altogether superseding the quartos, some of which were evidently legitimate publications, with the author's concurrence, if not superintendence. From these Mr. Knight has occassionally adopted a reading, and with advantage.

"The stolen and surreptitious copies" it is now difficult to determine, inasmuch as a stolen one would not necessarily be incorrect. But in this class we should certainly include all such plays as appeared "maimed and deformed," when compared with those in the folio, for instance, the unmetrical "Lear;" and perhaps, though correct, the "Othello," as suspiciously anticipating that of 1623. Indeed, its publisher, T. Wakley, appears to have brought out an unauthorised edition of the "King and no King" of Beaumont and Fletcher.

The singular rarity of publication after 1600, compared with four preceding years, is very remarkable. Perhaps the troublous times and the important public topics in the commencement of the reign of James I., were unfavourable to literature, or the Drama had come under new regulations, and there was greater difficulty in obtaining an imprimatur; for the productions of Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have been subject to the same influence, some of the earliest and most popular of their plays not having been printed till 1619, a rather notable year,* when the press appears to have resumed its activity.

But whatever the obstacle that kept so many of the Plays of Shakspeare for so long a time in MS., the more reason we have to be grateful for the collection by Heminge and Condell, without which some of his finest works would probably have been lost or destroyed in those evil days when the stage and its companies were put down by a fresh set of performers, who acted the hypocrite and played the devil.

The Library Shakspeare, as far as published, is chiefly occupied by the Comedies, some of which, with the notes,

* "The Maid's Tragedy," in 1619; "King and no King," 1619; "Philaster," 1620; "Thierry and Theoderet," 1621; then Shakspeare's "Lear," 1622; and the folio collection, 1623.

and introductory and supplementary notices, we have gone through with great pleasure and satisfaction. For instance, "The Tempest," Mr. Knight very properly rejects the theory that the Island of Prospero was Lampedusa, or indeed any real Island at all. The Poet had imagination and fancy enough to have invented an Archipelago. We should as soon have dreamt of identifying the flying Laputa with the Island of Ascension. But if we must be literal and geographical, there was an Island which Sinbad landed on, "very like a whale;" and the one where Trinculo swam ashore, belonged probably to the same group.

In the same literal spirit Malone and Chalmers contended for the "still vexed Bermoothes" as the locality; but a sea, violent by habit and repute, was not essential. The Tempest raised by Prospero's so potent art, he could have excited in Buttermere. It was a storm as brain-begotten as that wherein a company of drunkards, by way of lightening the ship, began to heave the chairs and tables out of the tavern windows. It was founded, however, according to Chalmers, on a real tempest in England in 1612.

"Surely," as Mr. Knight says, "this is all admirable fooling," when a document, recently discovered by Mr. Peter Cunningham, proves that the play was performed in November, 1611. But conjecture is free to all, and for our share, we guess that Ariel was derived prophetically from the Invisible Girl, and Caliban from Peter the Wild Boy, or the Chimpanzee.

With far better reason might a retrospective ferret attempt to hunt out the identical ship and the voyage that supplied the Dramatist with his knowledge of the sea-terms, and the proper manœuvres in a storm. He had certainly sailed on salt water, perhaps in his way to Italy, which Mr. Brown insists he must have visited. Let the reader turn to the

opening scene of the "Sea Voyage" by Fletcher, and observe what a lubberly piece of work it is to the true Tempest and ship-board, where every sentence works its passage. Raleigh,* indeed, might have helped the author to the technicals of seamanship, but Neptune himself must have supplied that inimitable "Boson" of a breed still as extant as a sea-dog, and as characteristically marked as with a blue-anchor in gunpowder. The best of our Naval Novelists never produced such a "pitched piece of reason, caulked and tackled," within the same compass. His "what, must our mouths be cold?" has the very twang of iron nerves braced taut by the salt sea-breeze! Stephano's song —more pitchy than any of Dibdin's—was composed in the fore-peak.†

The original text in the "Tempest," in the folio of 1623, is pronounced by Mr. Knight to be unusually correct; and, judging from his restorations, the Editors from Rowe to Johnson had certainly improved it for the worse. With equal judgment a stand is made against some more modern emendations, and particularly the substitution of a line-tree for the clothes-line, on which the gown and jerkin, so coveted by Stephano and Trinculo, have hitherto been suspended. The stage practice, perhaps traditional, has always used a cord, and the glittering apparel being intended for a bait, we give our vote, as a fisherman, for a line instead of a tree

* To hazard what Sir T. Browne calls a wide solution, "the remainder biscuit after a voyage," that was found so dry by Shakspeare, was perhaps brought from America to the Mermaid Tavern by Sir Walter.

† The sweet snatch of song improvised by Ariel—

"Full fathom five"—

is exquisitely toned to the circumstances of the case. Its announcement is knowingly false; the inspiration of melancholy feeling is wanting; and hence the melody is more airy, and the images are more fanciful, than would befit a dirge in earnest for a true death.

to it. We believe, even with Mr. Knight, that a hair line might be intended; but we are less confident about a hint which the speculative spirit has just suggested, namely, that the line-trees were so called from being generally planted in lines, as in the famous Linden-street at Berlin.

The present Editor of Shakspeare seems, indeed, to be laudably averse to unnecessary alterations. Thus, in spite of its questionable meaning, he retains in Prospero's narrative

"A rotten carcase of a butt," *

instead of the modern reading of a "boat" and in Iris's invocation,

"The pioned and twelled banks,"

which have so puzzled the commentators. With less reason, in the address of Ferdinand to Miranda, he has adopted a word from the fourth folio in lieu of that in the first—"maid" for "made." The Prince exclaims,

"Most sure a goddess!"

but anon, in doubt of her divinity for want of the celestial attributes, desires to know how he shall bear himself, as an admirer or a worshipper, and therefore asks if she be made (of earth) or no? We also greatly prefer the original phrase to the "boil'd" brains in page 207. The elision of the relative pronoun is Shakspearian, the cooked article is Kitchinerish. With these exceptions we coincide with Mr. Knight, and especially in repudiating the notion that the Tempest is identical with "Love's Labour Won" mentioned by Meres. The passion of Ferdinand and Miranda is on neither side laborious; on the contrary, it illustrates that favourite dream of the young and romantic, love at first sight, which,

* Perhaps "hull"—the printer mistaking "h" for "b," and the writer inadvertently crossing the double "l."

when the smile is mutual, is certainly one of the most light genteel businesses that a gentleman or lady can engage in.

In "Love's Labour's Lost," on the other hand, the majority of the characters are laborious triflers, and are all losers; the very pedants toil at the composition of a Masque, and get nothing but mockery for their pains. Every one has been rolling a stone, big or little, up hill, and it has rolled down again, as if what the Germans call the fundamental idea of the play had been derived from the fable of Sisyphus.

Having touched on this Comedy, we will just notice a question discussed in Mr. Knight's introduction, the connection of Armado and the Schoolmaster with Lyly and his "Euphues." The name of Holofernes was doubtless derived, as well as a hint of his character, from his namesake the pedantic Latinist, who was selected for tutor to Gargantua, because, as Grangousier remembered, Aristotle was intrusted with the same office to Alexander; an exquisite satire, by the way, on parents in general, who, while they acknowledge the vital importance of education for their children, are singularly negligent in the choice of schools and preceptors. Now, Rabelais revelled in jargons, and that of the Limousin, who affected to speak in learned phrase, is nearly akin to the discourse of Armado and Holofornes, and very like the style of Andrew Brode's "Breviary of Health," published in 1547. To this answers Pantagruel, "I understand thee very well; when all comes to all, thou art a Limousin, and thou wilt here by thy affected speech counterfeit the Parisians."

It appears, then, that a strange fantastic phraseology was in vogue, not only in England but in France, long before the production of "Euphues," or the "Anatomy of Wit." In fact,

when Ben Jonson, in his "Cynthia's Revels," wrote, "You know I call Madam Philanthia my Honour, and she will call me her Ambition," it was the very jargon of the Island of Eunasin, where Pantagruel overheard a native, who "called his she-relation my Crum, and she called him my Crust."

Rabelais is again alluded to in "As you Like it," that delicious sylvan Comedy which we never read but our heart seems sprouting out fresh Midsummer shoots. There are other coincidences with "Love's Labour's Lost," which make us believe that these two open-air plays were composed about the same period, and in the Spring of Shakspeare's Authorship.

Fain would we here wander with Mr. Knight into the Forest of Arden, and discuss the folly of the "two fools" (according to Ulrici), Jaques and Touchstone; nay, generally the Clowns, and Fools, and Wags * of Shakspeare, their puns, "the conceits, the miserable conceits," and the "clumsy joking." But we must not now bestow any more of our tediousness on our readers. Perhaps we may hereafter return to the work, and gossip a little on these levities. In the meantime we heartily commend the "Library Shakspeare" to all Libraries, circulating or fixed, inland or marine, family or bachelor, standard bookcase or hanging shelves. The text is substantially the same that was furnished by the literary executors of the immortal Dramatist; and the bottom of the page is not encumbered, as heretofore, with a substratum of rubbish, the deposit of a critical Deluge, as luminous as mud, and as readable as the London clay. Some of the foot notes of the present Editor might indeed be spared, as when he explains that "all wound with adders," means twisted

* We venture here to offer a guess at a given-up riddle in "Much Ado about Nothing," act v., scene i.

"And, sorry wag, cry hem! when he should groan."

round with them; but he has withal contributed most unostentatiously, a great deal of valuable information and ingenious speculation. These, with judicious quotations from the best English and German Commentators, make the Introductory and Supplementary Notices to each Play very pleasant and profitable reading; whilst the woodcuts introduced between the Acts are curious, appropriate, and interesting. In fine (without disparagement to Mr. Collier's, which we have not seen), we consider the "Library Edition" to be the best "Shakspeare" that has yet come before us; and a practical answer to a question somewhere asked in print, whether the Great Dramatist would have derived any benefit from being Knighted!

[On the publication of this notice, Laman Blanchard, whose generous nature was full of common sympathies with my father, wrote to him as follows:—

"It is rather an odd thing to do, but I have only this minute read your 'Shakspeare,' and as I never happened to read anything that I enjoyed more, I take the pen simply to tell you so at once. . . . The good people who write and chat about Shakspeare, generally adopt a vein the exact opposite of yours, and speak of him as they would speak of any other poet. So at the very outset I differ with them, as at the very outset I agreed in tone of feeling and thinking with you. You will feel why I thank and congratulate you, when I say that the disgust produced by some commentaries is hardly greater than the delight with which I read yours—so thoroughly does the spirit to comprehend both the Divinity and the Dunces pervade and elevate it all."]

[I have appended this sonnet to the review of "Shakspeare" (although it was probably written earlier), because, not being able to trace its real date, I think it is well placed at the end of this essay on the great poet.]

LEAR.

A POOR old king, with sorrow for my crown,
Throned upon straw, and mantled with the wind—
For pity, my own tears have made me blind
That I might never see my children's frown ;
And, may be, Madness, like a friend, has thrown
A folded fillet over my dark mind,
So that unkindly speech may sound for kind—
Albeit I know not.—I am childish grown—
And have not gold to purchase wit withal—
I that have once maintain'd most royal state—
A very bankrupt now that may not call
My child my child—all beggar'd save in tears,
Wherewith I daily weep an old man's fate,
Foolish—and blind—and overcome with years!

REVIEW.

THE STUDENT LIFE IN GERMANY. By WILLIAM HOWITT, from the Unpublished Manuscript of DR. CORNELIUS.

"Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
And merrily danced the Quaker."—*Old Song.*

IT is impossible to read this work without coming to the conclusion that the German students must be bewitching and irresistible fellows. They drink beer, it is true, like draymen, smoke like steam-engines, dress like picture-cards, and are

terribly prone to the duello, and to slit cheeks, and slice off noses; and yet there is such a fascination about the rogues—such a taking *je ne sais quoi*, that they charm the very last persons who ought to be charmed by them—staid, sober, and peaceable members of the Society of Friends! The practices we have named seemed tolerably stiff fences — formidable moral raspers and bullfinches for such slow-going sectarians to get over; nevertheless, Friend William has cleared them at a flying leap—and even Friend Mary appears to have gone after him—as cleverly as Mause Headrigg. "By the help of the Lord I have loupit a wa'!"

In our simplicity, we should have considered a German Bursch and a Quaker as the antipodes of each other. They have, indeed, the same number of limbs and the common form of humanity, but in everything else they are as different as gunpowder and starch, yea, as a hedgehog and a mole, a wild boar and a Chinese pig—a bomb-shell and a Norfolk dumpling—firestone and slate—ginger-pop and pump-water—a broadsword and a fish-slice—Punch and the wax-works—devilled gizzard and a lamb's sweetbread—curry and pap—an Infernal Machine and a parish engine! Why, in the mere matter of Cavalier love-locks and a cropped head, they are as far as the *poles* asunder! not to forget the hat or cap of a German, which goes off far oftener than the guns of the saluting battery at Dover, whereas John Elwood took himself off bodily from his father's house, rather than remove his beaver! Then what a world of distance between the Heidelberg Beer Code, with its 141 articles, and a Temperance Tract!—the Manifesto of Karl Ludwig Sand and the Treaty of William Penn!—a Dummer Junge Challenge and Barclay's Apology!—the Bursch Lied of "Old Noah" (page 300) and a Poem by Bernard Barton! And yet, strange as it may seem—stranger than a coalition of Chartists and Tories—

the association has actually taken place; the Bursch and the Quaker, if we may believe the volume before us, have been hand and glove, bottle and glass, hob and nob, as thick as thieves — and have anstoss'd, smollis'd, crambambuli'd, rubbed salamanders, smoked, sentimentalized, and sung Old Rose together!!! Nay, more, on New Year's Eve—the eve of a new era in Quakerism, the Student Hoffman, accompanied by his guitar, chanted a song from the pen of Friend Mary—*Mare Pacificum!*—with the jolly burthen

"Then drink and be glad, sirs,
Laugh and be gay,
Keep sober to-morrow,
But drink to-day."

No! the new William and Mary can never have gone over to Holland in the solid Batavier. They must have been honoured, like Sir Walter Scott, with a ship of war for their passage, and a crew of those hearty good fellows who

"Sing a little and work a little,
And laugh a little, and swear a little,
And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
And swig the flowing can."

And do we like the Friends any the worse for all this? Not a jot should we, if they did not at the same time pretend to the other character—not a whit if they did not seem inclined to propitiate the foreign Student, and compliment his Fatherland at the expense of their own Mother country and her Collegians. As for the socialities of Oxford or Cambridge, to which the Kneips and the Hirschgasse are "heaven and innocence," we really think it must require a more determined sottishness to become fuddled with "gentle and innocent" Rhine wine, and an "amiable table beer," than to get drunk with "sherry or port three-fourths brandy." While as pastimes the noble exercise of rowing, and the

manly game of cricket altogether bump and bowl out the mock-heroical duello "with its scratching of noses and puncturing of padding." An English fox-chase, for costume, spirit, and sport, must beat a Heidelberg Fox Ride (we wish Nimrod would just look at the frontispiece) by fifty lengths; nay, even "Life in London," with its cloud-blowing, swipery, fancy chants, swell toggery, and turns-up, would almost stand a comparison with the lauded "Life in Germany!"

Seriously, there are doubtless virtues that redeem the vulgarities and the vices of Studentdom; but, considering how it dresses, how it drinks, how it smokes, how it sings, how it dances, and how it fights, how it could charm a Howitt is one of the Wonders of our Century!

[The same idea which my father adopted in the "Lion's Head" of the "London," he also followed up in the "Whispering Gallery" of the "New Monthly," and subsequently in the "Echo" of "Hood's Magazine." I append a few of the "New Monthly" notes.]

THE WHISPERING GALLERY.

W. B.—Laudatory Odes to the Spring are as common as buttercups. Let him try his hand at an abusive one with a cutting invective against the East Wind.

X. is declined for a reason he can possibly divine. X. ought to know Y.

WEYMOUTH.—Coleridge used—De Quincey used (and perhaps still continues) to take opium:—but we do not.*

* I quote this as an instance of the cool impertinence of a correspondent. Such inexplicable folly makes me half inclined to believe in the bonâ fide character of the weekly inquiries answered in the "Family Herald," and papers of that class—inquiries running over with obtrusive imbecility.

We must seriously protest against the length and bulk of "short, light articles" offered us by certain correspondents. They ask us if we have a vacancy for a Page, and then send us a Footman as big as the Duke of Devonshire's porter.

Since our last whispers on the subject, the practices of the Literary Pirates in America have received a curious illustration by the conflagration of the extensive establishment of Messrs. H——, an event attributed to some person's having gone with a light into the warehouse for the purpose of stealing a copy of Mr. James's "Morley Ernstein," of which a large impression was just ready for issue to the public—the coveted copy being of course intended to serve in the reprinting of a rival edition. It will henceforth be unnecessary to say more of the morality of a system which has been so strikingly illuminated.

* * * is advised to send his communication to some scientific journal and to drop the first letter in "Heditor." The word should begin with an E except when, as Mr. Weller says, "it is spelt with a we."

Cricket. — Various games, including Chess, Whist, and Backgammon, are supposed to be strong tests of equanimity —and in reality the loss of a match, rubber, or hit has been frequently known to upset human patience and the rules of good breeding. But, of all games or sports, Cricket appears the most trying to the temper, for a player cannot lose his wicket without being put out.

[This year my father again took up pen on the Copyright Question. Two more letters on the subject appeared in the "Athenæum," for which he also wrote the Review of "Barnaby Rudge," that follows them.]

COPYRIGHT AND COPYWRONG.

LETTER IV.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

FIVE years ago I ventured in your popular journal to publish my private thoughts on the nature and laws of Literary Property. In those letters, without underrating the International Question, it was recommended that we should begin at home, and first establish what Copyright is in Britain, and provide for its protection against Native Pirates or Bookaneers. It was contended, therefore, that the author's perpetual property in his works should be formally recognised, and that, "by taking this high ground at once, and making Copyright analogous in tenure to the soil itself, its defence might be undertaken with a better grace against trespass at home or invasion from abroad."

The fate of the Bill subsequently framed by Serjeant Talfourd is well known. An opposition was set up by publishers, stationers, binders, printers, journeymen, devils, and hawkers; and Mr. Tegg even so far discomposed himself as to compose a pamphlet, in which the earnings and emoluments of Scott, Byron, Moore, Southey, Hook, &c., were summed up as if they had been so many great sinecurists fattening in idleness at the cost of our dear public. Messrs. Wakley and Warburton chimed in with the pamphleteer, and even one or two country gentlemen, who had set their ridge and furrow faces against cheap food for the body, were all in favour of cheap food for the mind, as if it were desirable

to see the public like a huge ricketty child with its head a great deal bigger than its belly. Nevertheless, even this opposition might have failed if the tone of the House had remained at its original pitch. The eloquent speech of the learned Serjeant, on introducing his Bill, had a thrilling effect. And when he ceased, "those airy tongues that syllable men's names" filled up the pause, till the very walls seemed whispering "Chaucer!" "Spenser!" "Shakspeare!" Milton!" whilst sadder echoes responded with "Chatterton!" "Otway!" and "Burns!" Every head with a heart to it, and every heart with a head to it, answered to the appeal. The accomplished nobleman, the gentleman of cultivated mind, the man of taste, the well-educated commoner, at once acknowledged, as debts of honour, their deep obligations to literature. They recalled with affectionate interest and honourable respect the poets of their youth and the philosophers of their manhood—their intimates of the closet—their familiars of the fields and forests—the intellectual ministers from whom they had derived amusement in leisure, wisdom in action, society in solitude, and consolation in travel. They remembered the friends of their souls. Even the opponents of the measure confessed the national importance and value of literature, and its beneficial influence on the community, by their very struggles to make it cheap for the public at the expense of all liberal feeling and common justice. Moreover, the question involved, more or less, nearly the hereditary principle—the law of property—the nature of freehold and copyhold—the protection of a native interest—and, in some opinions, the national honour. But, alas! the argument had fallen on evil days! The question did not suit the temper of the times or the ordinary tone of the place. It contained no political "Ode to the Passions." There was no ardent, overproof, unrectified party spirit in it to excite a parliamentary

delirium tremens. There was no sidebone of contention for Whig or Tory. It was a subject whereon political Montagues and Capulets might shake hands. Faction overcame Fiction. The accomplished nobleman, the gentleman of cultivated mind, the man of taste, the well-educated commoner had other fish to fry—hotter broils and stews to arrange—and their gratitude and good will to literature chilled as rapidly as mutton gravy on a cold plate !

Since, then, the reprinting of English works in America has progressed with steam celerity : whilst the King of the Belgians has openly recommended this literary piracy to his subjects, as a profitable branch of the national industry : a speech, by the way, for which his Majesty deserves an especial address from our literati, whenever he thinks proper to revisit this country. The importation of foreign reprints has also increased, and to an extent that has made our publishers quite as alarmed as the farmers and graziers when they recently fancied themselves surrounded by outlandish bulls of Bashan, and bellowed out for protection against foreign oxen, all ready to invade Smithfield, and drive our own beasts, without drovers, clean out of the market. But our author-feeders have more cause for alarm than the cattle breeders, inasmuch as it appears that the foreign bullocks, though invited, will not come in, whereas the foreign books will enter in spite of being forbidden.

In this extremity, Lord Mahon has opportunely brought forward a new bill, which has been supported by authors and booksellers with a harmony as strange as pleasant—a harmony not so attributable, I fear, to Wilhem's system, or Mr. Hullah's vocal exercises for singing in tune, as to the fact that the voices of the literati form a powerful and welcome addition to the cry set up for protection against foreign piracy. On the extension of the term of Copyright the

trade is now liberally indifferent, but extremely anxious for some very stringent enactment to stop the smuggling of piratical reprints—and, of course, with a retrospective clause, which shall prohibit Flemish, French, or American impressions of Shakspeare and Milton, as well as of Harry Lorrequer or "Zanoni." And why not a retrospective clause—for how is a man to protect his property if he may not shoot into the back garden as well as into the forecourt? Provided always, that the grounds in the rear be really the property, or at least in the legal occupation of the man with the blunderbuss. Of which more hereafter.

In the meantime, the new bill has not been discussed, in either House, without some opposition to its provisions, and, as usual, especially directed against the section intended for the benefit of the author. In the Commons, up jumped Mr. Wakley—perhaps a Coroner accustomed to violent and sudden deaths could not relish anything expiring so deliberately as with forty-two years' notice—however, up jumped Mr. Wakley, as vicious with poetry and poets as if he had just been kicked by Pegasus, or rejected in turn by all the Nine Sisters,—and after a flagrant assault on the Bard of Rydal, behind the back of Mr. Wordsworth, protested vehemently against any further protection of good-for-nothing books. As if, forsooth, our dear public could be injured by even a perpetual copyright in works which nobody but the author would ever think of reprinting! These good-for-nothing writers it has been fashionable to estimate as ninety-nine out of one hundred, and, admitting the proportion, what is to become of the rara avis, the phœnix, the one of a hundred? Is he to receive no reward or encouragement which may stimulate others to go and do likewise? Let us suppose a school kept by Doctor Posterity, which offers, as usual, a prize for the best scholar. The term is at an end,

the reward is to be conferred, and the best boy of a hundred is desired to step forward. "Master Scott," says the Doctor, "it is my pleasing task to inform you that you have won the highest prize in this Classical Establishment. The talents bestowed on you have not been abused or neglected. Your genius has been equalled by your industry, and your performances have given universal satisfaction. Your themes and essays in original composition have particularly excited my admiration and approbation: I have read them with interest and delight. Master Scott, I have had few boys like you. You are an honour to the school, as you will be an ornament to your age and country. I have no difficulty in awarding the first prize intended for the encouragement of genius and learning. Behold this large gold medal! It is eminently your due. You have richly earned it—but mind, I'm not going to give it you, and for this reason, that all your ninety-nine schoolfellows, put together, are not worth a dump!"

Is this the way to encourage the production of standard works, and to improve the breed of authors? Is it on this system that we have sought to improve the breed of horses, horned cattle, and pigs? Is a prize ox ever denied the prize because there are so many lean beasts in the market? Would Boz, Ivanhoe, or Satirist be refused the gold cup at Ascot because Dunce, Tony Lumpkin, or King Log had been distanced in the race? Is it thus that merit is rewarded in other countries? My travelled readers have doubtless seen what is called, in France, a *Mât de Cocagne*—a tall well-greased pole—"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb!" with some public prize at the top. Many are the candidates, particularly sweeps and sailors, who attempt to swarm up the slippery mast; some heavy-sterned fellows only mounting half way; others scrambling almost within arm's length of the reward: but, alas! down, down, down

they slide again like greased lightning, and cursing Sir Isaac Newton for inventing gravitation. At last some more fortunate or clever aspirant attempts the task—"up he go—up he go"—like the 'possum, till he actually reaches the tip-top, and clutches the tempting article. Lucky dog that he is, not to be an English author, and rewarded by English authorities! No one grudges him his success—no one objects that the nineteen other candidates have gone to the bottom of the pole. He has not only won the prize, but wears it, and perhaps literally in the shape of a new pair of breeches.

It has been said, indeed, that a writer would derive no advantage from an extended property in his works; but why should not long copyrights be as beneficial as long leases, long purses, long annuities, long legs, long heads, long lives, and other long things that are longed for? Much stress has been laid on the declarations of publishers, that they would give no more for forty-two years than for twenty-eight, or fourteen. And no doubt the parties were perfectly sincere in the declaration. There are persons who would not plant trees, however profitable ultimately, because the return would be distant and not immediate: and even so some publishers might not care to invest their capital in standard works for a sure, but slow, remuneration. But that money is to be made of books, even after twenty-eight years, is certain, or what becomes of Lord Brougham's statement, that publishers have been making large preparations, and incurring great expense for the purpose of bringing out works of which the copyrights were just expiring? Nay, is there not one bookseller in Cheapside, who is understood to have made hundreds and thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, by this sort of author-snatching? But to bring the question to issue, let us take a batch of writers, who are all as dead as if they had been boiled, and yet at whose head and brains there is better

sucking than in a quart of shrimps. For example, there is one Fielding, whose last novel was published a century ago, and, consequently, has been common spoil for some fourscore years. Will any one be bold enough to say, that a revived copyright of "Tom Jones" would be valueless in the market? Then we have one Smollett, and one Sterne, and one Goldsmith, all defunct fifty years since,—would an exclusive right in their works obtain no bidders? Not to name Shakspeare or Milton; would Johnson's Dictionary, as copyright, fetch nothing in the Row? or would the shade of Defoe again go a-begging from publisher to publisher, with his "Robinson Crusoe?" Why, in the Literary Stocks, there could hardly be a safer investment.

In the Upper House, the opposition to the Bill was led by Lord Brougham, not without expressions of great respect and "sincere affection" for literary men, whom he represented as claimants, not only on the justice, but on the benevolence of the house. To this last character, however, I for one must demur. There has been too much of this almsgiving tone used towards authors, so that an uninformed reader of the speeches would imagine that the poor dogs were on their hind legs begging for a bone, or a boon, as some pronounce it, instead of standing up like the kangaroo for their natural rights. For, be it remembered, by Tories, Conservatives, and Royal Oak Boys, that we have only been agitating to regain our usurped possessions—to effect not a Revolution, but a Restoration!

Apart from the above vile phrase, the compliments of Lord Brougham were highly flattering, and his sincere affection would no doubt be a valuable possession, but, alas! when it came to be tested, the tie, though showy, was no more binding than the flimsy gilt book-covers of the present day. His Lordship soon repented of his attachment to

BAYERISCHE STAATS-BIBLIOTHEK MUENCHEN

authors, and refused to "be led away, as many had been led away (and oh! that our state wheelers had never any other leaders!) by a generous, natural, and praiseworthy feeling." The Peers had listened too much to kind feelings, and he felt compelled to remind them of "the strict duties of the legislative office." A very superfluous injunction—for what has the legislature done for literature? How have our legislators "leaned towards the side towards which they must all wish to lean, and towards which all their prejudices and partialities must bear them?" Why, they found the authors in possession of a common law right, so called from being founded on common sense and common justice—and how did they show their amiable weakness, their partial warp and bias, their over-indulgent fondness for that spoiled child—a son of the Muses. To borrow a comparison,—one of the most ill used members of creation is that forlorn animal, a street dog. Every idle hand has a stone, every idle foot has a kick for him—every driver a whip, and every carpenter a cleft stick. He has only to look at a butcher's shop—merely to point at a sheep—to be snatched up instanter. Bang! goes the chopper! and off fly a few inches of his tail. He has only to be looked at by a bevy of young blackguards, and in a jiffy away he scours, encumbered with an old kettle. Even so it fared with the author. He was ragged in his coat, bare on his ribs, and tucked up in the flank—in short, he looked a very peltable, kickable, whipable, and curtailable dog, indeed. Accordingly, no sooner had Law caught sight of him, than it caught hold of him, docked his entail at a blow, and tied Stationers' Hall to the stump.

So much for the strict duties of the legislative office, to which we owe that we have only a lease of our own premises —a temporary usufruct in our own orchards—that we have been encouraged by a sequestration, and protected from

retail privateering, on the condition of wholesale piracy hereafter!

To be sure it has been urged, that an extended copyright (an author's monopoly instead of a bookseller's) would damage the public interest—that it would enhance the price of books—at any rate, that it would prevent their re-issue at a reduced rate. But this speculation remains to be tested by experiment. The higher and wealthy classes do not compose, as formerly, the great mass of readers—the numbers have increased by millions, and our writers are quite as well aware as the trade of the superior advantage of a cheap and large circulation. They have the double temptation of popularity and profit. One can even fancy an author publishing without hope of pecuniary reward, nay, at a certain loss, provided it would insure his numbers a Bozzian diffusion; whereas it is difficult to imagine a writer setting so high a price on his own book as would necessarily confine its perusal to a very select circle. On these points I am competent to speak, having re-issued the majority of my own humble works, at a price quite in accordance with the demand for cheap literature—and most certainly not enhanced by the time my copyrights had been in existence. It is true that the cost of a volume has occasionally been purposely hoisted up, for instance, by wilfully destroying the wood-blocks and copper plates, as in the case of Dr. Dibdin's "Bibliographical Decameron," but such dog-in-the-mangery acts have been committed at or before publication: for even the maddest Bibliomaniac would hardly dream of making a work "scarce," after a sale of forty-two years. It follows, then, that the shorter the copyright the longer the price of the book! for supposing the term cut down to one year for the writer to sow, reap, and gather in his harvest, what so likely to set him Dibdinizing as the brevity of his lease? "Odds books and buyers!"

says he, "only twelve months market before me, less fifty-two Sundays! As my time is so scant, I must make the most of it!" So he stirs up the coals to a bonfire, pitches into it all his costly woodcuts, as if they were so many logs, and enhances the price of his volume to ten guineas a copy!

Apropos of cheapness, it seems never to have occurred to the sticklers for it, that an article may become unreasonably reasonable—that the consumer may be benefited overmuch. For example, there have been certain staring shop announcements to be seen about London, in which the low price of the commodities was vouched for by the ruin of the manufacturer—broad proclamations that the "Great Bargains in Cotton" had shut up the mills, and that the "Wonderfully Reduced Silks" had exhausted not only the bowels of the worm but those of the weaver. But is such a consummation a favourable one, and devoutly to be wished, whatever the fabric? Is it really desirable to see our authors publicly advertised as "Unprecedented Sacrifices?" Or would anybody, except Mr. Wakley, or some useless Utilitarian, be actually gratified by reading such a placard as the following:

UNEXAMPLED DISTRESS IN GRUB STREET!

GREAT REDUCTION IN LITERATURE!!

PROSE UNDER PRIME COST!!! POETRY FOR NOTHING!!!!

It is certain, nevertheless, that new works, and especially periodical ones, have been projected and started, during the Rage for Cheap Literature, at rates so ruinously low, that they might afford brown bread and single Gloster to the Publishers or to the Writers, but certainly not for both. Thus, a few months since I was applied to, myself, to contribute to a new journal, not exactly gratuitously, but at a very small advance upon nothing—and avowedly because the work had been planned according to that estimate. How-

ever, I accepted the terms conditionally; that is to say, provided the principle could be properly carried out. Accordingly, I wrote to my butcher, baker, and other tradesmen, informing them that it was necessary, for the sake of cheap literature and the interest of the reading public, that they should furnish me with their several commodities at a very trifling per-centage above cost price. It will be sufficient to quote the answer of the butcher :—

"Sir,—Respectin your note. Cheap literater be blowed. Butchers must live as well as other pepel—and if so be you or the readin publick wants to have meat at prime cost, you must buy your own beastesses, and kill yourselves. I remane, &c., John Stokes."

And truly, why not cheap anything, or everything, as well as cheap literature? Cheap beef, cheap beer, cheap butter, and cheap bread? As to books, the probability is, that distant re-issues would be at reduced rates; but, even supposing them to remain at their original prices, why should Mr. Thomson of 1843 have his "Waverley" any cheaper than Mr. Thomson of 1814?

At any rate, the interests of *both* parties ought to be fairly considered. Nay, Consistency goes still farther, and hints that the literary interest should be especially favoured. For, hark to Consistency! "Let the public," she says, "be cared for—let the public be *well* cared for,—and let the Authors be *particularly well* cared for, as the most public part of the public!"

"But if we give an extended term to the authors," cries Lord Brougham, "we must also give a longer day to the patentees." And why not, if they deserve and need it? But it is as easy to show cause against a patent being perpetual, as it is difficult to prove why a copyright should

be limited. In the abstract, the absolute rights of both parties may be equal—but as the monopoly of a mechanical invention might be an enormous evil, Expediency, with propriety, steps in to protect the public interest when the private one has been amply gratified. In fact, the patentees of great and useful inventions have generally realized large fortunes within a few years; whereas the best and greatest of our writers have commonly made such little ones, during their whole lives, that the Next-of-Kin never heard of anything to his advantage. And the reason was ably explained by the Bishop of London.

The merits of a mechanical invention can at once be tested: and are immediately recognised. The merest loggerhead can understand at a glance the advantage of a machine which impels a ship without wind and a coach without horses —howbeit the same dunderpate in twenty long years had never found out the use of "book larning." There is a gentleman of my acquaintance who derives a yearly sum for a patent clothes brush, the superiority of which, in brushing his master's coat, John Footman would detect ere he had whistled through "Nancy Dawson." But suppose instead of a machine of bristles, wire, and wood, my friend had composed a work, intended to brush off the dirt and dust of the human intellect, he might have been months in catching a publisher, and years upon years in getting hold of the public. But why talk of steam-engines, clothes brushes, and such utilities? There was one trifling instrument, for which, had the inventor secured a patent, the sale of the article, merely as a toy, would have certainly enriched the proprietor —for the dullest unit of humanity had but to put the tube to his or her eye to enjoy all the beautiful and varied patterns of the kaleidoscope. But suppose, instead of a tin machine with reflectors and bits of coloured glass, the

novelty had been a "Novum Organon," how many of those peeping thousands and millions might have looked through it and through it, by sunlight and lamplight, without discovering that it was rare food for the mind—prime intellectual Bacon. The truth is, we so far resemble the brutes, that we understand our physical wants and comforts, much more quickly than our mental or moral ones,—just as a turnspit would find out the value of a bottlejack long before that of a Bridgewater Treatise. Hence, the prompt recognition and remuneration of mechanical inventions and inventors. Nor must it be forgotten that government, as wide awake to the Physical, and as fast asleep to the Intellectual, as the loggerheaded dunce, John Footman, the kaleidoscopers, and the turnspit,—it ought not to be forgotten that government has sometimes bought his invention of a patentee, but has never purchased a copyright since the invention of printing. It will be time enough, then, when Sir Robert Peel begins to bargain with us for our works, on behalf of the nation, to say that we are on the same footing as the patentees.

The International Question—and Pirates Foreign and Domestic—in my next. Yours, &c.

THOS. HOOD.

LETTER V.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

PROBLEMATICAL as some persons may consider the benefit of an extended copyright to authors, there can be no doubt of the immediate injury they must sustain, in common with publishers, from the piratical reprinting of the works in foreign countries—to wit, France, Belgium, and the United

States. I am not aware whether Germany partakes in this disgraceful traffic: but there is a word for it in the language, and nothing is more favourable to Nachdruckerie than the contiguity of several petty principalities.

Of the character of the system, the very name that is applied to it is significant—a term which associates this over-free-trade with the buccaneering practices of the old robbers on the high seas. The literary pirate does not, indeed, dabble in blood, but in ink; but the object is the same, and pursued by the same means—the indiscriminate pillage of friend or foe. And here be it said, that if anything can palliate the foreign marauder, and render his offence comparatively venial, it is the example of English publishers pirating English works. It has always been reckoned unnatural for dog to eat dog, or for hawks to pick out hawks' eyes; and the Highland veteran, who stole droves of cattle without scruple, would have held it a heinous offence to lift a sucking calf belonging to any one of his own clan. Nevertheless, of this heinous and unnatural conduct there have been too many instances, including a couple within the last few months. In the first case, a piracy was committed by a Firm not the least active in the opposition to the Bill of of Serjeant Talfourd, and who, of course, held the poacher-like principle that the proper time for a copyright to expire was whenever they chose to kill it. The other party alluded to, once went so far as to assert to me that an author would not receive more, but less, for a longer term in his works—a declaration attributed at the time to mere natural block-headism; but his theory of literary rights has since been illustrated by an injunction obtained against him by a brother bookseller, for pirating some popular metrical legends. Now in what but the pseudo-respectability of a double-fronted shop in Cornhill does this publisher rank above a

man, whom he would no doubt have designated as a little, low, dirty, shabby library-keeper in the suburbs, to whom I one day happened to mention a placard in a neighbouring shop-window announcing a spurious "Master Humphrey's Clock."

"Sir," said the little, low, dirty, shabby library-keeper, "if you had observed the name, it was by Bos, not Boz—S Sir, not Z; and, besides, it would have been no piracy, Sir, even with the Z, because Master Humphrey's Clock, you see, Sir, was not published by Boz, but by Charles Dickens."*

These lax principles of our domestic pirates are not at all *braced* by a passage across the Atlantic. In America the system has reached its climax, and the types, used on a new work here, are only the antetypes of a reprint in Boston, Philadelphia, or New York. Of this, a flagrant example has recently occurred in the re-publication of Sir E. Bulwer's last new novel, "Zanoni," in a newspaper form, at the rate of ten copies for a dollar! In fact, as to natural rights, in the States there appear to be two classes very much on a par—our *read* men and the Indians.

It may be as well for me, before commenting on such transactions, to disown any prejudice, personal or political, against America or the Americans. I am none of the "Mr. H's," who have drawn, sketched, or caricatured them. The stars and stripes do not affect me like a blight in the eye; nor does "Yankee Doodle" give me the ear-ache. I have no wish to repeal the Union of the United States; or to alter the phrase in the Testament into "Republicans and Sinners." In reality, I have rather a Davidish feeling towards Jonathan, remembering whence he comes, and what language he speaks; and holding it better in such cases to have the wit that

* Fact.

traces resemblances, than the judgment that detects differences,—and perhaps foments them.

It is, therefore, to gratify no private spleen, spite, or jealousy, that my voice is raised against a system which has been condemned by some of the wisest and most distinguished of her own sons as prejudicial to the dignity and best interests of America—men, who do not care, perhaps, to see their Gog of a country indebted for all its prose and poetry to little Great Britain, just as the jolterheaded Giant at the gate of Kenilworth Castle was dependent for *his* literature on the dwarfish imp Flibbertigibbet.

And truly gigantic is Jonathan in his material works, and extra-fast in his physical progress; but will he really be satisfied with going ahead in everything but that in which the head is so distinguished an agent? He is first chop with the hatchet, and a crack with the rifle,—grand at a 'coon, mighty at a 'possum, and awful at a squirrel,—he can drive a nail with a bullet, or a bargain with a Jew pedlar,—whip his weight in wild cats,* grin Jesuit's bark into quinine, and, as some say, wring off the tail of a comet,—but where will be his exploits with the pen? Will he resemble or not the big Ben of the school, a dab at marbles, a first-rater at cricket, a top-sawyer at fives, and a good-'un at fisticuffs, but obliged to be obliged for his English themes and exercises to the least boy on the form? The picture is a mortifying one; but in some such character must Jonathan necessarily figure, if he consents to be a mere interloper—a Squatter, instead of a Settler, in the Field of Letters.

That America, in the absence of an International Copyright, can never possess a native literature, has been foretold by the second-sighted on either side of the Atlantic. Indeed,

* "Phoo! phoo!" said an old Anglo-Indian in reference to this boast; "I can whip my own weight in elephants."

according to Mr. Cornelius Mathews, in his speech at the public dinner given to Dickens at New York, the barren time is already come, and the field of letters, in the States, scarcely produces a prose thistle, or a poetical dandelion. It would hardly feed a Learned Pig. Such must be the inevitable result of the re-publication of English works on a scale that totally precludes any native competition; and whatever may be the feeling of the trading partners, I can imagine nothing more mortifying to the spirit of a liberal, accomplished, and patriotic American, than to sit in his study, under a framed and glazed "Declaration of Independence," and to look at a Family Library, well stored indeed with books, but of which nothing save the paper and the covers are of home manufacture.

Of the character of the traffic there can be no doubt. No honourable man would wish to obtain mental food, any more than his bodily victual, without fairly paying for it. It makes no difference that the supply comes from another country; for who would object to pay his tradesman's bills on the plea that his American apples, his Ostend butter, and his French eggs, were of foreign production? Nor does it matter that the acquisition is not exactly so tangible as upholstery; it is as irregular to have your head furnished as your house at the expense of your neighbour.

But these are the consumers. As to the purveyors, they are precisely on a par with the remarkable cheap traders, who stole ready-made brooms. They are not liable, it is true, to any legal penalty; but a severe punishment is awarded to a very similar offence. According to the comity of civilized countries, the national flag virtually protects not only the aggregate people, but every native individual—the British subject at Baltimore or Boston as much as the cockney in Cheapside. Even so the copyright of an English work

attaches to the solitary copy that finds its way to New York as much as to the 1499 which remain in the dominions of Queen Victoria. It is a single bank note, but of a large issue ; and its multiplication by spurious copies, particularly for circulation in our empire or its colonies, is surely as nefarious as the forgery of our "flimsies." The analogy is undeniable : and as the wholesale counterfeiting of a paper currency has only been practised heretofore between nations at war, it is incumbent on the Congress of a country with which we are at amity to put a stop to such hostilities.

And here, pray note, how a Perpetual Copyright, as I formerly stated, might be defended with a better grace from invasion from abroad. Indeed, if foreign piracy have any plea in extenuation, it is the evil example of the statute of 1709, which first put a boundary line to a possession. Jonathan is a great calculator, and may calculate that space as well as time may nullify a copyright ; and to be candid, there is no very clear reason why it should not. To me it appears that 28 degrees of latitude might as justly and rationally alienate a property as 28 years of longitude ; that my right may as consistently depart from me in a steamboat as in a calendar ; and of the two, the Great Western seems the most tangible conveyancer. As to any work above 23 years old, its reprinting by Americans or New Zealanders can be no transgression. On No Man's Land there can be no trespass ; where there is no right there can be no infringement ; there can be no piracy, for there is no copyright, that which was called so being dead and gone ; not transferred like other property, but annihilated ; not a dormant title, but extinct. As a consequence, in a couple of months, every printer in the United States will have, legally, as much right and interest in Waverley as the son and heir of the immortal Novelist.

There is another injury, however, with which our authors are threatened besides reprinting, namely, translation,—not from English into American, for there is no such tongue, but from the language of a Monarchy into that of a Republic. Yes; our writers are actually to be done into Locofocos, Nullifiers, Federalists, Democrats, Sympathisers,—nay, perhaps, into Horse Alligators and Yellow Flowers of the Forest, according to the taste of the province in which they may be reprinted, or the predilections of the republisher! In fact, American editions are to represent in spirit, as well as in form, American *impressions!*

This transmogrification is plainly alluded to in the following paragraph of a Memorial to Congress got up at a meeting of publishers, printers, &c., at Boston, in April last, Mr. Goodrich, alias Peter Parley, in the chair:

"We would also suggest another point of vital import. If English authors obtain copyrights upon their works here, and our markets are supplied with them, it is apparent that, having no power to adapt them to our wants, our institutions, and our state of society, we must permit their circulation as they are. We shall thus have a London literature forced upon us, at once driving our own out of the field, and subjecting the community to its influence. So long as we have power over it—so long as we can shape it as may suit our taste and condition, we have nothing to fear; but when this privilege is taken away, and the vast preponderance of British capital has driven our own out of the trade, shall we not have in our bosom a power at war with our institutions, and dangerous to our prosperity? Is it not safer and better to let in this literature freely, but subject to the moulding of our wants and wishes, rather than to give it an ascendency, and entrench it behind the inviolable privilege of copyright?"

And that there may be no doubt about the meaning of the memorialists, hear Mr. Cornelius Mathews :

"I have said nothing—and I might have said much—of the mutilation of books by our American republishers—that outrageous wrong by which a noble English writer, speaking truths in London, dear to him as life, is made to say in New York that which his soul abhors !"

I am not aware of the exact tinge of the Boston complexion ; but, whether pallid or rubicund, golden or brazen, was there no cheek capable of a blush at the reading of such a precious document ! Did Mr. Goodrich—himself a writer—and a moralist for children—did Peter Parley feel no misgivings as to the propriety or fairness of casting the brains of English authors into American moulds and shapes, with as little ceremony as so much jelly ? Is there no turpitude in the falsification of writings because they happen to be not in manuscript, but in print ? On the contrary, the most dishonorable of misrepresentations is to make a man misrepresent himself, by attributing to him expressions he had never uttered, or principles he had never entertained—a proceeding quite as dirty as that of the Brobdignaggian baboon, when it crammed into the mouth of Gulliver the filth it had hoarded in its own pouches !

For my own part, I think that man has quite as good a right to attach a sum, as a sentiment, to my signature—to use my name for the supply of his wants, as for the support of his principles—to turn me into cash, as to turn me into a republican. But there may be more novel notions on these matters on the opposite side of the Atlantic ; where "another and better world" is supposed to be the new one.

As to the picture of "London literature"—guarded by international copyright—"driving their own out of the field"

—it comes with peculiar grace from the advocates of an unrestrained reissue of English books at little more than the cost of paper and print. The very men who are scuttling the ship called authorship, to express fears of its being swamped by a sea! For it is obvious that the American, who thinks of literature as a profession, under such circumstances, might as well swarm up a lamp-post for a bee-tree —that if he hopes to enlighten his countrymen and be paid for his pains, he had better turn beaver, at once, and thrash mud with his tail.

And now farewell to Jonathan! It can be no unfriendly aspiration to wish that he may have Shakspeares and Miltons of his own—that he may breed Scotts, Wordsworths, Moores, Byrons, and Bulwers, as well as Washingtons, Jeffersons, Madisons, Clays, and General Jacksons. But if he desires to own any eternally everlasting, immortal names in literature, we must put down a traffic, particularly adapted to make a great country look little.

Turning eastward, and looking across another ocean, there is a little kingdom, wherein the Journeymen Minds of the capital have also greatly profited by the Master Minds of England—at least in the way of mammon. I allude to the Belgians, the most sordid, illiberal, and huckstering tradespeople in Europe, to whom Napoleon might justly have applied the epithet of "boutiquière," seeing that a "Banker" sometimes keeps his office in a back parlour, whilst his wife and daughters retail haberdashery in the front shop. A people whose revolution originated not in love of liberty, but love of money—not a religious repeal of an union of Catholic and Protestant—but a mere breeches-pocket change, from a desire to get rid of Dutch debt, and a Dutch-copartnership in commercial profits. A people, in short, who in spite of their getting rid of the Spaniards have retained

their affection for "the Spanish"—and instead of combining opulence with a liberal expenditure, store up their wealth in miserly hiding-places—just as a jackdaw deposits silver spoons, &c., in his rubbish saving-banks, from a mere objectless propensity to hoarding.

Now, as regards literary piracy, the Americans may plead in mitigation, their common origin with the English, and their use—saving some uncommon old phrases—of a common language. Jonathan can read and relish Hamlet or Paradise Lost, as well as John; and at any rate a large proportion of his reprints are for his own consumption. But there is no such excuse for the Belgians. Shakspeare and Milton! why if they were translated expressly into Flemish, I should be sorry to guarantee the sale of fifty copies. There would be as much demand for them by the Flanders horses and mares that trot upon four legs, as by those that walk upon two. If they ever transplant from our Literature into their own Belles Lettres, it will be "Tate's Universal Cambist," or Somebody on Assurance. For, sharpwitted as the Flemish may be at a bargain, in intellectual matters they are as Bœotian as if they had taken mud baths in their own bogs, and, as the old Bubble Man recommends, had given their heads the full benefit of the immersion.

It follows that the Brussels Printers cannot set up the pretence of the Boston ones—that they patriotically rob our great literary lamps, for the enlightenment of their own citizens. In Belgium there is a Smoking, Beer-drinking, Estaminet-haunting—but no Reading—Public. The Books they consult are filled with "Flemish accounts"—the leaves they love are rolled up into cigars. In short, in the great March of Mind, the Flemish are as far behind as the baggage, or along with the suttlers, selling sausages and schnapps. It is

a fair conclusion, then, that a great part of the English reprints must be intended for the London market, into which they can only be surreptitiously introduced, and, consequently, the Brussels publisher is not only a Pirate, but a smuggler—a Dirk Hatteraick engrafted on Paul Jones. But I do injustice to the brave Buccaneer and the bold Free-trader by the comparison; there may be the same greed for gain, but there is no risk of life or limb to ennoble a traffic as paltry and fraudulent as the "sweating" of our Sovereigns.

Against these new "Brussels Sprouts," the vigilance of our customs ought to be particularly directed; and their confiscation should be strictly enforced. Of an International Copyright, there is no hope—looking at the sordid and unlettered character of the Belgians, the speech of the King, a commercial jealousy of England, and a general ill-will towards us. France and America may accede to our claims, and agree to protect our literary rights; but Belgium will be the last, the very last, to do justice *even* to the English.*

In the meantime let us hope that our own Legislature will extend all the protection it can afford to our Literature; as much security as it can give to the Publisher; and as much encouragement as it can bestow on the Author: Heaven knows he is in need of it! Hitherto he has only been robbed by the Statute of Anne, nor has the legal unkindness been atoned for by proportionate favor in other quarters. Where are his Honorary Distinctions? The highest honor ever conferred on an author—a peerage—was granted to Bubb Doddington—and then not for writing his life. Where are the lucrative Tellerships, Wardenships, Comptrollerships,

* "We must be just even towards the English."—*Messager de Gand*, June 9, 1842.

Secretaryships, and Governorships dedicated as rewards to this species of Civil Merit ?

"And Echo answers, where ?"

Even the very few appointments heretofore allotted for its portion are going or gone. The examinership of Plays has passed from an Author to an Actor ; and a prophetic soul augurs that the Laureateship, at the next vacancy, may go to a Painter.

So much for the distinctions bestowed on a Literary man during his life. Now for the honors paid to him at his death. We all know how he lives. He writes for bread, and gets it short weight ;—for money, and gets the wrong change ;—for the Present, and he is pirated ;—for the Future, and his children are disinherited for his pains. At last, he sickens, as he well may, and can write no more. He makes his will, but, for any literary property, might as well die intestate. His eldest son is his heir, but the Row administers. And so he dies a beggar, with the world in his debt. Being poor, he is buried with less ceremony than Cock Robin. Had he been rich enough, he might have bought a "snug lying in the Abbey" of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, who even then, true to the same style of treatment, would put him, were he the greatest and best of our Poets —as the mother puts the least and worst of her brats—into a Corner !

REVIEW.

BARNABY RUDGE. By C. DICKENS, Esq. Chapman & Hall.

THIS story is now complete. The illuminated clock of Master Humphrey has run down for ever, and with its last chime, the works of its maker have come to a temporary stoppage.

Availing himself of the pause for a little well-earned rest and recreation, the author, it appears, has sailed on a long-projected trip to America; or, according to Mr. Weller, Senior, has "made away with hisself to another though not a better world," though it's called the new one. In fact he is, we hope paddling prosperously across the Atlantic, whilst we are sitting down to criticise the characters he has left behind him in his "Barnaby Rudge."

In our review of the "Old Curiosity Shop," we discussed the characteristics of Boz, as an author, and did justice to the amiable tone and moral tendency of his writings. On these points we have nothing to revoke, whilst, as to workmanship, we consider the present story as better built than any of its predecessors. It is true that the Great Riots of '80, which professedly served for the foundation, are scarcely hinted at till the thirty-fifth chapter, which abruptly introduces the reader to Lord George Gordon.

But this circumstance, instead of being a defect, is to the advantage of the story, and if not artistically contributed for the purpose, serves very happily to heighten the effect of the metropolitan tumults, and to point out the moral of the tale. The famous overture to "Der Freyschütz," with

its infernal music, certainly forestalls, and therefore, in some degree, impairs the horrors it precedes; at least we do not recollect to have been more affected by any of the subsequent *diablerie*, than by that awful and unearthly prelude. The novel, on the contrary, opens with peaceful and pastoral scenery, greenly and serenely, like the calm before a storm.

Thus the first chapter, pleasantly plants us, not in Cato-Street, but on the borders of Epping Forest, at an ancient ruddy Elizabethan inn, with a Maypole for its sign, an antique porch, quaint chimneys, and "more gable ends than a crazy man would care to count on a sunny day." The ornamented eaves are haunted by twittering swallows, and the distorted roof is mobbed by clusters of cooing pigeons. Then for its landlord, there is old John Willet, as square and as slow as a tortoise; and for its parlour customers, Long Parks, and Tom Cobb, both taciturn and profound smokers, and Solomon Daisy, that parochial Argus, studded all down his rusty black coat, and his long flapped waistcoat, with "little queer buttons, like nothing except his eyes, but so like them, that as they twinkled and glistened in the light of the fire, which shone too in his bright shoe-buckles, he seemed all eyes, from head to foot."

In short, it is an inn for gentle Izaak Walton and his peaceable fraternity to have haunted, and when the Riots do eventually break out, when Newgate is in flames and Langdale's in a blaze, even these scenes, terrible as they are, scarcely come home to the feelings so impressively as the picture of the quaint hostel, late the abode of Peace and Plenty, with its pastoral Maypole dashed through the window "like the bow-sprit of a wrecked ship," and its pinioned proprietor, slow John, staring in a stupor at his staved barrels, shattered punch-bowls, and demolished furniture. For this powerful effect, as an intentional and not accidental

contrast, we give Boz full credit; seeing how elaborately (p. 43*) he has fitted up the bar "the very snuggest, coziest, and completest bar that ever the wit of man devised," only to give the greater force to the profanation of poor Willet's sanctorum, and the smash of his household gods.

The Riots in the metropolis are graphically and historically described; and SOME of the fermenting elements which led to the outbreak are happily illustrated. For example, the vulgar ambition which urges upstarts such as Bubb Doddington to "make a figure in the world, no matter how, but a figure they are resolved to make," the low craving for notoriety, which leads a Billy Jones into a royal palace, or an Oxford from being the Pots at the Hog in the Pound, to become a state traitor. Such an aspirant is Tappertit, the President of the Prentice Knights, and afterwards Captain of the United Bull-Dogs, whilst the reckless love of mischief, natural ferocity, revenge, religious intolerance, and other mob-passions, find their several representatives in poor Hugh, Dennis the hangman, Lord George, and the renegade Gashford.

But one essential character seems to us to be wanting, a sample of the true sanctimonious bigot, the tyrannical fanatic, the persecutor of opinion, who would drive a slave trade in souls, and hold the conscience of his fellow-creatures in spiritual bondage. There is Mrs. Varden, indeed, the wife of the jovial and honest locksmith, who receives subscriptions to the Association and reads the "Protestant Manual," but she does not poke the box into her neighbour's eye, nor thrust the book into his mouth; no, there still needs an example of the triumph of rabid intolerance over modesty, mercy, and sex, till the woman becomes a she-fury, ready to

* The paging refers to the original edition, illustrated by Phiz.

chop up a Papist, spitchcock a Priest, fry the Pope to a nice brown, and strip the bark off a Jesuit with her own hands!

Nevertheless Mrs. Varden is, in her peculiar way, a persecutor; for if she does not hunt down a different creed, she rigorously prosecutes an opposite temper, and punishes the heterodox good humour and good nature of her spouse with the tormenting ingenuity of a Venetian inquisitor. In this work, she is more than seconded by her menial, Miggs, one of the jewels of the book, a scraggy, slender spinster, sour, spiteful, splenetic, suspicious, shrewish, and sanctified, a bundle of all the worst crooked-S-ednesses of human nature.

It is the cue of this amiable female to *bite in* with her nitric acid whatever design her mistress has etched on the poor man's patience.

But even the silence of a Miggs is a severe trial for the temper. (Chapter li. pp. 229, 230.)

The noble godfather of the Riots, Lord George Gordon, is drawn of course from traditional sketches, and Boz has treated the character in his usual charitable spirit.

But we protest against calling the great Leader the misled, the designating of his wickedness as weakness, and the sheltering of the misdeeds of this "poor crazy lord" under the plea of insanity. It is a common but dangerous error to attribute all moral to mental obliquities, to mistake loose principles for unsettled reason, and to confound enthusiasm with fanaticism.

"Enthusiasm," says Coleridge, "is the absorption of the individual in the object contemplated, from the intensity or vividness of his conceptions or convictions; fanaticism is heat of feeling or accumulation of feeling, acquired by contagion and relying upon sect or confederacy;" in fact such heating as occurs from the aggregation of oily rags, refuse, cotton, tow, and other rubbish, till it ends in spontaneous combus-

tion, and the burning a dockyard or factory. "Hence," adds Coleridge, "the fanatic can exist only in a crowd, from inward weakness anxious for outward confirmation, and therefore an eager proselyter and intolerant; the enthusiast on the contrary, is a solitary, who lives in a world of his own peopling, and for that cause is disinclined to outward action." In other words, the enthusiast like a balloon, will soar from his own internal buoyancy; whereas the fanatic, like a paper-knite, cannot mount without a regular breeze, and a tag-rag and bob-tail to fly after him.

Now, tried by these tests, Lord George Gordon, with his long, lank hair, and formal black suit, his huge gold-headed cane, and its drum-major flourishes, and all his other baits for popularity, may readily be referred to his proper class; whilst his appearance in the House of Commons, with the factious badge in his hat, after the stabbing, shooting, mutilating and burning of hundreds of his followers, proves distinctly that his fanaticism belonged to what the author just quoted calls the cold-blooded order. As for his craziness, the insane have generally become so from being too much in earnest, too intensely devoted to a single object; but where could be the sincerity of a Protestant champion, who appealed for sympathy to the French National Assembly, and finally renouncing Christianity itself, and eschewing bacon and barbers, became a bearded Jew. He may indeed have been the tool or dupe of others, but to judge from his pious fopperies of dress and carriage, and his presumptuous motto the "Called, Chosen, and Faithful," was simply a pseudo saint, inspired by spiritual pride, a wild rage for notoriety, and egregious vanity, a mere canting hyperbolical egotist, who cheered by many of his ribble-rabble rebels, fancied, no doubt, that he was forty thousand "possible angels" all rolled into one.

Amongst the adherents of the great religious agitator, a gipsy, an idiot, and a hangman, occupy distinguished and appropriate positions.

The first is Hugh, the natural offspring of a female vagrant and a fine gentleman, one Sir John Chester, who seems to have received in his school-days what was formerly a prize-book at our academies—Chesterfield's Letters—and to have fashioned his graceful scoundrelism on the precepts of that juvenile Reward for Merit. The second is poor Barnaby, with his childish finery and his loquacious raven, Grip, a bird as knowing as if he had picked up the lost wits of its master. And the third is Mr. Dennis the strangulator, a sort of Petit André, who is continually knotting ideal halters, and pulling imaginary legs.

But human life in those days was at a discount; a felon was cut off like a melon, and justice seemed to have a share in a ropewalk,—the Recorder's Swing Letters were left at Newgate with such dreadful frequency. Hanging was indeed the popular remedy for all criminal disorders. The legislator found patients for it, the judge prescribed it, and the Ketch administered it with the same callous and gallows indifference. It was therefore in the spirit of the times that Mr. Dennis discoursed to the prisoners in the condemned cells, who entreated him to save them from the conflagration of Newgate. (Chapter lxv. pp. 317, 318.)

The whirligig of time, however, brings round its revenges. The Finisher of the Law, for his own share in the riots, is condemned, in turn, to be "worked off," and begins to feel that Old Bailey ropes are, in the nautical phrase, very "hard lines." (Chapter lxxvi. pp. 383, 384.)

This is a fine moral lesson, and ought to give every hangman who reads it "a crick in the neck." Of course we do not mean literal Jack Ketches, but the whole race of cruelty-

mongers, including the Master Mariner, who finishes his boys with a rope's end, and the Mistress Milliner who works off her girls with a needle and thread.

Nor is the lesson unseasonable for to judge by its treatment of Joe Willet, the world shows far less pity for the poor and friendless, than it used to exhibit in the good old times.

"He went out by Islington, and so on to Highgate, and sat on many stones and gates, but there were no voices in the bells to bid him turn. Since the time of noble Whittington, fair flower of merchants, bells have come to have less sympathy with humankind. They only ring for money, and on state occasions. Wanderers have increased in numbers; ships leave the Thames for distant regions, carrying from stem to stern no other cargo; the bells are silent; they ring out no entreaties or regrets; they are used to it, and have grown worldly."

For the loves of Edward Chester and Miss Haredale, honest Joe, and free-hearted Dolly Varden, and other serious and comic episodes and interludes, we have no space.

We may observe, however, generally, that the flesh and blood interest of the story, is to be found in the Locksmith's household, and the bar of the Maypole; honest Gabriel is as good a representative of a genuine Englishman as we could desire, were we called upon by the contemporary novelists of Europe to send forth a home specimen to a congress of national creations; cheerful, sensible, benevolent, slow but not stupid, bearing with his wife's "convexities" with burly good-humoured patience, we feel, as soon as we have made his acquaintance, as if all the parties in whom we take interest were safe in his ample shadow. But we must take another example of the Miggs. Having sympathised with the rioters, by pouring a mug of table-beer down her master's musket, she goes off with the party of Captain Tappertit, but the United Bull Dogs being tossed and routed, it becomes

necessary to suit herself, which she imprudently tries to do at her old place. (Chapter lxxx. pp. 407, 408.)

We have said that "Barnaby Rudge" is a well built story; it is also interesting, and particularly well-timed. It is a matter of pride with some of our old citizens to remember the Great Riots in '80. They delight in recalling how many fires they saw blazing at one time, the activity of the City Horse, the inactivity of the Lord Mayor, the flitting past of liberated felons with their clanking fetters, the showers of down from ripped feather beds, the volleys of the military, and the shrieks of the victims, while flaming liquor ran down the kennels like an infernal snapdragon, enveloping human wretches instead of raisins; they seem to recall every particular of the tumult, except the causes that led to it.

Otherwise, looking round at the present day, they would recognise some of the same elements at work; the same, nay, a worse fanatical demon abroad, ready to burn, not merely Catholic Chapels and Distilleries, but Picture Galleries, Museums, Literary Institutions, Her Majesty's Theatres, and the people's Punch and Judy; who, like Zeal-of-the-Land Busy, cries everywhere "Down with Dagon! Down with Dagon!" Seriously, there is a growing spirit extant, that is setting itself against Art, Science, Literature, the Drama, and all public amusements; a sect who would preach down the sun, the moon, the stars, and the gas, so that we might have no shining lights but their own, wherewith they would make us as cheerful, as pleasant, and as comfortable as we are with a set of link-boys in a London fog.

[This song, never published during my father's life, belongs, I think, to this year.]

SONG.

TO MY WIFE.

THOSE eyes that were so bright, love,
Have now a dimmer shine,—
But all they've lost in light, love,
Was what they gave to mine ;
But still those orbs reflect, love,
The beams of former hours,—
That ripen'd all my joys, my love,
And tinted all my flowers !

Those locks were brown to see, love,
That now are turned so gray,—
But the years were spent with me, love,
That stole their hue away ;
Thy locks no longer share, love,
The golden glow of noon,—
But I've seen the world look fair, my love,
When silver'd by the moon !

That brow was smooth and fair, love,
That looks so shaded now,—
But for me it bore the care, love,
That spoiled a bonny brow.
And though no longer there, love,
The gloss it had of yore,—
Still Memory looks and dotes, my love,
Where Hope admired before !

1843.

[My father's poetical contributions this year to the "New Monthly" were "The Forge"—"A Custom-House Breeze"—"Laying Down the Law"—"Etching Moralized"—"A Sonnet"—and "A Black Job." His prose articles were "Mrs. Gardiner"—"The Defaulter"—"The Camberwell Beauty"—"The Confessions of a Phœnix"—"The Longest Hour of my Life"—a Paper on "The Advertisement Literature of the Age," and a Review of "Young's Mosquito Shore."]

THE FORGE.

A ROMANCE OF THE IRON AGE.

"Who's here, beside foul weather?"—KING LEAR.

"Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me,
Should have stood that night against my fire."—CORDELIA.

PART I.

LIKE a dead man gone to his shroud,
The sun has sunk in a coppery cloud,
And the wind is rising squally and loud
With many a stormy token,—
Playing a wild funereal air,
Through the branches bleak, bereaved, and bare,
To the dead leaves dancing here and there—
In short, if the truth were spoken,
It's an ugly night for anywhere,
But an awful one for the Brocken!

For oh! to stop
On that mountain top,
After the dews of evening drop,
Is always a dreary frolic—
Then what must it be when nature groans,
And the very mountain murmurs and moans
As if it writhed with the cholic—
With other strange supernatural tones,
From wood, and water, and echoing stones,
Not to forget unburied bones—
In a region so diabolic!

A place where he whom we call old Scratch,
By help of his Witches—a precious batch—
Gives midnight concerts and sermons,
In a Pulpit and Orchestra built to match,
A plot right worthy of him to hatch,
And well adapted, he knows, to catch
The musical, mystical Germans!

However it's quite
As wild a night
As ever was known on that sinister height
Since the Demon-Dance was morriced—
The earth is dark, and the sky is scowling,
And the blast through the pines is howling and growling
As if a thousand wolves were prowling
About in the old BLACK FOREST!

Madly, sadly, the Tempest raves
Through the narrow gullies and hollow caves,
And bursts on the rocks in windy waves,

Like the billows that roar
On a gusty shore
Mourning over the mariners' graves—
Nay, more like a frantic lamentation
From a howling set
Of demons met
To wake a dead relation.

Badly, madly, the vapours fly
Over the dark distracted sky,
At a pace that no pen can paint!
Black and vague like the shadows of dreams,
Scudding over the moon that seems,
Shorn of half her usual beams,
As pale as if she would faint!

The lightning flashes,
The thunder crashes,
The trees encounter with horrible clashes,
While rolling up from marish and bog,
Rank and rich,
As from Stygian ditch,
Rises a foul sulphureous fog,
Hinting that Satan himself is agog,—
But leaving at once this heroical pitch,
The night is a very bad night in which
You wouldn't turn out a dog.

Yet ONE there is abroad in the storm,
And whenever by chance
The moon gets a glance,
She spies the Traveller's lonely form,
Walking, leaping, striding along,
As none can do but the super-strong;

And flapping his arms to keep him warm,
For the breeze from the North is a regular starver,
And to tell the truth,
More keen, in sooth,
And cutting than any German carver!

However, no time it is to lag,
And on he scrambles from crag to crag,
Like one determined never to flag—
Now weathers a block
Of jutting rock,
With hardly room for a toe to wag;
But holding on by a timber snag,
That looks like the arm of a friendly hag;
Then stooping under a drooping bough,
Or leaping over some horrid chasm,
Enough to give any heart a spasm!
And sinking down a precipice now,
Keeping his feet the Deuce knows how,
In spots whence all creatures would keep aloof,
Except the Goat, with his cloven hoof,
Who clings to the shallowest ledge as if
He grew like the weed on the face of the cliff!

So down, still down, the Traveller goes,
Safe as the Chamois amid his snows,
Though fiercer than ever the hurricane blows,
And round him eddy, with whirl and whizz,
Tornadoes of hail, and sleet, and rain,
Enough to bewilder a weaker brain,
Or blanch any other visage than his,
Which spite of lightning, thunder, and hail,
The blinding sleet and the freezing gale,

And the horrid abyss,
If his foot should miss,
Instead of tending at all to pale,
Like cheeks that feel the chill of affright—
Remains—the very reverse of white!

His heart is granite—his iron nerve
Feels no convulsive twitches;
And as to his foot, it does not swerve,
Tho' the Screech-Owls are flitting about him that serve
For parrots to Brocken Witches!

Nay, full in his very path he spies
The gleam of the Were Wolf's horrid eyes;
But if his members quiver—
It is not for *that*—no, it is not for *that*—
Nor rat,
Nor cat,
As black as your hat,
Nor the snake that hiss'd, nor the toad that spat,
Nor glimmering candles of dead men's fat,
Nor even the flap of the Vampire Bat,
No anserine skin would rise thereat,
It's the cold that makes *Him* shiver!

So down, still down, through gully and glen,
Never trodden by foot of men,
Past the Eagle's nest, and the She-Wolf's den,
Never caring a jot how steep
Or how narrow the track he has to keep,
Or how wide and deep
An abyss to leap,

Or what may fly, or walk, or creep,
Down he hurries through darkness and storm,
Flapping his arms to keep him warm—
Till threading many a pass abhorrent,
At last he reaches the mountain gorge,
And takes a path along by a torrent—
The very identical path, by St. George!
Down which young Fridolin went to the Forge,
With a message meant for his own death-warrant!

Young Fridolin; young Fridolin!
So free from sauce, and sloth, and sin,
The best of pages
Whatever their ages,
Since first that singular fashion came in—
Not he like those modern and idle young gluttons
With little jackets, so smart and spruce,
Of Lincoln green, sky-blue, or puce—
A little gold lace you may introduce—
Very showy, but as for use,
Not worth so many buttons!

Young Fridolin; young Fridolin!
Of his duty so true a fulfiller—
But here we need no farther go
For whoever desires the Tale to know,
May read it all in Schiller.

Faster now the Traveller speeds,
Whither his guiding beacon leads,
For by yonder glare
In the murky air,

He knows that the Eisen Hutte is there!
With its sooty Cyclops, savage and grim,
Hosts, a guest had better forbear,
Whose thoughts are set upon dainty fare—
But stiff with cold in every limb,
The Furnace Fire is the bait for *Him!*
Faster and faster still he goes,
Whilst redder and redder the welkin glows,
And the lowest clouds that scud in the sky
Get crimson fringes in flitting by.
Till lo! amid the lurid light,
The darkest object intensely dark,
Just where the bright is intensely bright,
The Forge, the Forge itself is in sight,
Like the pitch-black hull of a burning bark,
With volleying smoke, and many a spark,
Vomiting fire, red, yellow, and white!

Restless, quivering tongues of flame!
Heavenward striving still to go,
While others, reversed in the stream below,
Seem seeking a place we will not name,
But well that Traveller knows the same,
Who stops and stands,
So rubbing his hands,
And snuffing the rare
Perfumes in the air,
For old familiar odours are there,
And then direct by the shortest cut,
Like Alpine Marmot, whom neither rut,
Rivers, rocks, nor thickets rebut,
Makes his way to the blazing Hut!

PART II.

Idly watching the Furnace-flames,
The men of the stithy
Are in their smithy,
Brutal monsters, with bulky frames,
Beings Humanity scarcely claims,
But hybrids rather of demon race,
Unbless'd by the holy rite of grace,
Who never had gone by Christian names,
Mark, or Matthew, Peter, or James—
Naked, foul, unshorn, unkempt,
From touch of natural shame exempt,
Things of which Delirium has dreamt—
But wherefore dwell on these verbal sketches,
When traced with frightful truth and vigour,
Costume, attitude, face, and figure,
Retsch has drawn the very wretches!

However, there they lounge about,
The grim, gigantic fellows,
Hardly hearing the storm without,
That makes so very dreadful a rout,
For the constant roar
From the furnace door,
And the blast of the monstrous bellows!

Oh, what a scene
That Forge had been
For Salvator Rosa's study!
With wall, and beam, and post, and pin,

And those ruffianly creatures, like Shapes of Sin,
Hair, and eyes, and rusty skin,
  Illumed by a light so ruddy
The Hut, and whatever there is therein,
  Looks either red-hot or bloody!

And, oh! to hear the frequent burst
  Of strange, extravagant laughter,
    Harsh and hoarse,
    And resounding perforce
  From echoing roof and rafter!
    Though curses, the worst
    That ever were curst,
And threats that Cain invented the first,
  Come growling the instant after!

But again the livelier peal is rung,
  For the Smith, hight Salamander,
In the jargon of some Titanic tongue,
Elsewhere never said or sung,
With the voice of a Stentor in joke has flung
      Some cumbrous sort
      Of sledge-hammer retort
  At Red Beard, the crew's commander.
Some frightful jest—who knows how wild,
Or obscene, from a monster so defiled,
And a horrible mouth, of such extent,
From flapping ear to ear it went,
And show'd such tusks whenever it smiled—
The very mouth to devour a child!

But fair or foul the jest gives birth
To another bellow of demon mirth,

That far outroars the weather,
As if all the Hyænas that prowl the earth
Had clubb'd their laughs together !

And lo ! in the middle of all the din,
Not seeming to care a single pin,
For a prospect so volcanic,
A Stranger steps abruptly in,
Of an aspect rather Satanic :
And he looks with a grin, at those Cyclops grim,
Who stare and grin again at him
With wondrous little panic.

Then up to the Furnace the Stranger goes,
Eager to thaw his ears and nose,
And warm his frozen fingers and toes—
While each succeeding minute,
Hotter and hotter the Smithy grows,
And seems to declare,
By a fiercer glare,
On wall, roof, floor, and everywhere,
It knows the Devil is in it !

Still not a word
Is utter'd or heard,
But the beetle-brow'd Foreman nods and winks,
Much as a shaggy old Lion blinks,
And makes a shift
To impart his drift
To a smoky brother, who joining the links,
Hints to a third the thing he thinks ;
And whatever it be,
They all agree

In smiling with faces full of glee,
As if about to enjoy High Jinks.

What sort of tricks they mean to play
By way of diversion, who can say,
Of such ferocious and barbarous folk,
Who chuckled, indeed, and never spoke
Of burning Robert the Jäger to coke,
Except as a capital practical joke!
Who never thought of Mercy, or heard her,
Or any gentle emotion felt;
But hard as the iron they had to melt,
Sported with Danger and romp'd with Murder!

Meanwhile the Stranger—
The Brocken Ranger,
Besides another and hotter post,
That renders him not averse to a roast,—
Creeping into the Furnace almost,
Has made himself as warm as a toast—
When, unsuspicious of any danger,
And least of all of any such maggot,
As treating his body like a faggot,
All at once he is seized and shoven
In pastime cruel,
Like so much fuel,
Headlong into the blazing oven!

In he goes! with a frightful shout
Mock'd by the rugged ruffianly band,
As round the Furnace mouth they stand,
Bar, and shovel, and ladle in hand,
To hinder their Butt from crawling out,

Who making one fierce attempt, but vain,
Receives such a blow
From Red-Beard's crow
As crashes the skull and gashes the brain,
And blind, and dizzy, and stunn'd with pain,
With merely an interjectional "oh!"
Back he rolls in the flames again.

"Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!" That second fall
Seems the very best joke of all,
To judge by the roar,
Twice as loud as before,
That fills the Hut, from the roof to the floor,
And flies a league or two out of the door,
Up the mountain and over the moor—
But scarcely the jolly echoes they wake
Have well begun
To take up the fun,
Ere the shaggy Felons have cause to quake,
And begin to feel that the deed they have done,
Instead of being a pleasant one,
Was a very great error—and no mistake.

For why?—in lieu
Of its former hue,
So natural, warm, and florid,
The Furnace burns of a brimstone blue,
And instead of the *couleur de rose* it threw,
With a cooler reflection,—justly due—
Exhibits each of the Pagan crew,
Livid, ghastly, and horrid!

But vainly they close their guilty eyes
Against prophetic fears ;
Or with hard and horny palms devise
To dam their enormous ears—
There are sounds in the air,
Not here or there,
Irresistible voices everywhere,
No bulwarks can ever rebut,
And to match the screams,
Tremendous gleams,
Of Horrors that like the Phantoms of dreams
They see with their eyelids shut !
For awful coveys of terrible things,
With forked tongues and venomous stings,
On hagweed, broomsticks, and leathern wings,
Are hovering round the Hut !

Shapes, that within the focus bright
Of the Forge, are like shadows and blots ;
But farther off, in the shades of night,
Clothed with their own phosphoric light,
Are seen in the darkest spots.

Sounds ! that fill the air with noises,
Strange and indescribable voices,
From Hags, in a diabolical clatter—
Cats that spit curses, and apes that chatter
Scraps of cabalistical matter—
Owls that screech, and dogs that yell—
Skeleton hounds that will never be fatter—
All the domestic tribes of Hell,
Shrieking for flesh to tear and tatter,

Bones to shatter,
And limbs to scatter,
And who it is that must furnish the latter
Those blue-looking Men know well!
Those blue-looking men that huddle together,
For all their sturdy limbs and thews,
Their unshorn locks, like Nazarene Jews,
And buffalo beards, and hides of leather,
Huddled all in a heap together,
Like timid lamb, and ewe, and wether,
And as females say,
In a similar way,
Fit for knocking down with a feather!

In and out, in and out,
The gathering Goblins hover about,
Ev'ry minute augmenting the rout;
For like a spell
The unearthly smell
That fumes from the Furnace, chimney and mouth,
Draws them in—an infernal Legion—
From East, and West, and North, and South,
Like carrion birds from ev'ry region,
Till not a yard square
Of the sickening air
But has a Demon or two for its share,
Breathing fury, woe, and despair,
Never, never was such a sight!
It beats the very Walpurgis Night,
Displayed in the story of Doctor Faustus,
For the scene to describe
Of the awful tribe,
If we were *two* Göthe's, would quite exhaust us!

Suffice it, amid that dreary swarm,
There musters each foul repulsive form
That ever a fancy overwarm
  Begot in its worst delirium ;
Besides some others of monstrous size,
Never before revealed to eyes,
  Of the genus Megatherium !

Meanwhile the demons, filthy and foul,
Gorgon, Chimera, Harpy, and Ghoul,
Are not contented to jibber and howl
  As a dirge for their late commander ;
But one of the bevy—witch or wizard,
Disguised as a monstrous flying lizard,
  Springs on the grisly Salamander,
Who stoutly fights, and struggles, and kicks,
And tries the best of his wrestling tricks,
    No paltry strife,
    But for life, dear life,
But the ruthless talons refuse to unfix,
  Till far beyond a surgical case,
  With starting eyes, and black in the face,
Down he tumbles as dead as bricks !

A pretty sight for his mates to view !
Those shaggy murderers looking so blue,
    And for him above all,
    Red-bearded and tall,
With whom, at that very particular nick,
There is such an unlucky crow to pick,
As the one of iron that did the trick
  In a recent bloody affair—

No wonder feeling a little sick,
With pulses beating uncommonly quick,
And breath he never found so thick,
He longs for the open air!

Three paces, or four,
And he gains the door;
But ere he accomplishes one,
The sound of a blow comes, heavy and dull,
And clasping his fingers round his skull—
However the deed was done,
That gave him that florid
Red gash on the forehead—
With a roll of the eyeballs perfectly horrid,
There's a tremulous quiver,
The last death-shiver,
And Red-Beard's course is run!

Halloo! Halloo!
They have done for two!
But a heavyish job remains to do!
For yonder, sledge and shovel in hand,
Like elder Sons of Giant Despair,
A couple of Cyclops make a stand,
And fiercely hammering here and there,
Keep at bay the Powers of Air—
But desperation is all in vain!—
They faint—they choke,
For the sulphurous smoke
Is poisoning heart, and lung, and brain,
They reel, they sink, they gasp, they smother,
One for a moment survives his brother,
Then rolls a corpse across the other!

Hulloo! Hulloo!
And Hullabaloo!
There is only one more thing to do—
And seized by beak, and talon, and claw,
Bony hand, and hairy paw,
Yea, crooked horn, and tusky jaw,
The four huge Bodies are haul'd and shoven
Each after each in the roaring oven!

* * * * *

* * * * *

That Eisen Hutte is standing still,
Go to the Hartz whenever you will,
And there it is beside a hill,
And a rapid stream that turns many a mill;
The self-same Forge,—you'll know it at sight—
Casting upward, day and night,
Flames of red, and yellow, and white!

Ay, half a mile from the mountain gorge,
There it is, the famous Forge,
With its Furnace,—the same that blazed of yore,—
Hugely fed with fuel and ore;
But ever since that tremendous Revel,
Whatever Iron is melted therein,—
As Travellers know who have been to Berlin—
Is all *as black as the Devil!*

A CUSTOM-HOUSE BREEZE.

ONE day—no matter for the month or year,
A Calais packet, just come over,
And safely moor'd within the pier,
Began to land her passengers at Dover ;
All glad to end a voyage long and rough,
And during which,
Through roll and pitch,
The Ocean-King had *sick*ophants enough !

Away, as fast as they could walk or run,
Eager for steady rooms and quiet meals,
With bundles, bags, and boxes at their heels,
Away the passengers all went but one,
A female, who from some mysterious check,
Still linger'd on the steamer's deck,
As if she did not care for land a tittle,
For horizontal rooms, and cleanly victual—
Or nervously afraid to put
Her foot
Into an Isle described as "tight and little."

In vain commissioner and touter,
Porter and waiter throng'd about her ;
Boring, as such officials only bore—
In spite of rope and barrow, knot and truck,
Of plank and ladder, there she stuck,
She couldn't, no, she wouldn't go on shore.

"But, ma'am," the steward interfered,
"The wessel must be cleared.
You mustn't stay aboard, ma'am, no one don't!
It's quite agin the orders so to do—
And all the passengers is gone but you."
Says she, "I cannot go ashore and won't!"
"You ought to!"
"But I can't!"
"You must!"
"I shan't!"

At last, attracted by the racket,
'Twixt gown and jacket,
The captain came himself, and cap in hand,
Begg'd very civilly to understand
Wherefore the lady could not leave the packet.

"Why then," the lady whispered with a shiver,
That made the accents quiver,
"I've got some foreign silks about me pinn'd,
In short so many things, all contraband,
To tell the truth I am afraid to land,
In such a *searching* wind!"

FINE ARTS.

THERE is a story extant of a mad dog that in his progress through St. John's Wood-road, flew and snapped at every passenger in his way except one—whom, instead of biting, he saluted in passing with a wag of the tail. The individual thus favoured is said to have been a certain well-known

painter, whose pictures of animals have been universally admired. The poor brute had perhaps sat or stood to him, aforetime, for its portrait; or perhaps the acknowledgment was of a more general nature, for no man, except the Great Novelist, has done so much for the canine race as Edwin Landseer.

Thanks to the pencil and the partiality of this painter, the Dog now occupies a distinguished station in our galleries. He is become as it were one of us, and is honourably hung in effigy among historical personages of our own species.

In every exhibition he has a prominent place—not unworthy for sagacity to appear beside a full-length Lord Mayor—for courage close to a Field Marshal—for honesty, on the right or left of an Attorney-General—for attachment, next to the "Portrait of a Gentleman," —and for fidelity, by the "Portrait of a Lady." Thus his virtues, his acts, his form and features, are commemorated, and the Dog, who otherwise would only have enjoyed his proverbial day, is made immortal!

To such pictures it would not be very fanciful to attribute the introduction of a certain Bill into Parliament, and which ought to have been called "An Act to prevent Dogs being treated like dogs." They are certainly not more cruelly used than many other animals, including some classes of our own species. The poorest of them are not sent to Northleach, nor the wickedest of them to Knutsford.

The turnspit's wheel is out of date, whereas the treadmill is in full activity. The same of other punishments. Now and then a young hound gets publicly or privately whipped, but so do some juvenile delinquents and unfortunates of human kind—and for severity, the keeper's or huntsman's whip is milder by some degrees than a red-hot rod, a billy-roller, or a cat-o'-nine-tails. As to the halter,

there are more men hung than curs; it may be unpleasant to dance in a red jacket upon compulsion; but it is worse to dance upon nothing.

Then as to labour, the brutes would gain nothing by exchanging into our mines or factories, "receiving the difference." A terrier now and then has to grope underground for a fox or rabbit, but that employment is literally *sport*, to the boring in the bowels of the earth for metals and minerals.

No—it was not the cruelty but the degradations inflicted on the animals in question that produced the Dog Bill, and enlisted the sympathies of its supporters. They had just seen the portrait of the Friend of Byron

"Who never knew but one,"

when they met a Newfoundlander harnessed to a truck. They had been gazing at the Shepherd's Chief Mourner, when they encountered a creature of the same breed, dragging a barrow, full of carrion. Fresh from looking at that dignified Dog in Office—or like a Lord Chancellor—they had stumbled on a Poodle, begging on his hind legs, for paltry coppers, with an old greasy hat in his mouth!

We have been led into these speculations, as well as the following verses, by a print from the celebrated picture called "Laying Down the Law." It is a highly-finished engraving in mezzotint, by the painter's brother, Mr. Thomas Landseer. The physiognomical expressions are well preserved—the texture of the poodle's fleece is *perfect*, and the plate altogether will be an attractive and acceptable one to a Lover of the Fine Arts and of the Faithful Animal.

LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

——— "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."
Merchant of Venice.

'If thou wert born a Dog, remain so; but if thou wert born a Man, resume thy former shape."—*Arabian Nights.*

A Poodle, Judge-like, with emphatic paw,
Dogmatically laying down the law,—
A batch of canine Counsel round the table
Keen-eyed, and sharp of nose, and long of jaw
At sight, at scent, at giving tongue, right able:
O, Edwin Landseer, Esquire, and R. A.,
Thou great Pictorial Æsop, say,
What is the moral of this painted fable?

O, say, accomplished artist!
Was it thy purpose, by a scene so quizzical,
To read a wholesome lesson to the Chartist,
So over partial to the means called Physical,
Sticks, staves, and swords, and guns, the tools of treason?
To show, illustrating the better course,
The very Brutes abandoning Brute Force,
The worry and the fight,
The bark and bite,
In which, says Doctor Watts, the dogs delight,
And lending shaggy ears to Law and Reason,
As utter'd in that Court of high antiquity
Where sits the Chancellor, supreme as Pope,

But works—so let us hope—
In equity, not iniquity?

Or was it but a speculation
On transmigration,
How certain of our most distinguished Daniels,
Interpreters of Law's bewildering book,
Would look
Transform'd to mastiffs, setters, hounds, and spaniels
(As Brahmins in their Hindoo code advance),
With that great lawyer of the Upper House
Who rules all suits by equitable *nous*,
Become—like vile Armina's spouse—
A Dog, called Chance?*
Methinks, indeed, I recognise
In those deep-set and meditative eyes
Engaged in mental puzzle,
And that portentous muzzle,
A celebrated judge, too prone to tarry
To hesitate on devious ins and outs,
And, on preceding doubts, to build *re-doubts*
That regiments could not carry—
Prolonging even Law's delays, and still
Putting a skid upon the wheel up-hill,
Meanwhile the weary and desponding client
Seem'd—in the agonies of indecision—
In Doubting Castle, with that dreadful Giant
Described in Bunyan's Vision!

So slow, indeed, was justice in its ways,
Beset by more than customary clogs,

* See the story of Sidi Nonman, in the "Arabian Nights."

Going to law in those expensive days
Was much the same as going to the Dogs!
But possibly I err,
And that sagacious and judicial Creature,
So Chancellor-like in feature,
With ears so wig-like, and a cap of fur,
Looking as grave, responsible, and sage,
As if he had the guardianship, in fact,
Of all poor dogs, or crackt,
And puppies under age—
It may be that the Creature was not meant
Any especial Lord to represent,
Eldon or Erskine, Cottenham or Thurlow,
Or Brougham (more like him whose potent jaw
Is holding forth the letter of the law),
Or Lyndhurst, after the vacation's furlough,
Presently sitting in the House of Peers,
On wool he sometimes wishes in his ears,
When touching Corn Laws, Taxes, or Tithe-piggery,
He hears a fierce attack,
And, sitting on his sack,
Listens in his great wig to greater Whiggery!

So, possibly, those others,
In coats so various, or sleek, or rough,
Aim not at any of the legal brothers,
Who wear the silken robe, or gown of stuff.
Yet who that ever heard or saw
The Counsel sitting in that solemn Court,
Who, having pass'd the Bar, are safe in port,
Or those great Sergeants, learned in the Law,—
Who but must trace a feature now and then
Of those forensic men,

As good at finding heirs as any harrier,
Renown'd like greyhounds for long tales—indeed,
At worrying the ear as apt as terriers,—
Good at conveyance as the hairy carriers
That bear our gloves, umbrellas, hats, and sticks,
Books, baskets, bones, or bricks,
In Deeds of Trust as sure as Tray the trusty,—
Acute at sniffing flaws on legal grounds,—
And lastly—well the catalogue it closes!—
Still following their predecessors' noses,
Through ways however dull or dusty,
As fond of hunting precedents, as hounds
Of running after foxes more than musty.

However slow or fast,
Full of urbanity, or supercilious,
In temper wild, serene, or atrabilious,
Fluent of tongue, or prone to legal saw,
The Dogs have got a Chancellor, at last,
For Laying down the Law!
And never may the canine race regret it,
With whinings and repinings loud or deep,—
Ragged in coat, and shorten'd in their keep,
Worried by day, and troubled in their sleep,
With cares that prey upon the heart and fret it—
As human suitors have had cause to weep—
For what is Law, unless poor Dogs can get it
Dog-cheap?

ETCHING MORALISED.

TO A NOBLE LADY.

"To point a moral."—JOHNSON.

FAIREST Lady and Noble, for once on a time,
Condescend to accept, in the humblest of rhyme,
And a style more of Gay than of Milton,
A few opportune verses design'd to impart
Some didactical hints in a Needlework Art,
Not described by the Countess of Wilton.

An Art not unknown to the delicate hand
Of the fairest and first in this insular land,
But in Patronage Royal delighting;
And which now your own feminine fantasy wins,
Tho' it scarce seems a lady-like work, that begins
In a *scratching* and ends in a *biting!*

Yet oh! that the dames of the Scandalous School
Would but use the same acid, and sharp-pointed tool,
That are plied in the said operations—
Oh! would that our Candours on copper would sketch!
For the first of all things in beginning to etch
Are—good *grounds* for our representations.

Those protective and delicate coatings of wax,
Which are meant to resist the corrosive attacks
That would ruin the copper completely;
Thin cerements which whoso remembers the Bee

So applauded by Watts, the divine LL.D.,
Will be careful to spread very neatly.

For why? like some intricate deed of the law,
Should the ground in the process be left with a flaw,
Aqua-fortis is far from a joker;
And attacking the part that no coating protects,
Will turn out as distressing to all your *effects*
As a landlord who puts in a broker.

Then carefully spread the conservative stuff,
Until all the bright metal is cover'd enough,
To repel a destructive so active;
For in Etching, as well as in Morals, pray note
That a little raw spot, or a hole in a coat,
Your ascetics find vastly attractive.

Thus the ground being laid, very even and flat,
And then smoked with a taper, till black as a hat,
Still from future disasters to screen it,
Just allow me, by way of precaution, to state,
You must hinder the footman from changing your *plate*,
Nor yet suffer the butler to clean it.

Nay, the housemaid, perchance, in her passion to scrub,
May suppose the dull metal in want of a rub,
Like the Shield which Swift's readers remember—
Not to mention the chance of some other mishaps,
Such as having your copper made up into caps
To be worn on the First of September.

But aloof from all damage by Betty or John,
You secure the veil'd surface, and trace thereupon

The design you conceive the most proper :
Yet gently, and not with a needle too keen,
Lest it pierce to the wax through the paper between,
And of course play Old Scratch with the copper.

So in worldly affairs, the sharp-practising man
Is not always the one who succeeds in his plan,
Witness Shylock's judicial exposure ;
Who, as keen as his knife, yet with agony found,
That while urging his *point* he was losing his *ground*,
And incurring a fatal disclosure.

But, perhaps, without tracing at all, you may choose
To indulge in some little extempore views,
Like the older artistical people ;
For example, a Corydon playing his pipe,
In a Low Country marsh, with a Cow after Cuyp,
And a Goat skipping over a steeple.

A wild Deer at a rivulet taking a sup,
With a couple of Pillars put in to fill up,
Like the columns of certain diurnals ;
Or a very brisk sea, in a very stiff gale,
And a very Dutch boat, with a very big sail—
Or a bevy of Retzsch's Infernals.

Architectural study—or rich Arabesque—
Allegorical dream—or a view picturesque,
Near to Naples, or Venice, or Florence ;
Or "as harmless as lambs and as gentle as doves,"
A sweet family cluster of plump little Loves,
Like the Children by Reynolds or Lawrence.

But whatever the subject, your exquisite taste
Will ensure a design very charming and chaste,
  Like yourself, full of nature and beauty—
Yet besides the *good points* you already reveal,
You will need a few others—of well-temper'd steel,
  And especially form'd for the duty.

For suppose that the tool be imperfectly set,
Over many *weak lengths in your line* you will fret,
  Like a pupil of Walton and Cotton,
Who remains by the brink of the water, agape,
While the jack, trout, or barbel effects its escape
  Thro' the gut or silk line being rotten.

Therefore, let the steel point be set truly and round,
That the finest of strokes may be even and sound,
  Flowing glibly where fancy would lead 'em.
But alas! for the needle that fetters the hand,
And forbids even sketches of Liberty's land
  To be drawn with the requisite freedom!

Oh! the botches I've seen by a tool of the sort,
Rather hitching than etching, and making, in short,
  Such stiff, crabbed, and angular scratches,
That the figures seem'd statues or mummies from tombs,
While the trees were as rigid as bundles of brooms,
  And the herbage like bunches of matches!

The stiff clouds as if carefully iron'd and starch'd,
While a cast-iron bridge, meant for wooden, o'er-arch'd
  Something more like a road than a river.
Prythee, who in such characteristics could see

Any trace of the beautiful land of the free—
The Free-Mason—Free-Trader—Free-Liver!

But prepared by a hand that is skilful and nice,
The fine point glides along like a skate on the ice,
At the will of the Gentle Designer,
Who impelling the needle just presses so much,
That each line of her labour *the copper may touch*,
As if done by a penny-a-liner.

And behold! how the fast-growing images gleam!
Like the sparkles of gold in a sunshiny stream,
Till perplex'd by the glittering issue,
You repine for a light of a tenderer kind—
And in choosing a substance for making a blind,
Do not sneeze at the paper call'd *tissue*.

For, subdued by the sheet so transparent and white,
Your design will appear in a soberer light,
And reveal its defects on inspection,
Just as Glory achieved, or political scheme,
And some more of our dazzling performances seem,
Not so bright on a *cooler reflection*.

So the juvenile Poet with ecstasy views
His first verses, and dreams that the songs of his Muse
Are as brilliant as Moore's and as tender—
Till some critical sheet scans the faulty design,
And alas! *takes the shine out of every line*
That had form'd such a vision of splendour;

Certain objects, however, may come in your sketch,
Which, design'd by a hand unaccustom'd to etch,

With a luckless result may be branded;
Wherefore add this particular rule to your code,
Let all vehicles take the *wrong* side of the road,
And man, woman, and child, be *left-handed.*

Yet regard not the awkward appearance with doubt,
But remember how often mere blessings fall out,
That at first seem'd no better than curses;
So, till *things take a turn*, live in hope, and depend
That whatever is wrong will come right in the end,
And console you for all your *reverses.*

But of errors why speak, when for beauty and truth
Your free, spirited Etching is worthy, in sooth,
Of that Club (may all honour betide it!)
Which, tho' dealing in copper, by genius and taste,
Has accomplish'd *a service of plate* not disgraced
By the work of a Goldsmith beside it!*

So your sketch superficially drawn on the plate,
It becomes you to fix in a permanent state,
Which involves a precise operation,
With a keen biting fluid, which *eating its way*—
As in other professions is common they say—
Has attain'd an artistical station.

And it's, oh! that some splenetic folks I could name
If they *must* deal in acids would use but the same,
In such innocent graphical labours!
In the place of the virulent spirit wherewith—

* "The Deserted Village." Illustrated by the Etching Club.

Like the polecat, the weasel, and things of that kith—
They keep biting the backs of their neighbours!

But beforehand, with wax or the shoemaker's pitch,
You must build a neat dyke round the margin, in which
You may pour the dilute aquafortis.
For if raw like a dram, it will shock you to trace
Your design with a horrible froth on its face,
Like a wretch in articulo mortis.

Like a wretch in the pangs that too many endure
From the use of *strong waters*, without any pure,
A vile practice, most sad and improper!
For, from painful examples, this warning is found,
That the raw burning spirit will *take up the ground*,
In the churchyard, as well as on copper!

But the Acid has duly been lower'd, and bites
Only just where the visible metal invites,
Like a nature inclined to meet troubles;
And behold! as each slender and glittering line
Effervesces, you trace the completed design
In an elegant bead-work of bubbles!

And yet constantly secretly eating its way,
The shrewd acid is making the substance its prey,
Like some sorrow beyond inquisition,
Which is gnawing the heart and the brain all the while
That the face is illumed by its cheerfullest smile,
And the wit is in bright ebullition.

But still stealthily feeding, the treacherous stuff
Has corroded and deepen'd some portions enough—

The pure sky, and the water so placid—
And these tenderer tints to defend from attack,
With some turpentine varnish and sooty lamp-black
You must *stop out* the ferreting acid.

But before with the varnishing brush you proceed,
Let the plate with cold water be thoroughly freed
From the other less innocent liquor—
After which, on whatever you want to protect,
Put a *coat* that will act to that very effect,
Like the black one which hangs on the Vicar.

Then—the varnish well dried—urge the biting again,
But how long at its meal the *eau forte* may remain,
Time and practice alone can determine:
But of course not so long that the Mountain, and Mill,
The rude Bridge, and the Figures, whatever you will,
Are as black as the spots on your ermine.

It is true, none the less, that a dark-looking scrap,
With a sort of Blackheath, and Black Forest, mayhap,
Is consider'd as rather Rembrandty;
And that very black cattle and very black sheep,
A black dog, and a shepherd as black as a sweep,
Are the pets of some great Dilettante.

So with certain designers, one needs not to name,
All this life is a dark scene of sorrow and shame,
From our birth to our final adjourning—
Yea, this excellent earth and its glories, alack!
What with ravens, palls, cottons, and devils, as black
As a Warehouse for Family Mourning!

But before your own picture arrives at that pitch,
While the lights are still light, and the shadows, though rich,
More transparent than ebony shutters,
Never minding what Black-Arted critics may say,
Stop the biting, and pour the green fluid away,
As you please, into bottles or gutters.

Then removing the ground and the wax *at a heat*,
Cleanse the surface with oil, spermaceti or sweet,
For your hand a performance scarce proper—
So some careful professional person secure—
For the Laundress will not be a safe amateur—
To assist you in *cleaning the copper*.

And, in truth, 'tis rather an unpleasantish job,
To be done on a hot German stove, or a hob—
Though as sure of an instant forgetting,
When—as after the dark clearing-off of a storm—
The fair Landscape shines out in a lustre as warm
As the glow of the sun in its setting !

Thus your Etching complete, it remains but to hint,
That with certain assistance from paper and print,
Which the proper Mechanic will settle,
You may charm all your Friends—without any sad tale
Of such perils and ills as beset Lady Sale—
With *a fine India Proof of your Metal.*

SONNET.

My heart is sick with longing, tho' I feed
On hope; Time goes with such a heavy pace
That neither brings nor takes from thy embrace,
As if he slept—forgetting his old speed:
For, as in sunshine only we can read
The march of minutes on the dial's face,
So in the shadows of this lonely place
There is no love, and Time is dead indeed.
But when, dear lady, I am near thy heart,
Thy smile is time, and then so swift it flies,
It seems we only meet to tear apart,
With aching hands and lingering of eyes.
Alas, alas! that we must learn hours' flight
By the same light of love that makes them bright!

A BLACK JOB.

"No doubt the pleasure is as great,
Of being cheated as to cheat."—HUDIBRAS.

THE history of human-kind to trace,
Since Eve—the first of dupes—our doom unriddled,
A certain portion of the human race
Has certainly a taste for being diddled.

Witness the famous Mississippi dreams!
A rage that time seems only to redouble—

The Banks, Joint-Stocks, and all the flimsy schemes,
For rolling in Pactolian streams,
That cost our modern rogues so little trouble.
No matter what,—to pasture cows on stubble,
To twist sea-sand into a solid rope,
To make French bricks and fancy bread of rubble,
Or light with gas the whole celestial cope—
Only propose to blow a bubble,
And Lord! what hundreds will subscribe for soap!

Soap!—it reminds me of a little tale,
Tho' not a pig's, the hawbuck's glory,
When rustic games and merriment prevail—
But here's my story:
Once on a time—no matter when—
A knot of very charitable men
Set up a Philanthropical Society,
Professing on a certain plan,
To benefit the race of man,
And in particular that dark variety,
Which some suppose inferior—as in vermin,
The sable is to ermine,
As smut to flour, as coal to alabaster,
As crows to swans, as soot to driven snow,
As blacking, or as ink to "milk below,"
Or yet a better simile, to show,
As ragman's dolls to images in plaster!

However, as is usual in our city,
They had a sort of managing Committee,
A board of grave responsible Directors—
A Secretary, good at pen and ink—
A Treasurer, of course, to keep the chink,

And quite an army of Collectors !
Not merely male, but female duns,
Young, old, and middle-aged—of all degrees—
With many of those persevering ones,
Who mite by mite would beg a cheese !

And what might be their aim ?
To rescue Afric's sable sons from fetters—
To save their bodies from the burning shame
Of branding with hot letters—
Their shoulders from the cowhide's bloody strokes,
Their necks from iron yokes ?
To end or mitigate the ills of slavery,
The Planter's avarice, the Driver's knavery ?
To school the heathen Negroes and enlighten 'em,
To polish up and brighten 'em,
And make them worthy of eternal bliss ?
Why, no—the simple end and aim was this—
Reading a well-known proverb much amiss—
To wash and whiten 'em !

They look'd so ugly in their sable hides :
So dark, so dingy, like a grubby lot
Of sooty sweeps, or colliers, and besides,
However the poor elves
Might wash themselves,
Nobody knew if they were clean or not—
On Nature's fairness they were quite a blot !
Not to forget more serious complaints
That even while they join'd in pious hymn,
So black they were and grim,
In face and limb,
They look'd like Devils, tho' they sang like Saints !

The thing was undeniable!
They wanted washing! not that slight ablution
To which the skin of the White Man is liable,
Merely removing transient pollution—
But good, hard, honest, energetic rubbing
And scrubbing,
Sousing each sooty frame from heels to head
With stiff, strong, saponaceous lather,
And pails of water—hottish rather,
But not so boiling as to turn 'em red!

So spoke the philanthropic man
Who laid, and hatch'd, and nursed the plan—
And oh! to view its glorious consummation!
The brooms and mops,
The tubs and slops,
The baths and brushes in full operation!
To see each Crow, or Jim, or John,
Go in a raven and come out a swan!
While fair as Cavendishes, Vanes, and Russels,
Black Venus rises from the soapy surge,
And all the little Niggerlings emerge
As lily-white as mussels.

Sweet was the vision—but alas!
However in prospectus bright and sunny,
To bring such visionary scenes to pass
One thing was requisite, and that was—money!
Money, that pays the laundress and her bills,
For socks and collars, shirts and frills,
Cravats and kerchiefs—money, without which
The negroes must remain as dark as pitch;

A thing to make all Christians sad and shivery,
To think of millions of immortal souls
Dwelling in bodies black as coals,
And living—so to speak—in Satan's livery!

Money—the root of evil,—dross, and stuff!
But oh! how happy ought the rich to feel,
Whose means enable them to give enough
To blanch an African from head to heel!
How blessed—yea, thrice blessed—to subscribe
Enough to scour a tribe!
While he whose fortune was at best a brittle one,
Although he gave but pence, how sweet to know
He helped to bleach a Hottentot's great toe,
Or little one!

Moved by this logic (or appall'd)
To persons of a certain turn so proper,
The money came when call'd,
In silver, gold, and copper,
Presents from "Friends to blacks," or foes to whites,
"Trifles," and "offerings," and "widow's mites,"
Plump legacies, and yearly benefactions,
With other gifts
And charitable lifts,
Printed in lists and quarterly transactions.
As thus—Elisha Brettel,
An iron kettle.
The Dowager Lady Scannel,
A piece of flannel.
Rebecca Pope,
A bar of soap.

The Misses Howels,
Half-a-dozen towels.
The Master Rush's,
Two scrubbing-brushes.
Mr. T. Groom,
A stable broom,
And Mrs. Grubb,
A tub.

Great were the sums collected!
And great results in consequence expected.
But somehow, in the teeth of all endeavour,
According to reports
At yearly courts,
The blacks, confound them! were as black as ever!

Yes! spite of all the water sous'd aloft,
Soap, plain and mottled, hard and soft,
Soda and pearlash, huckaback and sand,
Brooms, brushes, palm of hand,
And scourers in the office strong and clever,
In spite of all the tubbing, rubbing, scrubbing,
The routing and the grubbing,
The blacks, confound them! were as black as ever!

In fact in his perennial speech,
The Chairman own'd the niggers did not bleach,
As he had hoped,
From being washed and soaped,
A circumstance he named with grief and pity;
But still he had the happiness to say,
For self and the Committee,
By persevering in the present way

And scrubbing at the Blacks from day to day,
Although he could not promise perfect white,
From certain symptoms that had come to light,
He hoped in time to get them gray!

Lull'd by this vague assurance,
The friends and patrons of the sable tribe
Continued to subscribe,
And waited, waited on with much endurance—
Many a frugal sister, thrifty daughter—
Many a stinted widow, pinching mother—
With income by the tax made somewhat shorter,
Still paid implicitly her crown per quarter,
Only to hear as ev'ry year came round,
That Mr. Treasurer had spent her pound;
And as she loved her sable brother,
That Mr. Treasurer must have another!

But, spite of pounds or guineas,
Instead of giving any hint
Of turning to a neutral tint,
The plaguy negroes and their piccaninnies
Were still the colour of the bird that caws—
Only some very aged souls
Showing a little gray upon their polls,
Like daws!

However, nothing dashed
By such repeated failures, or abashed,
The Court still met;—the Chairman and Directors,
The Secretary, good at pen and ink,
The worthy Treasurer, who kept the chink,
And all the cash Collectors;

With hundreds of that class, so kindly credulous,
Without whose help, no charlatan alive,
Or Bubble Company could hope to thrive,
Or busy Chevalier, however sedulous—
Those good and easy innocents in fact,
Who willingly receiving chaff for corn,
As pointed out by Butler's tact,
Still find a secret pleasure in the act
Of being pluck'd and shorn!

However, in long hundreds there they were,
Thronging the hot, and close, and dusty court,
To hear once more addresses from the Chair,
And regular Report.
Alas! concluding in the usual strain,
That what with everlasting wear and tear,
The scrubbing-brushes hadn't got a hair—
The brooms—mere stumps—would never serve again—
The soap was gone, the flannels all in shreds,
The towels worn to threads,
The tubs and pails too shatter'd to be mended—
And what was added with a deal of pain,
But as accounts correctly would explain,
Tho' thirty thousand pounds had been expended—
The Blackamoors had still been wash'd in vain!

"In fact, the negroes were as black as ink,
Yet, still as the Committee dared to think,
And hoped the proposition was not rash,
A rather free expenditure of cash—"
But ere the prospect could be made more sunny—
Up jump'd a little, lemon-coloured man,

And with an eager stammer, thus began,
In angry earnest, though it sounded funny :
"What ! More subscriptions ! No—no—no,—not I !
You have had time—time—time enough to try !
They WON'T come white ! then why—why—why—why—why,
More money ?"

"Why !" said the Chairman, with an accent bland,
And gentle waving of his dexter hand,
"Why must we have more dross, and dirt, and dust,
More filthy lucre, in a word, more gold—
The why, sir, very easily is told,
Because Humanity declares we must !
We've scrubb'd the negroes till we've nearly killed 'em,
And finding that we cannot wash them white,
But still their nigritude offends the sight,
We mean to gild 'em !"

MRS. GARDINER.

A HORTICULTURAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

"What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks."—L. HUNT.

"Each flow'r of tender stalk whose head, tho' gay,
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd, them she upstays."—MILTON.

"How does my lady's garden grow?"—*Old Ballad.*

"Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars."—*Richard II.*

I LOVE a Garden!

"And so do I, and I, and I," exclaim in chorus all the he and she Fellows of the Horticultural Society.

"And I," whispers the philosophical Ghost of Lord Bacon.

"And I," sings the poetical Spirit of Andrew Marvel.

"*Et moi aussi,*" chimes in the Shade of Delille.

"And I," says the Spectre of Sir William Temple, echoed by Pope, and Darwin, and a host of the English Poets, the sonorous voice of Milton resounding above them all.

"And I," murmurs the Apparition of Boccaccio.

"And I, and I," sob two Invisibles, remembering Eden.

"And I," shouts Mr. George Robins, thinking of Covent Garden.

"And I," says Mr. Simpson—formerly of Vauxhall.

"And I," sing ten thousand female voices, all in unison, as if drilled by Hullah,—but really, thinking in concert of the Gardens of Gul.

[What a string I have touched!]

"We all love a Garden!" shout millions of human voices, male, female, and juvenile, bass, tenor, and treble. From the East, the West, the North, and the South, the universal burden swells on the wind, as if declaring in a roll of thunder that we all love a Garden.

But no—one solitary voice—that of Hamlet's Ghostly Father, exclaims in a sepulchral tone, "I don't!"

No matter—we are all but unanimous; and so, Gentle Readers, I will at once introduce to you my Heroine—a woman after your own hearts—for she is a Gardiner by name and a Gardener by nature.

CHAPTER II.

At Number Nine, Paradise Place, so called probably because every house stands in the middle of a little garden, lives Mrs. Gardiner. I will not describe her, for looking through the green rails in front of her premises, or over the dwarf wall at the back, you may see her any day, in an old poke bonnet, expanded into a gipsey-hat, and a pair of man's gloves, tea-green at top, but mouldy-brown in the fingers, raking, digging, hoeing, rolling, trowelling, pruning, nailing, watering, or otherwise employed in her horticultural and floricultural pursuits. Perhaps, as a neighbour, or acquaintance, you have already seen her, or conversed with her, over the wooden or brick-fence, and have learned in answer to your kind inquiries about her health, that she was 'pretty well, only sadly in want of rain,' or 'quite charming, but almost eaten up by vermin.' For Mrs. Gardiner speaks the true "Language of Flowers," not using their buds and blossoms as symbols of her own passions and sentiments, according

to the Greek fashion, but lending words to the wants and affections of her plants. Thus, when she says that she is "dreadful dry, and longs for a good soaking," it refers not to a defect of moisture in her own clay, but to the parched condition of the soil in her parterres: or if she wishes for a regular smoking, it is not from any unfeminine partiality to tobacco, but in behalf of her blighted geraniums. In like manner she sometimes confesses herself a little backward, without allusion to any particular branch, or twig, of her education, or admits herself to be rather forward, quite irrelevantly to her behaviour with the other sex. Without this key her expressions would often be unintelligible to the hearer, and sometimes indecorous, as when she told her neighbour, the bachelor at Number Eight, *à propos* of a plum-tree, that "she was growing quite wild, and should come some day over his wall." Others again, unaware of her peculiar phraseology, would give her credit, or discredit, for an undue share of female vanity, as well as the most extraordinary notions of personal beauty.

"Well," she said one day, "what do you think of Mrs. Mapleson?" meaning that lady's hydrangea. "Her head's the biggest—but I look the bluest."

In a similar style she delivered herself as to certain other subjects of the rivalry that is universal amongst the suburban votaries of Flora: converting common blowing and growing substantives into horticultural verbs, as thus:

"Miss Sharp crocussed before me,—but I snow-dropped sooner than any one in the Row."

But this identification of herself with the objects of her love was not confined to her plants. It extended to every thing that was connected with her hobby—her gardening implements, her garden-rails, and her garden-wall. For example, she complained once that she could not rake, she

had lost so many of her teeth—she told the carpenter the boys climbed over her so, that he should stick her all over tenter-hooks—and sent word to her landlord, a builder, the snails bred so between her bricks, that he must positively come and new point her.

"Phoo! phoo!" exclaims an incredulous, Gentle Reader—"she is all a phantom!"

Quite the reverse, sir. She is as real and as substantial as Mrs. Baines. Ask Mr. Cherry, the newsman, or his boy, John Loder, either of whom will tell you—on oath if you require it—that he serves her every Saturday with the *Gardener's Chronicle*.

CHAPTER III.

My first acquaintance with Mrs. Gardiner was formed when she was "in populous city pent," and resided in a street in the very heart of the city. In fact in Bucklersbury. But even there her future bent developed itself as far as her limited ways and means permitted. On the leads over the back warehouse, she had what she delighted to call a shrubbery: viz.—

A Persian Lilac in a tea-chest,
A Guelder Rose in a washing-tub,
A Laurustinus in a butter-tub,
A Monthly Rose in a Portugal grape-jar,

and about a score of geraniums, fuchsias, and similar plants in pots. But besides shrubs and flowers, she cultivated a few vegetables—that is to say, she grew her own salads of "mustard and crest" in a brown pan; and in sundry crockery vessels that would hold earth, but not water, she reared some half dozen of Scarlet Runners, which in the proper season

you might see climbing up a series of string ladders, against the back of the house, as if to elope with the Mignonnette from its box in the second-floor window. Then indoors, on her mantelshelf, she had hyacinths and other bulbs in glasses —and from a hook in the ceiling, in lieu of a chandelier, there was suspended a wicker-basket, containing a white biscuitware garden-pot, with one of those pendant plants, which, as she described their habits and sustenance, are "fond of hanging themselves, and living on hare." But these experiments rather tantalized than satisfied her passion. Warehouse-leads, she confessed, made but indifferent gardens or shrubberies, whilst the London smoke was fatal to the complexion of her mop-rose and the fragrance of her southern-wood, or in her own words,

"I blow dingy—and my old man smells sutty."

Once, indeed, she pictured to me her *beau ideal* of "a little Paradise," the main features of which I forget, except that with reference to a cottage *ornée*, she was to have "a jessamy in front, and a creeper up her back." As to the garden, it was to have walks and a lawn of course, with plenty of rich loam, that she might lay herself out in squares, and ovals and diamonds—butter-tubs and tea-chests were very well for town, but she longed for elbow-room, and earth to dig, to rake, to hoe, and trowel up,—in short, she declared, if she was her own missis, she would not sleep another night before she had a bed of her own—not with any reference to her connubial partner, but she longed, she did, for a bit of ground, she did not care how small. A wish that her husband at last gratified by taking a bit of ground, *he* did not care how small, in Bunhill Fields.

The widow, selling off the town house, immediately retired to a villa in the country, and I had lost sight of her for some months, when one May morning taking a walk in the

suburbs, whilst passing in front of Number Nine, Paradise Place, I overheard a rather harsh voice exclaiming, as if in expostulation with a refractory donkey—

"Come up! Why don't you come up?"

It was Mrs. Gardiner, reproaching the tardiness of her seeds.

I immediately accosted her, but as she did not recognise me, determined to preserve my incognito, till I had drawn her out a little to exhibit her hobby.

"Rather a late spring, ma'am!"

"Werry, sir,—werry much so indeed. Lord knows when I shall be out of the earth, I almost think I'm rotted in the ground."

"The flowers are backward indeed, ma'am. I have hardly seen any except some wall-flowers further down the row."

"Ah, at Number Two—Miss Sharp's. She's poor and single—but I'm double and bloody."

"You seem to have some fine stocks."

"Well, and so I have, though I say it myself. I'm the real Brompton—with a stronger blow than any one in the place, and as to sweetness, nobody can come nigh me. Would you like to walk in, sir, and smell me?"

Accepting the polite invitation, I stepped in through the little wicket, and in another moment was rapturously sniffing at her stocks, and the flower with the sanguinary name. From the walls I turned off to a rosebush, remarking that there was a very fine show of buds.

"Yes, but I want sun to make me bust. You should have seen me last June, sir, when I was in my full bloom. None of your wishy washy pale sorts (this was a fling at the white roses at the next door)—none of your Provincials, or pale pinks. There's no maiden blushes about me. I'm the regular old red cabbage!"

And she was right, for after all that hearty, glowing, fragrant rose is the best of the species—the queen of flowers, with a ruddy *embonpoint*, reminding one of the goddesses of Rubens. Well, next to the rosebush there was a clump of Polyanthus, from which, by a natural transition, we come to discourse of Auriculas. This was delicate ground, for it appeared there was a rivalry between Number Nine and Number Four, as to that mealiness, which in the eye of a fancier is the chief beauty of the flower. However, having assured her, in answer to her appeal, that she was "quite as powdery as Mr. Miller," we went on very smoothly through Jonquils, and Narcissuses, and Ranunculus, and were about to enter on "Anymonies," when Mrs. Gardiner suddenly stopped short, and with a loud "whist!" pitched her trowel at the head of an old horse, which had thrust itself over the wooden fence.

"Drat the animals! I might as well try flowering in the Zoological, with the beasts all let loose! It's very hard, sir, but I can't grow nothing tall near them front rails. There was last year,—only just fancy me, sir—with the most beautiful Crown Imperial you ever saw—when up comes a stupid hass and crops off my head."

I condoled with her of course on so cruel a decapitation, and recovered her trowel for her, in return for which civility she plucked and presented to me a bunch of Heartsease, apologizing that "she was not Bazaar (pro Bizarre), but a very good sort."

"It's along of living so near the road," she added, recurring to the late invasion. "Yesterday I was bullocked, and to-morrow I suppose I shall be pigged. Then there's the blaggard men and boys, picking and stealing as they go by. I really expect that some day or other they'll walk in and strip me!"

I sympathised again; but before the condolement was well finished there was another "whist!" and another cast of the missile.

"That's a dog! They're always rampaging at my front, and there goes the cat to my back, and she'll claw all my bark off in scrambling out of reach! Howsomever that's a fine lupin, ain't it?"

I assured her that it deserved to be exhibited to the Horticultural Society.

"What, to the flower show? No thankee. Miss Sharp *did*, and made sure of a Bankside Medal, and what do you think they gave her? Only a cerkittifit!"

"Shameful!" I ejaculated, "why it was giving her nothing at all," and once more I restored the trowel, which, however, had hardly settled in its owner's hand, than with a third "whist!" off it flew again like a rocket, with a descriptive announcement of the enemy.

"Them horrid poultry! Will you believe it, sir, that 'ere cock flew over, and gobbled up my Hen-and-Chickens!"

"What! '*all your pretty chickens and their dam?*'"

"Yes, *all my Daisy.*"

[Reader!—if ever there was a verbal step from the Sublime to the Ridiculous—*that* was it.]

CHAPTER IV.

My mask fell off. That destructive cock was as fatal to my incognito as to the widow's flowers: for coming after the cat and the dog, and the possible pigs, and the positive bullock, and the men, and the boys, and the horse, and the ass, I could not help observing that my quondam acquaintance would have been better off in Bucklersbury.

"Lord! and is it you!" she exclaimed with almost a scream; "well, I had a misgiving as to your woice," and with a rapid volley of semi-articulate sounds the Widow seized my right hand in one of her own, whilst with the other she groped hurriedly in her pocket. It was to search for her handkerchief, but the cambric was absent, and she was obliged to wipe off the gushing tears with her gardening glove. The rich loam on the fingers, thus irrigated, ran off in muddy rivulets down her furrowed cheeks, but in spite of her ludicrous appearance I could not help sympathising with her natural feelings, however oddly expressed.

"She could not help it," she sobbed—"the sight of me overcame her. When she last saw me,—*He* was alive—who had always been a kind and devoted husband—as never grudged her nothing—and had given her that beautiful butter-tub for her laurustiny. She often thought of him—yes, often and often—while she was gardening—as if she saw his poor dear bones under the mould—and then to think that *she* came up, year after year—"flourishing in all her beauty and flagrance"—and *he* didn't.—"But look there" —and smiling through her tears, she pointed towards the house, and told me a tale, that vividly reminded me of her old contrivances in Bucklersbury.

"It's a table-beer barrel. I had it sawed in half, and there it is, holding them two hallows, on each side of the door. But I shan't blow, you know, for a sentry!"

Very handsome, indeed!

"Ain't they? And there's my American Creeper. Miss Sharp pretends to creep, but Lor bless ye, afore ever she gets up to her first floor window, I shall be running all over the roof of the willa. You see I'm over the portico already."

A compliment to her climbing powers was due of course,

and I paid it on the spot ; but we were not yet done with creepers. All at once the Widow plucked off her garden bonnet, and dashing it on the gravel began dancing on it like a mad woman, or like a Scotch lassie tramping her dirty linen. At last when it was quite flat, she picked the bonnet up again, and carefully opening it, explained the matter in two words.

"A near-wig!"

And then she went on to declare to me that they were the plagues of her life—and there was no destroying them.

"It's unknown the crabs and lobsters I've eaten on purpose, but the nasty insects won't creep into my claws. And in course you know what enemies they are to carnations. Last year they ruined my Prince Albert, and this year I suppose they'll spoil the Prince of Wales!"

CHAPTER V.

Apropos of names.

I do wish that our Botanists, Conchologists, and Entomologists, and the rest of our scientifical Godfathers and Godmothers would sit soberly down, a little below the clouds, and revise their classical, scholastical, and polyglottical nomenclatures. Yea, that our Gardeners and Florists especially would take their wateringpots and rebaptise all those pretty plants, whose bombastical and pedantical titles are enough to make them blush, and droop their modest heads for shame.

The Fly-flapper is bad enough, with his Agamemnon butterfly and Cassandra moth—

"What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?"

but it is abominable to label our Flowers with antiquated, outlandish, and barbarous flowers of speech. Let the Horticulturists hunt through their Dictionaries, Greek, and Latin, and Lempriere's Mythology to boot, and they will never invent such apt and pleasant names as the old English ones, to be found in Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare.

Oh, how sweetly they sound, look, and smell in verse—charming the eye and the nose, according to the Rosicrucian theory, through the ear! But what is a Scutellaria Macrantha to either sense? Day's Eyes, Oxeyes, and Lippes of Cowes have a pastoral relish and a poetical significance—but what song or sonnet would be the sweeter for a Brunsvigia?

There is a meaning in Windflowers, and Cuckoo-buds, and Shepherd's Clocks, whilst the Hare-bell is at once associated with the breezy heath and the leporine animal that frequents it. When it is named, Puss and the blue-bell spring up in the mind's eye together—but what image is suggested by hearing of a Schizanthus retusus?

Then, again, Forget-me-Not sounds like a short quotation from Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory," Love-lies-Bleeding contains a whole tragedy in its title—and even Pick-your-Mother's-heart-out involves a tale for the novelist. But what story, with or without a moral, can be picked out of a Dendrobium, even if it were surnamed Clutterbuckii, after the egotistical or sycophantical fashion of the present day?

There was a jockey once who complained bitterly of the sale of a race-horse, just when he had learned to pronounce its name properly—Roncesvalles; but what was that hardship, to the misfortune of a petty nurseryman, perhaps, losing his Passion-Flower, when he had just got by heart Tacksonia Pinnatistipula?

"Reform it altogether!"

It looks selfish, in the learned, to invent such difficult nomenclatures, as if they wished to keep the character, habits, origin, and properties of new plants to themselves. Nay, more, it implies a want of affection for their professed favourites—the very objects of their attentions.

"How—a want of affection, sir?"

Yes—even so, my worthy Adam! For mark me—if you really loved your plants and flowers—

"Well, sir?"

Why, then, you wouldn't call them such *hard names.*

CHAPTER VI.

To return to Mrs. Gardiner.

The widow having described the ravages of the earwigs, beckoned me towards her wall, and was apparently about to introduce me to a peach-tree, when abruptly turning round to me, she inquired if I knew anything of chemicals; and without giving time to reply, added her reason to the question.

"Cos I want you to pison my Hants."

Your aunts!

"Yes, the hemmets. As to Dr. Watts, he don't know nothing about 'em. They won't collect into troops to be trod into dust, they know better. So I was thinking if you could mix up summut luscious and dillyterious—"

She stopped, for a man's head suddenly appeared above the dwarf wall, and after a nod and a smile at the widow, saluted her with a good morning. He was her neighbour—the little old bachelor at Number Eight. As he was rather hard of hearing, my companion was obliged to raise her

voice in addressing him, and, indeed, aggravated it so much that it might have been heard at the end of the row.

"Well, and how are *you*, Mr. Burrel, after them East Winds?"

"Very bad, very bad indeed," replied Mr. Burrel, thinking only of his rheumatics.

"And so am I," said Mrs. Gardiner, remembering nothing but her blight: "I'm thinking of trying tobacco-water and a squiringe."

"Is that good for it?" asked Mr. B., with a tone of doubt and surprise.

"So they say: but you must mix it strong, and squirt it as hard as ever you can over your affected parts."

"What, my lower limbs?"

"Yes, and your upper ones too. Wherever you're maggoty."

"Oh!" grunted the old gentleman, "you mean vermin."

"As for me," bawled Mrs. G., "I'm swarming! And Miss Sharp is wus than I am."

"The more's the pity," said the old gentleman, "we shall have no apples and pears."

"No, not to signify. How's your peaches?"

"Why, they set kindly enough, ma'am, but they all dropped off in the last frosty nights."

"Ah, it ain't the frost," roared Mrs. G. "You've got down to the gravel—I know you have—you look so rusty and scrubby!"

"I wish you good morning, ma'am," said the little old bachelor, turning very red in the face, and making rather a precipitate retreat from the dwarf wall—as who wouldn't, thus attacked at once in his person and his peach-trees.

"To be sure, he was dreadful unproductive," the Widow said; "but a good sort of body, and ten times pleasanter

than her next-door neighbour at Number Ten, who would keep coming over her wall, till she cut off his pumpkin."

She now led me round the house to "her back," where she showed me her grass-plot, wishing she was greener, and asking if she ought not to have a roll. I longed to say, on Greenwich authority, that about Easter Monday was the proper season for the operation, but the joke might have led to a check in her horticultural confidences. In the centre of the lawn there was an oval bed, with a stunted shrub in the middle, showing some three or four clusters of purple blossoms, which the Widow regarded with intense admiration.

"You have heard, I suppose, of a mashy soil for roddy-dandums? Well, look at my bloom,—quite as luxurus as if I'd been stuck in a bog!"

There was no disputing this assertion; and so she led me off to her vegetables, halting at last, at her peas, some few rows of Blue Prussians, which she had probably obtained from Waterloo, they were so long in coming up.

"Backard, an't I?"

Yes, rather.

"Wery—but Miss Sharp is backarder than me. She's hardly out of the ground yet—and, please God, in another fortnight I shall want sticking."

There was something so comic in the last equivoque, that I was forced to slur over a laugh as a sneeze, and then contrived to ask her if she had no assistance in her labours.

"What, a gardener? Never! I did once have a daily jobber, and he jobbed away all my dahlias. I declare I could have cried! But it's very hard to think you're a valuable bulb, and when summer comes, you're nothing but a stick and a label."

Very provoking indeed!

"Talk of transplanting, they do nothing else but trans-

plant you from one house to another, till you don't know where you are. There was I, thinking I was safe and sound in my own bed, and all the while I was in Mr. Jones's."

It's scandalous!

"It *is*. And then in winter when they're friz out, they come round to one a beggin' for money. But they don't freeze any charity out of me."

All ladies, however, are not so obdurate to the poor Gardeners in winter—or even in summer, in witness whereof here follows a story.

CHAPTER VII.

An elderly gentlewoman of my acquaintance, on a visit at a country house in Northamptonshire, chanced one fine morning to look from her bed-chamber, on the second storey, into the pleasure-ground, where Adam, the Gardener, was at work at a flower-border, directly under her window. It was a cloudless day in July, and the sun shone fervently on the old man's bald, glossy pate, from which it reflected again in a number of rays, as shining and pointed as so many new pins and needles.

"Bless me!" ejaculated the old lady, "it's enough to broil all the brains in his head;" and unable to bear the sight, she withdrew from the casement. But her concern and her curiosity were too much excited to allow her to remain in peace. Again and again she took a peep, and whenever she looked, there, two storeys below, shone the same bare round cranium, supernaturally red, and almost intolerably bright, as if it had been in the very focus of a burning-glass. It made her head ache to think of it!

Nevertheless she could not long remove her eyes. She was fascinated towards that glowing sconce, as larks are said to be by the dazzling of a mirror.

In the meantime, to her overheated fancy, the bald pate appeared to grow redder and redder, till it actually seemed red hot. It would hardly have surprised her if the blood, boiling a gallop, had gushed out of the two ears, or if the head, after smoking a little, had burst into a flame by spontaneous combustion. It would never have astonished her had he danced off in a frenzy of brain fever, or suddenly dropped down dead from a stroke of the sun. However he did neither, but still kept work, work, working on in the blazing heat, like a salamander.

"It don't signify," muttered the old lady, "if he can stand it I can't," and again she withdrew from the spectacle. But it was only for a minute. She returned to the window, and fixing her eyes on the bald, shining, glowing object, considerately pitched on it a cool pot of beer—not literally, indeed, but in the shape of five penny pieces, screwed up tight in brown paper.

MORAL.—There is nothing like *well-directed* benevolence!

CHAPTER VIII.

"YES, all gardeners is thieves!"

As I could not dispute the truth of this sweeping proposition from practical experience, I passed it over in silence, and contented myself with asking the Widow whence she acquired all her horticultural knowledge, which she informed me came "out of her Mawe."

"It was *him* as give me that, too," she whimpered, "for

he always humoured my flowering; and if ever a grave deserved a strewing over it's his'n—There's a noble old helm?"

Very, indeed.

"Yes, quite an old antique, and would be beautiful if I could only hang a few parachutes from its branches."

I presume you allude to parasites?

"Well, I suppose I do. And look there's my harbour. By and by, when I'm more honey-suckled I shall be water-proof, but I ain't quite growed over enough yet to sit in without an umbrella."

As I had now pretty well inspected her back, including one warm corner, in which she told me she had a good mind to cow-cumber—we turned toward the house, the Widow leading the way, when wheeling sharply round, she popped a new question.

"What do you think of my walk?"

Why that it is kept very clean and neat.

"Ah, I don't mean my gravel, but my walk. At present you see I go in a pretty straight line, but suppose I went a little more serpentiny—more zigzaggy—and praps deviating about among the clumps—don't you think I might look more picturesque?"

I ventured to tell her, at the risk of sending her ideas to her front, that if she meant her *gait*, it was best as it was; but that if she alluded to her path, a straight one was still the best, considering the size of her grounds.

"Well, I dare say you're right," she replied, "for I'm only a quarter of a haker if you measure me all round."

By this time we were close to the house, where the appearance of a vine suggested to me the query whether the proprietor ever gathered any grapes.

"Ah my wine, my wine," replied the Widow, with as

grave a shake of the head and as melancholy a tone as if she had really drunk to fatal excess of the ruby juice. "That wine will be the death of me if somebody don't nail me up. My poor head won't bear ladder work ; and so all training or pruning myself is out of the question. Howsomever, Miss Sharp is just as bad, and so I'm not the only one whose wine goes where it shouldn't."

Not by hundreds of dozens, thought I, but there was no time allowed for musing over my own loss by waste and leakage : I was roused by a "now come here," and lugged round the corner of the house to an adjacent building, which bore about the same proportion to the villa as a calf to a cow.

"This here's the washus."

So I should have conjectured.

"Yes, it's the washus now—but it's to be a greenus. I intend to have a glazed roof let into it for a conservatory in the winter, when I can't be stood out in the open air. They've a greenus at Number Five, and a hottus besides—and thinks I, if so be I do want to force a little, I can force myself in the copper!"

The copper!

"Yes. I'm uncommon partial to foreign outlandish plants —and if I'm an African, you know, or any of them tropicals, I shall almost want baking."

These schemes and contrivances were so whimsical, and at the same time so Bucklersburyish, that in spite of myself my risible muscles began to twitch, and I felt that peculiar internal quiver about the diaphragm which results from suppressed laughter. Accordingly, not to offend the Widow, I hurried to take my leave, but she was not disposed to part with me so easily.

"Now come, be candid, and tell me before you go what

you think of me altogether. Am I shrubby enough? I fancy sometimes that I ought to be more deciduous."

Not at all. You are just what you ought to be—shrubby and flowery, and gravelly and grassy—and in summer you must be a perfect nosegay.

"Well—so I ham. But in winter, now,—do you really think I am green enough to go through the winter?"

Quite. Plenty of yews, hollies, box, and lots of horticultural laurels.

[I thought now that I was off—but it was a mistake.]

"Well, but—if you really must go—only one more question—and it's to beg a favour. You know last autumn we went steaming up to Twitnam?"

Yes—well?

"Well, and we went all over Mr. What's-his-name's Willa?"

Pope's—well?

"Well then, somebody told us as how Mr. Pope was very famous for his Quincunx. Could you get one a slip of it?"

CHAPTER IX.

"Well, for my part," exclaims Fashion, "those who please may garden; but I shall be quite satisfied with what I get from my Fruiterer, and my Greengrocer, and my bouquets. For it seems to me, Sir, according to your description of that Widow, and her operations, that gardening must be more of a trouble than a pleasure. To think of toiling in a most unfashionable bonnet and filthy gloves, for the sake of a few flowers, that one may buy as good or better, and made artificially by the first hands in

Paris! Not to name the vulgarity of their breeding. Why I should faint if I thought my orange flowers came out of a grocer's tea-chest, or my camellia out of the butter-tub!"

No doubt of it, Madam, and that you would never come to if sprinkled with common water instead of Eau de Cologne.

"Of course not. I loathe pure water—ever since I have heard that all London bathes in it—the lower classes and all. If *that* is what one waters with, I could never garden. And then those nasty creeping things, and the earwigs! I really believe that one of them crawling into my head would be enough to drive out all my intellects!"

Beyond question, Madam.

"I did once see a Lady gardening, and it struck me with horror! How she endured that odious caterpillar on her clothes without screaming surpasses my comprehension. No, no—it is not Lady's work, and I should say not even Gentleman's, though some profess to be very fond of it."

Why as to that, Madam, there is a style of gardening that might even be called aristocratical, and might be indulged in by the very first Exquisite in your own circle.

"Indeed, Sir?"

Yes, in the mode, Madam, that was practised in his own garden by the Poet Thomson, the Author of the "Seasons."

"And pray how was that, Sir?"

Why by eating the peaches off the wall with his hands in his pocket; or in other words, gobbling up the fruits of industry without sharing in the labour of production.

"O, fie! that's Radical! What do you say, my Lord?"

"Why, 'pon honour, your ladyship, it doesn't touch me—for I only eat other people's peaches—and without putting my hands in my pockets at all."

CHAPTER X.

"But do you really think, Sir," asks Chronic Hypochondriasis, "that gardening is such a healthy occupation?"

"I do. But better than my own opinion, I will give you the sentiments of a celebrated but eccentric Physician on the subject, when he was consulted by a Patient afflicted with your own disease.

"Well, Sir, what's the matter with you?" said the bluff Doctor.

"Why nothing particular, Doctor, if you mean any decided complaint. Only I can't eat, and I can't drink, and I can't sleep, and I can't walk—in short, I can't enjoy anything except being completely miserable."

It was a clear case of Hypochondriasis, and so the Physician merely laid down the ordinary sanatory rules.

"But you haven't prescribed, Doctor," objected the Patient. "You haven't told me what I am to take."

"Take exercise."

"Well, but in what shape, Doctor?"

"In the shape of a spade."

"What—dig like a horse?"

"No—like a man."

"And no physic?"

"No. You don't want draughts, or pills, or powders. Take a garden—and a Sabine farm after it—if you like."

"But it is such hard work?"

"Phoo, phoo. Begin with crushing your caterpillars—that's soft work enough. After that you can kill snails, they're harder—and mind, before breakfast."

"I shall never eat any!"

"Yes you will, when you have earned your grub. Or hoe, and rake, and make yourself useful on the face of the earth."

"But I get so soon fatigued."

"Yes, because you are never tired of being tired. Mere indolence. Commit yourself to hard labour. It's pleasanter than having it done by a Magistrate, and better in private grounds than on public ones."

"Then you seriously suppose, Doctor, that gardening is good for the constitution?"

"I do. For King, Lords, and Commons. Grow your own cabbages. Sow your own turnips,—and if you wish for a gray head, cultivate carrots."

"Well, Doctor, if I thought—"

"Don't think, but do it. Take a garden, and dig away as if you were going to bury all your care in it. When you're tired of digging, you can roll—or go to your walls, and set to work at your fruit-trees, like the Devil and the Bag of Nails."

"Well, at all events, it is worth trying; but I am sadly afraid that so much stooping—"

"Phoo, phoo! The more pain in your back, the more you'll forget your *hyps*. Sow a bed with thistles, and then weed it. And don't forget cucumbers."

"Cucumbers!"

"Yes, unwholesome to eat, but healthy to grow, for then you can have your *frame* as strong as you please, and regulate your own *lights*. Melons still better. Only give your melon to the melon-bed, and your colly to the colly-flowers, and your Melancholy's at an end."

"Ah! you're joking, Doctor!"

"No matter. Many a true word is said in jest. I'm the only physician, I know, who prescribes it, but take a garden

—*the first remedy in the world*—for when Adam was put into one he was *quite a new man!*"

"But Mrs. Gardiner."

I had taken leave of her, as I thought, by the washhouse door, and was hurrying towards the wicket gate, when her voice apprised me that she was still following me.

"There is one thing that *you* ought to see at any rate, if nobody else does."

And with gentle violence she drew me into a nook behind a privet hedge, and with some emotion asked me if I knew where I was. My answer of course was in the negative.

"It's Bucklersbury."

The words operated like a spell on my memory, and I immediately recognised the old civic shrubbery. Yes, there they were, The Persian Lilac, the Guelder Rose, the Monthly Rose, and the Laurustinus, but looking so fresh and flourishing, that it was no wonder I had not known them; and besides the chests and tubs were either gone or plunged into the earth.

"Not quite so grubby as I were in town," said the Widow, "but the same plants. Old friends like, with new faces. Just take a sniff of my laylock—it's the same smell as I had when in London, except the smoke. And there's my monthly rose—look at my complexion now. You remember how smudgy I was afore. Perhaps you'd like a little of me for old acquaintance," and plucking from each, she thrust into my hand a bouquet big enough for the Lord Mayor's coachman on the Ninth of November.

"Yes, we've all grown and blown together," she continued, looking from shrub to shrub, with great affection. "We've withered and budded, and withered and budded, and blossomed and sweetened the air. We're interesting, ain't we?"

Oh, very—there's a sentiment in every leaf.

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean. I often come here to enjoy 'em, and have a cry—for you know *he* smelt 'em and admired 'em as well as us," and the mouldy glove might again have had to wipe a moistened eye, but for an alarm familiar to her ear, though not to mine, except through her interpretation.

"My peas! my peas! old Jones's pigeons!"

And rushing off to the defence of her Blue Prussians, she gave me an opportunity of which I availed myself by retreating in the opposite direction, and through the wicket. It troubles me to this day that I cannot remember the shutting it: my mind misgives me that in my haste to escape it was most probably left open, like Abon Hassan's door, and with as unlucky consequences.

Even as I write, distressing images of a ruined Eden rise up before my fancy—cocks and hens scratching in flower borders—pigs routing up stocks or rolling in tulips—a horse cropping rose-buds, and a bullock in Bucklersbury! and all this perhaps not a mere vision! That woeful Figure, with starting tears and clasped hands contemplating the scene of havoc, not altogether a fiction!

Under this doubt, it will be no wonder that I have never revisited the Widow, or that when I stroll in the suburbs my steps invariably lead me in any other direction than towards Paradise Place.

CHAPTER XI.

I HAVE told a lie!

I have written the thing that is not, and the truth came not from my pen. There was deceit in my ink, and my paper is stained with a falsehood. Nevertheless, it was in ignorance that I erred, and consequently the lie is white.

When I told you, Gentle Reader, that any day you pleased you might behold my heroine, Mrs. Gardiner, I was not aware that Mrs. Gardiner was no more.

"No more!"

No—for by advices just received, she is now Mrs. Burrel, the wife of the quondam little old Bachelor at Number Eight.

"What!—married! Why then she did go over the wall to him as she promised."

No, miss—he came over to her.

"What!—By a rope ladder?"

No—there was no need for so romantic an apparatus. The wall, as already described, was a dwarf one, about breast high, over which an active man, putting one hand on the top, might have vaulted with ease. How Mr. Burrel, unused to such gymnastics, contrived to scramble over it, he did not know himself; but as he had scraped the square toes of each shoe—damaged each drab knee—frayed the front of his satin waistcoat—and scratched his face, the probability is, that after clambering to the summit, he rolled over, and pitched headlong into the scrubby holly bush on the other side.

For a long time, it appears, without giving utterance to the slightest sentiment of an amorous nature, he had made himself particular, by constantly haunting the dwarf wall

that divided him from the widow,—overlooking her indeed more than was proper or pleasant. For once, however, he happened to look at the right moment, for casting his eyes towards Number Nine, he saw that his fair neighbour was in a very disagreeable and dangerous predicament—in short, that she was in her own water-butt, heels upwards.

He immediately jumped over the brick partition, and bellowing for help, succeeded, he knew not how, in hauling the unfortunate lady from her involuntary bath.

"Then it was not a suicide?"

By no means, madam. It was simply from taking her hobby to water. In plainer phrase, whilst endeavouring to establish an aquatic lily in her waterbutt, she overbalanced herself and fell in.

The rest may be guessed. Before the Widow was dry, Mr. Burrel had declared his passion—Gratitude whispered that without him she would have been "no better than a dead lignum vitæ"—and she gave him her hand.

The marriage day, however, was not fixed. At the desire of the bride, it was left to a contingency, which was resolved by her "orange-flowering" last Wednesday—and so ended the "Horticultural Romance" of Mrs. Gardiner.

THE DEFAULTER.

"AN OWRE TRUE TALE."

CHAPTER I.

——— "Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming."—*Hamlet.*

"WHAT is the matter with Mr. Pryme?"

The speaker was a tall, dark man, with grizzled hair, black eyes, a long nose, a wide mouth, and the commercial feature of a pen behind his right ear. He had several times asked himself the same question, but without any satisfactory solution, and now addressed it to a little, sandy-haired man, who was standing with his back to the office fire. Both were clerks in a government office, as well as the party whose health or deportment was involved in the inquiry.

"What is the matter with Mr. Pryme?"

"Heaven knows," said the sandy Mr. Phipps, at the same time lifting up his eyebrows towards the organs of wonder, and shrugging his shoulders.

"You have observed how nervous and fidgety he is?

"To be sure. Look at the fireplace; he has done nothing all the morning but put on coals and rake them out again."

"Yes, I have been watching him and kept count," interposed Mr. Trent, a junior official; "he has poked the fire nineteen times, besides looking five times out of the window, and twice taking down his hat and hanging it up again."

"I got him to change me a sovereign," said the dark Mr. Grimble, "and he first gave me nineteen, and then twenty-

one shillings for it. But look here at his entries," and he pointed to an open ledger on the desk, "he has dipped promiscuously into the black ink and the red!"

The three clerks took a look a-piece at the book, and then a still longer look at each other. None of them spoke: but each made a face, one pursing up his lips as if to blow an imaginary flageolet, another frowning, as with a distracting headache, and the third drawing down the corners of his mouth, as if he had just taken, or was about to take, physic.

"What can it be?" said Mr. Phipps.

"Let's ask him," suggested Mr. Trent.

"Better not," said Grimble, "you know how hot and touchy he is. I once ventured to cut a joke on him, and he has never thoroughly forgiven it to this day."

"What was it about?" inquired the junior.

"Why he has been married above a dozen years without having any children, and it was the usual thing with us, when he came of a morning, to ask after the little Prymes, —but the joke caused so many rows and quarrels, that we have given it up."

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Phipps, with a glance round the office.

"In the Secretary's private room. But hush! here he comes."

The three clerks hastily retreated to their several desks, and began writing with great apparent diligence; yet vigilantly watching every movement of the nervous and fidgety Mr. Pryme, who entered the room with an uneven step, looking rather flushed and excited, and vigorously rubbing his bald head with his silk handkerchief. Perhaps he noticed that he was observed, for he looked uneasily and suspiciously from one clerk to the other; but each face preserved a demure gravity, and the little, stout, bald, florid

gentleman repaired to his own place. The "Morning Post," damp and still unfolded, was laying on his desk; he took it up, dried it at the fire, and began to read—but the next minute he laid down the paper, and seizing the poker made several plunges at the coals, as often against the bars as between them, till the metal rang again. Then he resumed the "Post"—but quickly relinquished it—quite unable to fix his attention on the type—an incompetence perfectly astounding to the other clerks, who considered reading the newspaper as a regular and important part of the official duties.

"By Jove," whispered Mr. Phipps to Mr. Grimble, whom he had approached under the pretence of delivering a document, "he cannot Post the news any more than his ledger."

Mr. Grimble acquiesced with a grave nod and a grimace; and Mr. Phipps returning to his desk, a silence ensued, so profound that the scratching of the pens at work on the paper was distinctly audible. The little bald cashier himself had began to write, and for some minutes was occupied so quietly that curiosity gave way to business, and the three clerks were absorbed in their calculations, when a sudden noise caused them to look up. Mr. Pryme had jumped from his high stool, and was in the act of taking down his hat from its peg. He held it for a while in his hand, as if in deep deliberation, then suddenly clapped it on his head, but as hastily took it off again—thrust the "Morning Post" into the crown, and restored the beaver to its place on the wall. The next moment he encountered the eye of Phipps—a suspicion that he was watched seemed to come across him, and his uneasiness increased. He immediately returned to his desk, and began to turn over the leaves of an account-book—but with unnatural haste, and it was evident that although his eyes were fixed on the volume, his thoughts

were elsewhere, for by degrees he went off into a reverie, only rousing now and then to take huge pinches of snuff. At last, suddenly waking up, he pulled out his watch—pored at it—held it up to his ear—replaced it in his fob, and with a glance at his hat, began drawing on his gloves. Perhaps he would have gone off—if Mr. Grimble had not crossed over from his desk, and placed an open book before him, with a request for his signature. The little, bald, florid man, without removing his glove, attempted to write his name, but his hand trembled so that he could hardly guide the pen. However, he tried to carry off the matter as a joke—but his laugh was forced, and his voice had the quavering huskiness of internal agitation.

"Ha! ha!—rather shaky—too much wine last night—eh, Mr. Grimble?"

The latter made no reply, but as he walked off with the book under his arm, and his back towards Mr. Pryme, he bestowed a deliberate wink on each of his associates, and significantly imitated with his own hand the aspen-like motion he had just observed. The others responded with a look of intelligence, and resumed their labours: but the tall, dark man fell into a fit of profound abstraction, during which he unconsciously scribbled on his blotting-paper, in at least a score of places, the word EMBEZZLEMENT.

CHAPTER II.

"AND do you really mean to say, Mr. Author, that so respectable a bald man had actually appropriated the public money?"

Heaven forbid, madam. My health is far too infirm, and

my modesty much too delicate to allow me to undertake, off-hand, the work of twelve men, who sometimes are not strong enough, the whole team, to draw a correct inference. As yet, Mr. Pryme only labours under suspicion, and a very hard labour it is to be sentenced to before conviction. But permit me to ask, do you really associate baldness with respectability?

"Of course, sir. All bald men are respectable."

It is indeed a very general impression—so much so, that were I a criminal, and anxious to propitiate a Judge and Jury at my trial, I would have my head shaved beforehand as clean as a monk's. And yet it is a strange prepossession, that we should connect guilt with a fell of hair, and innocence with a bare sconce! Why, madam, why should we conceive a bald man to be less delinquent than another?

"I suppose, sir, because he has less for a *catchpole* to lay hold of?"

Thank you, ma'am! The best reason I have heard for a prejudice in all my life!

CHAPTER III.

THE little, bald, florid man, in the meantime, continued his nervous and fidgety evolutions—worrying the fire, trying on his hat and gloves, snuffing vehemently, coughing huskily, and winking perpetually—now scurrying through folios—then drumming what is called the Devil's tattoo on his desk, and moreover, under pretence of mending his pens, had slashed half-a-dozen of them to pieces—when he received a fresh summons to the Secretary's room.

The moment the door closed behind him, the two clerks, Phipps and Trent, darted across to Mr. Grimble, who silently exhibited to them the shaky autograph of the agitated cashier. They then adjourned to the fire, where a pause of profound cogitation ensued: the Junior intensely surveying his bright boots—Mr. Phipps industriously nibbling the top of his pen—while Mr. Grimble kept assiduously breaking the bituminous bubbles which exuded from the burning coals with the point of the poker.

"It is very extraordinary!" at last muttered Mr. Phipps.

"Very," chimed in the Junior Clerk.

Mr. Grimble silently turned his back to the fire, and fixed his gaze on the ceiling, with his mouth firmly compressed, as if meaning to signify, "that whatever he might think, he would say nothing"—in case of anything happening to Mr. Pryme, he was the next in point of seniority for the vacant place, and delicacy forbade his being the first to proclaim his suspicions.

"You don't think he is going off, do you?" inquired Mr. Phipps.

Mr. Grimble turned his gaze intently on the querist as though he would look him through—hemm'd—but said nothing.

"I mean off his head."

"Oh—I thought you meant off to America."

It was now Mr. Phipps's turn to look intently at Mr. Grimble, whose every feature he scrutinized with the studious interest of a Lavater.

"Why you surely don't mean to say——"

"I do."

"What that he has——"

"Yes."

"Is it possible!"

Mr. Grimble gave three distinct and deliberate nods, in reply to which, Mr. Phipps whistled a long phe-e-e-e-e-ew !

All this time the Junior had been eagerly listening to the mysterious conference, anxiously looking from one speaker to the other, till the hidden meaning suddenly revealed itself to his mind, and with the usual indiscretion of youth he immediately gave it utterance.

"Why then, Grimble, old Pryme will be transported, and you will walk into his shoes."

Mr. Grimble frowned severely, and laid one forefinger on his lips, while with the other he pointed to the door. But Mr. Pryme was still distant in the Secretary's private room.

"Well, I should never have thought it !" exclaimed Mr. Phipps. "He was so regular in his habits, and I should say very moderate in his expenses. He was never given to dress (the young clerk laughed at the idea), and certainly never talked like a gay man with the other sex (the junior laughed again). I don't think he gambled, or had any connection with the turf? To be sure he may have dabbled a little in the Alley—or perhaps in the Discounting line."

To each of these interrogative speculations Mr. Grimble responded with a negative shake of the head, or a doubtful shrug of the shoulders, till the catalogue was exhausted, and then, with his eyes cast upward, uttered an emphatic "God knows !"

"But have you any proof of it ?" asked Mr. Phipps.

"None whatever—not a particle. Only what I may call a strong—a *very* strong presentiment."

And as if to illustrate its strength, Mr. Grimble struck a blow with the poker that smashed a large Staffordshire coal into shivers.

"Then there may be nothing wrong after all !" suggested

the good-natured Mr. Phipps. "And really Mr. Pryme has always seemed so respectable, so regular, and so correct in business——"

"So did Fauntleroy, and the rest of them;" muttered Mr. Grimble, "or they would never have been trusted. However, it's a comfort to think that he has no children, and that the capital punishment for such offences has been abolished."

"I can hardly believe it!" ejaculated Mr. Phipps.

"My dear fellow," said the young clerk, "there is no mistake about it. I was watching him when the messenger came to fetch him to the Secretary, and he started and shook as if he had expected a policeman."

Mr. Phipps said no more, but retreated to his place, and with his elbows on his desk, and his head between his hands, began sorrowfully to ruminate on the ruin and misery impending over the unfortunate cashier. He could well appreciate the nervous alarm and anxiety of the wretched man, liable at any moment to detection, with the consequent disgrace, and a punishment scarcely preferable to death itself. His memory reminded him that Mr. Pryme had done him various services, while his imagination pictured his benefactor in the most distressing situations—in the station-house—at Bow-street—in Newgate—at the bar of the Old Bailey—in a hulk—in a convict-ship, with the common herd of the ruffianly and the depraved—and finally toiling in life-long labour in a distant land. And as he dwelt on these dreadful and dreary scenes, the kind-hearted Phipps himself became quite unhinged: his own nerves began to quiver, whilst his muscles sympathising with the mental excitement, prompted him to such restless activity, that he was soon almost as fidgety and perturbed as the object of his commiseration.

Oh! that the guilty man, forewarned of danger by some

providential inspiration, might have left the office never to return! But the hope was futile: the door opened—the doomed Mr. Pryme hastily entered—went to his own desk, unbuttoned his waistcoat, and clutching his bewildered bald head with one fevered hand, began with the other to turn over the leaves of a journal, without perceiving that the book was upside down.

"Was there ever," thought Phipps, "such an infatuation! He has evidently cause for alarm, and yet he lingers about the fatal spot."

How he yearned to give him a hint that his secret was known—to say to him, "Go!—Fly! ere it be too late! Seek some other country where you may live in freedom and repent."

But, alas! the eyes of Grimble and Trent were upon him, and above all the stern figure of inexorable Duty rose up before him, and melting the wax of Silence at the flaming sword of Justice, imposed a seal upon his lips.

CHAPTER IV.

"GRACIOUS Goodness!" exclaims Female Sensibility, "and will the dear fresh-coloured bald little gentleman be actually transported to Botany Bay!"

My dear Miss—a little patience. A criminal before such a consummation has to go through more processes than a new pin. First, as Mrs. Glasse says of her hare, he has to be caught, then examined, committed, and true-billed—arraigned, convicted, and sentenced. Next, he must, perhaps, be cropped, washed, and clothed—hulked and shipped, and finally, if he does not die of sea-sickness, or shipwreck,

or get eaten by the natives, he may toil out his natural term in Australia, as a stone-breaker, a cattle-keeper, or a domestic servant!

"Dear me, how dreadful! And for a man, perhaps, like Mr. Pryme, of genteel habits and refined notions, accustomed to all the luxuries of life, and every delicacy of the season. I should really like to set on foot a little private subscription, for providing him with the proper comforts in prison and a becoming outfit for his voyage."

My dear young lady, I can appreciate your motives and do honour to your feelings. But before you go round with your book among relations, acquaintance, and strangers, soliciting pounds, shillings, and pence, from people of broad, middling, and narrow incomes, just do me the favour to look into yonder garret, exposed to us by the magic of the Devil on Two Sticks, and consider that respectable young woman, engaged at past midnight, by the light of a solitary rush-light, in making shirts at three-halfpence a piece, and shifts for nothing. Look at her hollow eyes, her withered cheeks, and emaciated frame, for it is a part of the infernal bargain that she is to lose her own health and find her own needles and thread. Reckon, if you can, the thousands of weary stitches it will require to sew, not gussets, and seams, but body and soul together: and perhaps, after all her hard sewing, having to sue a shabby employer for the amount of her pitiful earnings. Estimate, if you may, the terrible wear and tear of head and heart, of liver and lungs. Appraise, on oath, the value of youth wasted, spirits outworn, prospects blasted, natural affections withered in the bud, and all blissful hopes annihilated, except those beyond the grave——

"What! by that horrid, red-faced, bald-pated, undersized little monster?"

No Miss—but by a breach of trust on the part of a banker

of genteel habits and refined notions; accustomed to all the luxuries of life, and every delicacy of the season.

"Oh, the abominable villain! And did he ruin himself as well as the poor lady?"

Totally.

"And was transported?"

Quite.

"What, to Botany?"

No, Miss. To the loveliest part of Sussex, where he is condemned to live in a commodious Cottage Residence, with pleasure-ground and kitchen-garden annexed—capital shooting and fishing, and within reach of two packs of hounds!

"Shameful! scandalous!—why it's no punishment at all."

No, Miss. And then to think of the hundreds and thousands of emigrants—English, Scotch, and Irish—who for no crime but poverty are compelled to leave their native country—the homes and hearths of their childhood—the graves of their kindred—the land of their fathers, and to settle—if settling it may be called—in the houseless woods and wildernesses of a foreign clime.

"Oh, shocking! shocking! But if I was the government the wicked fraudulent bankers and trust-breakers should be sent abroad too. Why shouldn't they be punished with passage-money and grants of land as well as the poor innocent emigrants, and be obliged to settle in foreign parts?"

Ah! why, indeed, Miss—except——

"Except what, sir?"

Why, that Embezzlers and Swindlers, *by all accounts*, are such very bad *Settlers*.

CHAPTER V.

But Mr. Pryme?—

That little, bald, florid, fidgety personage was still sitting on his high stool at his desk, snuffing, coughing, winking, and pretending to examine a topsy-turvy account-book—sometimes, by way of variation, hashing up a new pen, or drumming a fresh march with his fingers—

Mr. Grimble was making some private calculations, which had reference to his future income-tax, on a slip of office paper—

Mr. Trent was dreaming over an imaginary trial, in which he was a witness, at the Old Bailey—

And Mr. Phipps was fretting over the predestined capture of the infatuated Cashier—when all at once there was a noise that startled the clerkly trio from their seats.

The nervous Mr. Pryme, by one of his involuntary motions had upset his leaden inkstand—in trying to save the inkstand he knocked down his ruler—in catching at the ruler he had let fall the great journal—and in scrambling after the journal he had overturned his high stool. The clatter was prodigious, and acting on a nature already overwrought sufficed to discompose the last atom of its equanimity.

For a moment the bewildered author of the work stood, and trembled, as if shot—then snatching his hat, and clapping it "skow-wow any-how" on his head, rushed desperately out of the office.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Mr. Phipps, drawing a long breath, like a swimmer after a dive.

"I say, Grimble," exclaimed the Junior Clerk—"it's a true bill!"

But Mr. Grimble was already outside the door, and running down the stone-stairs into the hall seized on the first office-messenger that offered.

"Here—Warren!—quick!—Run after Mr. Pryme—don't let him out of your sight—but watch where he goes to—and let me know."

CHAPTER VI.

Now according to the practice of the regular drama, which professes to represent the greater stage of the world, whenever a robber, murderer, or traitor has escaped, it is a rule for the theatrical policemen, constables, runners, guards, alguazils, sbirri, or gendarmes, to assemble and agree to *act in concert*—that is to say, by singing in chorus that the villain has bolted, and musically exhorting each other to "follow follow, fol-de-rol-de-rol-O!" without a moment's delay. An arrangement perhaps conducive to dramatic convenience and stage effect, but certainly quite inconsistent with the usages of real life or the dictates of common or uncommon sense.

Messrs. Grimble, Phipps, and Trent, however, were not theatrical, so instead of joining in a trio or a catch, they first held a consultation, and then proceeded in a body to the Secretary, to whom they described the singular behaviour of Mr. Pryme.

"Very singular, indeed," said the Secretary. "I observed it myself, and inquired if he was in good health. No—yes—no. And Mrs. Pryme? Yes—no—yes. In short he did not seem to know what he was saying."

"Or doing," put in Mr. Trent. "He threw a shovel of coals into the iron safe."

"With other acts," added Mr. Grimble, "the reverse of official."

"Tell him at once," whispered Mr. Trent.

"In short, sir," said Mr. Grimble, with a most sepulchral tone, and the face of an undertaker, "I am sorry, deeply sorry and concerned to say, that Mr. Pryme has suddenly departed."

"Indeed! But he was just the sort of man to do it."

The three clerks stared at each other, for they had all thought exactly the reverse of the little, bald, florid, ex-cashier.

"Short-necked, sanguine, and of a full habit, you know," continued the Secretary. "Poor fellow!"

"I am sorry, deeply sorry and concerned to say," repeated Mr. Grimble, "that I mean he has absconded."

"The devil he has!" exclaimed the Secretary, at once jumping to his feet, and instinctively buttoning up his pockets—"but no—it's impossible!" and he looked towards Trent and Phipps for confirmation.

"It's a true bill, sir," said the first, "he has bolted sure enough."

The other only shook his head.

"It's incredible!" said the Secretary. "Why, he was as steady as a quaker, and as correct as clock-work! Mr. Grimble, have you inspected his books?"

"I have, sir."

"Well, sir?"

"At present, sir, all appears correct. But as the accounts are kept in this office it is easier to embezzle than to detect any defalcation."

"Humph! I do not think we are worse in that respect than other public offices! Then, if I understand you, there is no distinct evidence of fraud?"

"None whatever, sir," replied Mr. Phipps.

"Except his absconding," added Mr. Grimble.

"Well, gentlemen, we will wait till ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and then if Mr. Pryme does not make his appearance we shall know how to act."

The three clerks made three bows and retired, severally pleased, displeased, and indifferent at the result of their audience.

"We may wait for him," grumbled Mr. Grimble, "till ten o'clock on doomsday."

At this moment the door re-opened, and the Secretary put out his head.

"Gentlemen, I need not recommend you to confine this matter, for the present, to your own bosoms!"

But the caution was in vain. Warren, the messenger, had given a hint of the affair to a porter, who had told it to another, and another, and another, till the secret was as well buzzed and blown as if it had been confided to a swarm of blue-bottles. In fact, the flight of Mr. Pryme was known throughout the several offices, where, according to English custom, the event became a subject for betting, and a considerable sum was laid out at 6 to 4, and afterwards at 7 to 2, against the reappearance of the cashier.

CHAPTER VII.

"WELL, Warren?"

"Well, Mr. Grimble, sir!"

The three clerks on returning to their office, had found the messenger at the door, and took him with them into the room.

"Well, I followed up Mr. Pryme, sir, and the first thing he did were to hail a cab."

"And where did he drive to?"

"To nowheres at all—coz why, afore the cab could pull round off the stand, away he goes—That's Mr. Pryme—walking at the rate of five miles an hour, more or less, so as not easy to be kep up with, straight home to his own house number 9, where instid of double knocking at the door, he ring'd to be let in at the hairy bell."

"Very odd!" remarked Mr. Grimble.

"Well, he staid in the house a goodish while—as long as it might take him, like, to collect his porterble property and vallybles—when all at once out he comes, like a man with his head turned, and his hat stuck on hind part afore, for you know he'd wore it up at the back like a curricle one."

"A clerical one—go on."

"Why then, away he cuts down the street, as hard as he can split without busting, and me arter him, but being stiffish with the rheumatiz, whereby I soon found I was getting nowheres at all in the race, and in consekence pulled up."

"And which way did he run?"

"Why then, he seemed to me to be a-making for the bridge."

"Ah, to get on board a steamer," said Mr. Grimble.

"Or into the river," suggested Mr. Trent.

Mr Phipps groaned and wrung his hands.

"You're right, you are, Mr. Trent, sir," said the Messenger with a determined nod and wink at the junior clerk. "There was a gemman throwed himself over last Friday, and they did say it was becos he had made away with ten thousand Long Annuitants."

"The poor, wretched, misguided creature!"

"Yes he did, Mr. Phipps, sir—right over the senter harch. And what's wus, not leaving a rap behind him except his widder and five small little children, and the youngest on em's a suckin' babby."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. Phipps, "that Mr. Pryme is not a family man."

CHAPTER VIII.

Poor Mr. Phipps!

As soon as the office was closed he walked home to his lodgings in Westminster, but at a slower pace than usual, and with a heavy heart, for his mind was full of sorrow and misgiving at the too probable fate of the unfortunate Defaulter. The figure of Mr. Pryme followed him wherever he went: it seemed to glance over his shoulder in the looking-glass; and when he went to wash his hands, the pale drowned face of the cashier shone up through the water, instead of the pattern at the bottom of the basin.

For the first time since his clerkship he could not enjoy that favourite meal, his tea. The black bitterness in his thoughts overpowered the flavour of the green leaf—it turned the milk, and neutralised the sugar on his palate. He took but one bite out of his crumpet, and then resigned it to the cat. Supper was out of the question. His mental agitation, acting on the nerves of the stomach, had brought on a sick headache, which indisposed him to any kind of food. In the meanwhile, for the first strange time he became intensely sensible that he was a bachelor, and uncomfortably conscious of his loneliness in the world. The

company of a second person, another face, only to look at, would have been an infinite relief to him—by diverting his attention from the one dreadful thought and the one horrible image that, do what he would, kept rising up before him—sometimes like a shadow on the wall, sometimes like a miniature figure amid the intricate veins of the marble mantelpiece—and anon in the chiaroscuro of the fire. To get rid of these haunting illusions, he caught up a book, which happened to be the second volume of "Lamb's Letters," and stumbled on the following ominous passage :

"*Who that standeth, knoweth but he may yet fall? Your hands, as yet, I am most willing to believe, have never deviated into other's property. You think it impossible that you could ever commit so heinous an offence; but so thought Fauntleroy once; so have thought many besides him, who at last have expiated as he hath done.*"

The words read like a fatal prophecy! He dropt the book in horror, and falling on his knees, with tearful eyes and uplifted hands, besought Providence, if it saw fit, to afflict him with the utmost miseries of sickness and poverty, but to save him—even by stroke of sudden death to save him—from ever becoming a Defaulter!

This devotional act restored him in some degree to tranquillity; but with night and sleep all his horrors returned. The face of Mr. Pryme, no longer florid, but pale as a plaster-cast, was continually confronting him, now staring at him through transparent waters, and now between massive iron bars. Then the dismal portrait would abruptly change to a full-length, which was as suddenly surrounded by a cluster of children, boys and girls of different ages, including one or two infants—a family he understood, by the intuition of dreams, to be illegitimate, and that they were solemnly consigned by the Suicide to his care and main-

tenance. Anon the white figure vanished, and a black one appeared in its place, a female, with the very outline, as if cut in paper, of the widowed Mrs. Pryme, whom by some mysterious but imperative obligation he felt that he must espouse. The next moment this phantom was swept away by a mighty rush of black waters, like those in Martin's grand picture of the Deluge, and on or beneath the dark flood again floated the pale effigy of the Suicide entire and apparently struggling for dear life, and sometimes shattered he knew not how, and drifting about in passive fragments. Then came a fresh rush of black waters, gradually shaping itself into an immense whirlpool, with the white corpse-like figure, but magnified to a colossal size, rapidly whirling in the centre of the vortex, whilst obscure forms, black and white, of children, females, savages, and alas! not a few gigantic Demon shapes, revolved more slowly around it.

In short, the poor fellow never passed so wretched a night since he was born!

CHAPTER IX.

"And did Mr. Pryme really drown himself?"

My dear Felicia, if Female Curiosity had always access, as you have, to an author's sanctorum,—if she could stand or sit, as you can, at his elbow whilst he is composing his romances of real or unreal life,—if she might ask, as you do, at the beginning or in the middle of the plot, what is to be its *dénouement*—

"Well, sir, what then?"

Why, then, Messieurs Colburn, Saunders and Otley, Bentley, Churton, and Newby—not forgetting A. K. Newman—might retire for good to their country boxes at Ponder's

End, Leatherhead, and Balham Hill, for there would be no more novels in three volumes. Nay, the authors themselves, serious and comic, both or neither, might retreat for ever into the Literary Almshouses, if there are any such places—for there would be no more articles of sixteen pages—and "to be continued—" in the magazines. All would be over with us, as with the Bourbons, could Female Curiosity thus foresee, as Talleyrand said, "Le commencement de la fin!"

"Well, but—if your story, as you say, is 'an owre true tale,' then Mr. Pryme must have been a real man—an actual living human being—and it is positive cruelty to keep one in suspense about his fate!"

Dearest!—the tale is undoubtedly true, and there was such a personage as Mr. Pryme—

"*Was!* Why, then, he did embezzle the money, and he did throw himself off Westminster Bridge? But had he really an illegitimate family? And did Mr. Phipps actually marry the widow according to his dream?"

Patience!—and you shall hear.

CHAPTER X.

THE morrow came, and the Hour—but not the Man.

Messrs. Grimble, Phipps, and Trent were assembled round the office-fire—poor Phipps looking as white as a sheet, for ten o'clock had struck, and there was no Mr. Pryme.

At five minutes past ten the Secretary came in from his own room with his golden repeater in his hand—he looked anxiously round the office, and then in turn at each of the three clerks. Mr. Phipps sighed, Mr. Trent shook his head, and Mr. Grimble shrugged up his shoulders.

"Not here yet?"

"Nor won't be," muttered Mr. Grimble.

"What odds will you lay about it?" whispered the giddy Mr. Trent.

"The office-clock is rather fast," stammered out Mr. Phipps.

"No—it is exact by my time," said the Secretary, and he held out his watch for inspection.

"He was always punctual to a minute," observed Mr. Grimble.

"Always. I fear, gentlemen, we must apply for a war——"

The Secretary paused, for he heard the sound of a foot at the door, which hastily opened, and in walked Mr. Pryme!!!

An apparition could scarcely have caused a greater trepidation. The Secretary hurriedly thrust his repeater into his breeches-pocket. Mr. Grimble retreated to his own desk—Mr. Phipps stood stock-still, with his eyes and mouth wide open—while Mr. Trent, though he was a loser on the event, burst into a loud laugh.

"I am afraid, gentlemen," said Mr Pryme, looking very foolish and stammering, "I am afraid that my—my—my ridiculous behaviour yesterday has caused you some—some —uneasiness—on my account."

No answer.

"The truth is—I was excessively anxious and nervous—and agitated—very agitated indeed!"

"Very," from Mr. Trent.

The little florid man coloured up till his round, shiny, bald head was as scarlet as a love-apple.

"The truth is—after so many disappointments—I did not like to mention the thing—the affair—till it was quite

certain—till it was all over—for fear—for fear of being quizzed. The truth is—the truth is——"

"Take time, Mr. Pryme," said the Secretary.

"Why, then, sir—the truth is—after fifteen years—I'm a Father—a happy Father, sir—a fine chopping boy, gentlemen—and Mrs. P. is as charming—that's to say, as well—as can be expected!"

THE CAMBERWELL BEAUTY.

A CITY ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

"She entered his shop, which was very neat and spacious, and he received her with all the marks of the most profound respect, entreating her to sit down, and showing her with his hand the most honourable place."—*Arabian Nights.*

Mr. Booby was in his shop, his back to the fire and his face to the *Times*, when happening to look above the upper edge of the newspaper, towards the street, he caught sight of an equipage that seemed familiar to him.

Could it be!

Yes, it was the same dark brown chariot, with the drab liveries,—the same gray horses, with the same crest on the harness, and above all, the same lady-face was looking through the carriage-window!

In a moment Mr. Booby was at his glass-door, obsequiously ushering the fair customer into his shop, where with his profoundest bow and his sunniest smile he invited her to a seat at the counter. Her commands were eagerly solicited and promptly executed. The two small volumes she asked for were speedily produced, neatly packed up, and delivered

to the footman in drab, to be deposited in the dark-brown chariot. But the lady still lingered. Thrice within a fortnight she had occupied the same seat, on each occasion making a longer visit than the last, and becoming more and more friendly and familiar. Perhaps, being past the prime of life, she was flattered by the extremely deferential attentions of the young tradesman; perhaps she was pleased with the knowledge he possessed, or seemed to possess, of a particular subject, and was gratified by the interest which he took, or appeared to take, in her favourite science. However, she still lingered, smiling very pleasantly, and chatting very agreeably in her low, sweet voice, while she turned over the pretty illustrated volumes that were successively offered to her notice.

In the meantime the delighted Booby did his utmost in the conversational way to maintain his ground, which was no easy task, seeing that he was not well read in her favourite science, nor indeed in any other. In fact, he did not read at all; and although a butcher gets beefish, a bookseller does not become bookish, from the mere smell of his commodity. Nevertheless, he managed to get on, in his own mind, very tolerably, adding a few words about Egypt and the Pyramids to the lady's mention of the Sphinx, and at the name of Memnon, edging in a sentence or two about the British Museum. Sometimes, indeed, she alluded to classical proper names altogether beyond his acquaintance; but in such cases he escaped by flying off at a tangent to the new ballet, or the last new novel, of which he had derived an opinion from the advertisements—nay, even digressing at need, like Sir Peter Laurie, on the Omnibus Nuisance and the Wooden Pavements. To tell the truth, the lady, as sometimes happens, was so intent on her own share of the discourse, that she paid little attention to his topics or their treatment; and so

far from noticing any incongruity, would have allowed him to talk unheeded of the dulness of the publishing trade, and the tightness of money in the City. Thanks to this circumstance, he lost nothing in her opinion, whilst his silent homage and assiduities recommended him so much to her good graces, that at parting he received an especial token of her favour.

"Mr. Booby," said the lady, and she drew an embossed card from an elegant silver case, and presented it to the young publisher, "you must come and see me."

Mr. Booby was of course highly delighted and deeply honoured; not merely verbally, but actually and physically; for, as he took the embossed card, his blood thrilled with delight to the very tips of his fingers. Not that he was in love with the donor; though still handsome, she was past the middle-age, and, indeed, old enough, according to the popular phrase, to have been his mother. But then she was so lady-like and well-bred, and had such a carriage—the dark brown one—and so affable—with a footman and a gold-headed cane—quite a first-rate connexion—with a silver crest on the harness—and oh! such a capital pair of well-matched greys! These considerations were all very gratifying to his ambition; but, above all, his vanity was flattered by a condescension which confirmed him in an opinion he had long indulged in secret—namely, that in personal appearance, manners, and fashion he was a compound of the Apollo Belvidere and Lord Chesterfield, with a touch of Count D'Orsay. But the lady speaks.

"Any morning, Mr. Booby, except Wednesday and Friday. I shall be at home all the rest of the week, and shall leave orders for your admittance."

Mr. Booby bowed, as far as he could, after the fashion of George IV.—escorted the lady into the street as nearly as possible in the style of the Master of the Ceremonies at

Brighton, and then handed her into her carriage with the air, as well as he could imitate it, of a French Marquis of the *ancien régime.*

"I shall expect you, Mr. Booby," said the lady, through the carriage-window. "And as an inducement"—here she smiled mysteriously, and nodded significantly—"you shall have a peep at my Camberwell Beauty."

CHAPTER II.

"And did he go?"

Why, as to his figure, it had been three times cut out, at full length, in black paper—once on the Chain Pier at Brighton —once in Regent-street, and once—

"But did he go?"

Then, for his face, he had twice had it done in oil, thrice in crayons, and once in pencil by Wageman. Moreover, he had had it miniatured by Lover—and he had been in treaty with Behnes for his bust, but the marbling came so expensive—

"But did he go, I say?"

So expensive that he gave up the design, and contented himself with a mask in plaster of Paris.

"But did he go?"

Yes—to both. To Collen for a half-length, and to Beard for a whole one. I think that was all—but no—he went to What's-his-name, the modeller, and had a cast taken of his leg.

"Hang his leg! Did he go or not?"

To be sure he was a tradesman; but his line was a genteel one; and his shop was double-fronted, in a first-rate thorough-

fare, and lighted with gas. Then as to his business, with strict assiduity and attention, and a little more punctuality and despatch—

"Confound his business!—Did—he—go?"

To the Opera? Yes, often. And had his clothes made at the West End—and gave champagne—and backed a horse or two for the Derby—and smoked cigars—and was altogether, for a tradesman, very much of a gentleman.

"But, for the last time, did he go?"

Where?

"Why, to see the Beauty!"

He did.

"What, to Camberwell?"

No; but to the looking-glass, over the mantelshelf in his own dining-room, and where, Narcissus like, he gazed at his reflected image till he actually persuaded himself that he was as unique as the Valdarfer Boccaccio, and as elegantly got up as Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

CHAPTER III.

THE dark brown chariot was gone.

As it rattled away, and just as the drab back of the footman disappeared, Mr. Booby turned his attention to the embossed card, and deliberately read the address thrice over.

"Mrs. E. G. Heathcote,
Grove Terrace, Camberwell."

To what wild dreams, to what extravagant speculations did it give birth! He had evidently made a favourable impression on the mature lady, and might not his merits do

him as good service with her daughter, or niece, or ward, or whatever she was, the young lovely creature to whom she had alluded by so charming a title. The Camberwell Beauty! The acknowledged Venus of that large and populous parish! The Beauty of all the Grove, and Grove Lane—of the Old road and the New—of all the Green—of Church-row and the Terrace, of all Champion and Denmark Hills—of all Cold Harbour Lane! The loveliest of the lovely, from the Red Cap on the north to the Greyhound on the south—from the Holland Arms in the east to the Blue Anchor in the west.

"Here, Perry, reach me the Book of Beauty."

The shopman handed the volume to his master, who began earnestly to look through the illustrations, wondering which of those bewitching countesses, or mistresses, or misses, the fair *incognita* might resemble. But such speculations were futile, so the book was closed and thrown aside; and then his thoughts reverting to his own personal pretensions, he passed his fingers through his hair, adjusted his collar, and drawing himself up to his full height, took a long look at his legs. But this survey was partial and unsatisfactory, and accordingly striding up the stairs, three at once, he appealed to the looking-glass in the dining-room, as stated in the preceding chapter.

The verdict of the mirror has been told, and the result was a conviction in the mind of Mr. Booby, that sometime, and somewhere, the Beauty must have been smitten with his elegant appearance—perhaps in an open carriage at Epsom—perhaps in the street—but most probably as he was standing up, the observed of all observers, in the pit of Her Majesty's Theatre.

For the rest of the day Mr. Booby retired from business; indeed, he was in a state of exaltation that unfitted him for mercantile affairs, or any of the commonplace operations of

life. The cloth was laid, and the dinner was served up, but he could not eat; and as usual in such cases, he laid the blame on the cook and the butcher. The soles were smoked, the melted butter was oiled, the potatoes were over-boiled, the steak was fresh killed, the tart was execrable, and the cheese had been kept too dry. In short he relished nothing except the bumper of sherry, which he filled and drank off, dedicating it mentally to the Camberwell Beauty.

The second glass was poured out and quaffed to his own honour, and the third was allotted to an extempore sentiment, which rolled the two former toasts into one. These ceremonies performed, he again consulted the mirror over the mantelshelf, carefully pocket-combing his hair, and plucking up his collar as before. But these were mere commonplace manœuvres compared with those in which he afterwards indulged.

Now, of all absurd animals, a man in love is the most ridiculous, and of course doubly so if he should be in love with two at once, himself and a lady. This being precisely the case with Mr. Booby, he gave a loose to his two-fold passion, and committed follies enough for a brace of love-lunatics. It would have cured a quinsy to have seen and heard how he strutted, and chuckled, and smiled, and talked to himself—how he practised bowing, and sliding, and kneeling, and sighing—how he threw himself into attitudes and ecstasies, and then how he twisted and wriggled to look at his calves, and as far as he could all round his waist, and up his back! Never, never was there a man in such a fever of vanity and love delirium, since the conceited Steward, who walked in yellow-stockings and cross-gartered, and dreamt that he was a fitting mate for the Beauty of Illyria!

CHAPTER IV.

ALL lovers are dreamers—

"In real earnest!"

Perfectly, miss. They are notorious visionaries, whether asleep or awake.

"Why, then, of all things, let us have the dream of Mr. Bobby about the Camberwell Beauty. It must have been such a very curious one, considering that he had never seen the lady!"

It was, and, remembering his business, rather characteristic to boot. I have hinted before, how vainly he had tried, during the day, to paint an ideal portrait of the Fair Unknown, and no sooner were his eyes closed at night, than a similar series of vague figures and faces began to tantalise him in his sleep. Dim feminine shapes, of every style of beauty, flitted before him, and vanished like daguerreotype images which there was not light enough to fix. Before he could examine, or choose, and say, "this must be the Idol," the transitory phantom was gone, or transfigured. The blonde ripened into a brunette, the brunette bleached into a blonde before he could decide on either complexion. Flaxen tresses darkened into jet—raven locks brightened into golden ringlets, and yellow curls into auburn, before he could prefer one colour to another. Black eyes changed at a wink into grey; blue in a twinkling to hazel, but no, they were green! The commanding figure dwindled into a sylph, the fairy swelled into the fine woman, the majestic Juno melted into a Venus, the rosy Hebe became a pale Minerva —who in turn looked for a moment like the lady in the frontispiece to the "Book of Beauty;" and then, one after another, like all the Beauties at Hampton Court!

Alas! amid such a bewildering galaxy, how could he fix on the Beauty of Camberwell!

One angelic figure, which retained its shape and features somewhat longer than the rest, informed him, by the mysterious correspondence of dreams, that she was the Beauty of Buttermere. Another lovely phantom, who presented herself rather vividly, by signs understood only in visions, let him know that she was the Beauty who had espoused the gentle Beast. And, finally, a whole bevy of Nymphs and Graces suddenly appeared at once, but as suddenly changed—

"Into what—pray what?"

Why, into a row of books, and which signified to him by their lettered backs that they were "Beauties of England and Wales!"

CHAPTER V.

THURSDAY morning!—

It was the first day on which Mrs. E. G. Heathcote, of Grove Terrace, Camberwell, was to be "at home;" and the eager Mr. Booby had resolved to avail himself of the very earliest opportunity for a visit. A determination not formed so much on his own account, as for the sake of the enamoured love-sick creature, whom his vanity painted as sitting on pins, needles, thorns, tenter-hooks, and all the other pickëd-pointed articles which are properly supposed to stuff the seats, cushions, pillows, and bolsters of the chairs, beds, sofas, and settees of anxious and impatient people.

Accordingly, no sooner was breakfast over, than, snatching up his hat, he set out—

"Ah, to Gracious Street for the homnibus!"

No, ma'am—to the Poultry for a pair of exquisitely-made

French gloves, that fitted better than his skin, and were of the most delicate lemon-colour that you ever, or never, saw. Thence he went to Cheapside, where he treated himself to a superfine thirty-shilling beaver, of a fashionable shape, that admirably suited the character of his physiognomy; after which he bought, I forget where, a bottle of genuine Eau de Cologne—the sort that is manufactured by Jean Marie Farina, and by nobody else—and finally, looking in at a certain noted shop near the Mansion-house, he purchased a bouquet of the choicest and rarest flowers of the season.

"Well, and then he went to the bus."

No—he returned home to dress—namely, in his best blue coat with brass buttons, a fancy waistcoat, black trousers, and patent leather boots. His shirt was frilled—with an ample allowance of white cuff—and his silken cravat was of a pale sky-blue. Of course he did not fail to consult the looking-glass in the dining-room, which assured him that his costume was complete. The shopmen, however, to whom he afterwards submitted the question, were more inclined to demur. The clerk thought that a union pin would have been an improvement to the cravat, and the porter would have preferred a few mosaic studs in the shirt-front. In answer to which, the master, who had consulted them, declared that they knew nothing about the matter.

In the meantime the hour struck which he had appointed in his own mind for the start, so hastily striding up Cornhill and turning into Gracechurch-street, he luckily obtained the last vacant place in an omnibus which was already on the move. As usual, the number of the passengers was considerably reduced ere the vehicle reached the Red Cap, at the Green—in fact, there remained but three gentlemen besides Mr. Booby, who, after some preliminary conversation, contrived to turn the discourse on the subject that lay

nearest his heart. But he took nothing by his motion. A little cross-looking old fellow, in the corner-seat, looked knowing but said nothing: the other two passengers declared that they had never heard of the Camberwell Beauty.

"I am going to see her, however," said Mr. Booby.

"Are you, sir?" retorted the little crabbed-looking old gentleman in the corner-seat. "Well, I hope you may get her!"

"I hope, in fact, I have reason to believe, that I shall," replied the self-confident Mr. Booby, and twitching the macintosh of the conductor, he desired to be set down at the bottom of the Grove.

"It is rather strange," he thought, as he walked slowly up the hill, "that they have not heard of her. The little old chap in the corner, though, seemed to know her, and to be rather jealous of me. But, no—it's impossible that he can be a rival;" and as he said this, there occurred a corresponding alteration in his gait—"perhaps he's her father or her uncle."

CHAPTER VI.

Bravo, Vanity!

Of all friends in need, seconds, backers, confidants, helpers, and comforters, there is none like Self-Conceit! Of all the Life Assurances in England, from the Mutual to the Equitable, there is none like Self-Assurance! It defies the cold water of timidity and the wet blankets of diffidence—and against the aguish, chilly, and hot fits of modesty it is as sovereign as Quinine!

How many men, for instance, on a similar errand to that of the young bookseller, would have felt nerve-quakes and

tremor cordis, and have scarcely mustered courage enough to pull the bell at the gate! How many would have remained in the front garden shilly-shallying like Master Slender, till the Camberwell Beauty herself came forth, as sweet Anne Page did, to entreat her bashful wooer to enter the premises!

Not so with Mr. Booby; as soon as he had ascertained the right house, he walked resolutely up to the door, and played on the knocker something very analogous to a flourish of trumpets. The well-known footman in the drab livery appeared to the summons and admitted the visitor, who contrived during his progress through the hall to smooth his coat-tails, pluck up his collar, pull down his white cuffs, and pass his pocket-comb through his hair. He was going, moreover, to hang up his hat; but luckily remembered the present mode, and that the beaver was bran new, wherefore he carried it with him into the drawing-room—a very indifferent fashion, be it said, and particularly in the case of an invitation to dinner, for what can be more ridiculous than to see a guest sitting hat in hand, as if he had dropped in unasked, and was far from certain of a welcome.

"And did he see the Beauty?"

No, madam. Mrs. Heathcote was alone: but obviously prepared for the visit. A number of handsomely bound books almost covered the round table, some of them open, and exhibiting coloured plates illustrative of Conchology, Geology, and Botany; others were devoted to Ornithology and Entomology—hinting, by the way, that the lady was rather multifarious in her studies.

In manner she was as condescending, affable, and agreeable as ever, and as chatty as usual, in her low sweet voice. Nevertheless, her visitor did not feel quite so much at his ease as he had anticipated. After the first compliments

and commonplace remarks on the weather, the lady's conversation became perplexingly scientific, her allusions distressingly obscure, while technical terms, and classical proper names, fell in quick succession from her lips. Some of the names seemed familiar to the ear of the listener, but before he could determine whether he had heard them at school, or in his business, or at the opera, he was obliged to "give them up," and direct his guesses to a fresh set of riddles. Every moment he was getting more mystified;—he knew no more than a dog whether she was talking mythology, or metaphysics, or natural history, or algebra, or alchemy, or astrology, or all six of them at once.

This ignorance was sufficiently irksome; but it soon became alarming, for she began to make more direct appeals to him, and occasionally seemed surprised and dissatisfied with his answers. His old shifts, besides, were no longer of any avail—she turned a deaf ear to his quotations from the *Times* and *Herald*—the theatrical movements, the odds at Tattersall's, and the progress of the New Royal Exchange. Above all, he trembled to find that the extraordinary mental efforts he was compelled to make in order to keep pace with her, were fast driving out of his head all the pretty speeches which he had prepared for a more interesting conference. In a word, he was thoroughly flabbergasted—as completely topsyturvied in his ideas as the fly that walks on the ceiling with its head downwards. What course to take he knew no more than that vainly enlightened man, the man in the moon. He fidgeted in his seat, coughed, sighed, blew his nose, sniffed at the bouquet, looked "all round his hat," then into it, and then on the crown of it, but without making any discovery. The lady meanwhile talking on, in a full stream, for all he knew, like Coleridge on the Samo-Thracian Mysteries!

"Well, well, never mind her nonsense."

Poor Booby! His conceit was fast being taken out of him. His vanity was oozing out at every pore of his body—his assurance seemed peeling off his face, like the skin after a fever. He was dying to see the Beauty—but alas! there was that eternal tongue, inexhaustible as an Artesian spring, still pouring, pouring,—by the way, ma'am, did you ever read the "Arabian Nights?"

"Of course, sir."

Well, then, you will remember the story of the tailor who, burning, broiling, and frying to see his beauty of Bagdad by appointment, was detained, half-shaved, hour after hour, by Es-Sámit, the garrulous barber. Now, call the tailor Mr. Booby, and put the babbling tonsor into petticoats, and you will have an exact notion of the case—how the lady gossipped, and how the perplexed lover fretted and fumed, till, like the oriental, he felt "as if his gall-bladder had burst," and was ready to cry out with him, "For the sake of heaven be silent, for thou hast crumbled my liver!"

"Dear me, how shocking!"

Very! In spite of the rudeness of the act he could not refrain from looking at his watch—an hour had passed, and yet there had been no more mention of the Beauty than if she had been doomed, like the Sleeping one, to lie dormant for a hundred years. The most distressing doubts and misgivings began to creep over him. For example, that the talkative lady was not precisely of sound mind—she was certainly rather flighty and rambling in her discourse—and consequently that the lovely being she had promised to introduce to him might be altogether a fiction! His spirits sank at the idea, like the quicksilver before a hurricane, and he heartily wished himself back in his own shop, or his warehouse—anywhere but alone in the same room with a

crazy woman, who talked Encyclopædias, till he was as heavy at heart, as confused in his head, and as uneasy all over as if he had just feasted with a geologist on pudding-stone and conglomerate.

Never had he been so mystified and confounded in all his life! Accustomed to revolve in the circle of his own perfections, his thoughts were utterly at fault when called to the consideration of circumstances and combinations at all, complex or extraordinary; whilst his superficial knowledge, limited to the covers of books, failed to furnish him with any hint towards the unravelment of a mystery quite equal, in his estimation, to the intricacies of a romance. What would he not have given for a few minutes' private consultation with his Co, with his Clerk, or even with his Porter!

A dozen times he was on the point of rising, determined to plead a sudden headache, a bleeding at the nose, or a forgotten engagement; and certainly ere long he would have said or done something desperate if the eccentric lady had not, of her own accord, put a period to his suspense by saying abruptly,

"But we have gossipped enough, Mr. Booby, and I must now introduce you to my Camberwell Beauty."

The crisis was come! The important interview was at hand! Mr. Booby sprang to his feet, twitched his collar, plucked his cuffs, set up his hair, clapped his bran new hat under his left arm, and smelling and smiling at his bouquet, walked jauntily on his tiptoes, at the invitation of the lady, into a sort of boudoir.

* * * * *

CHAPTER VII.

"And was the Beauty in the little room?"

Yes,—there was also a couch in it, and a most luxurious library chair. One side of the wall was covered with cases of stuffed birds of the smaller species, the opposite side was occupied by cases of shells, and specimens of minerals, and metallic ores, and the third side was taken up with cases of beetles, moths, and butterflies.

"But the Beauty?"

On the sofa-table lay a Hortus Siccus for botanical specimens, and a Scrap-book,—both open.

"But the Beauty?"

In one corner of the room, on a kind of a pedestal, was a bust of Cuvier; in the opposite corner, on a similar stand, a head of Werner; in the third nook was that of Rossini; and in the fourth stood a handsome perch for a parrot, but the bird was dead or absent. Over the door—

"No, no—the Beauty?"

Over the door was a half-length of the lady herself, in a fancy dress; and from the centre of the ceiling hung a small Chinese lantern.

"The Beauty?"

In the recess of the solitary window, on a stand, stood a compound birdcage, *à la* Bechstein, enclosing a globe of gold fish, and surmounted by a basket of flowers. The floor,—which was Turkey carpeted—

"The Beauty? the Beauty?"

The floor was littered with various articles, including a guitar,—a large porcelain jar,—and a little wicker-work kennel for a lapdog,—but the dog like the parrot was deficient.

"The Beauty? the Beauty? the Beauty?"

"My dear madam, pray have a little patience, and read "Blue Beard;" how nearly his last wife was destroyed by her curiosity. My mystery is not yet ripe, and you have even less right to the key of my Romance than Fatima had to the key of the Bloody Chamber.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVERY person of common observation must have remarked the vast contrast between the carriage of a man going *up*, and the bearing of the same man going *down* in the world!

In the first case how he trips, how he brightens, how he jokes, how he laughs, how he dances, how he sings, how he whistles, how he admires, how he loves; in the second predicament—how he stumps, how he glumps, how he sneers, how he satirizes, how he grumbles, how he frowns, how he vilifies, how he hates—in short, how he behaves with a difference, like Mr. Booby.

As he ascended Grove-hill his step was brisk and elastic, he simpered complacently, held his bouquet mincingly in his lemon-coloured glove, and had his new hat stuck jauntily a little on one side of his head.

As he descended the steep, his tread was heavy, sometimes amounting to a stamp, the flowers had been thrashed into a bundle of stalks, the delicate kid glove was being gnawed into a mitten, and the bran new beaver was sullenly thrust down over his eyebrows.

As he mounted, his eyes were cast upward towards the elm-tree tops, as if looking for birds' nests.

As he descended, his eyes were turned to the gravel-path, as if in search of Brazilian pebbles.

As he went up, he hummed "La çi darem."

As he went down, he muttered curses between his teeth.

In going up, he had carefully picked his way, avoiding every dirty spot.

In going down, he tramped recklessly through the mud, and stepped into the very middle of the puddles.

"And had the Beauty slighted him?"

Why, those persons who saw him come out of the house-door, remarked as he stumbled down the steps, that his face was as red and hot as a fiery furnace: others, who did not notice him till he had cleared the front garden-gate, observed that his complexion was as pale as ashes. And both reports were true, for like the Factions of the Red and White Roses, did Anger and Vexation alternately domineer and hoist their colours by turns in his countenance.

"But had the Beauty really behaved ill to him?"

Why, in going to the house he had conducted himself towards men, women, and children, with a studied and almost affected courtesy; whereas in going from the premises he jostled the gentlemen, took the wall of ladies, punched each little boy who came within reach of his arm, and kicked every dog that ran within range of his foot.

"Then she *had* been scornful to him!"

Every body in the street looked after him. Some thought that he was mad; some, that he was in liquor—others, that he was walking for a wager, and, from his ill temper, that he was losing it.

"Poor man!"

However, on he went, striding, frowning, muttering, and swearing, gnawing one kid glove, and shaking the other like a muffin-bell. On he went—like an overdriven beast—on

through Church-street, and away across the Green, kicking hoops, tops, and marbles; thumping little boys, and poking little girls, snubbing nursemaids, making faces at their babies, and grinning viciously at everything in nature that came within his scope. He was out of humour with heaven and earth. It pleased him to know, by a sudden yell in the road, that a cur was run over; and he was rather glad than otherwise to see a horse in the pound.

"Poor fellow! how cruelly he must have been treated!"

Well, on he went to the Red Cap, where an omnibus was just on the point of starting.

It was invitingly empty, so without asking whether it went to the East or West End, in jumped Mr. Booby, and threw himself on the centre seat at the further end of the vehicle. And now, for the first time, he had leisure to feel that he had been worked and walked, morally as well as physically, into a violent heat. He let down all the windows that would go down, tugged out his handkerchief, wiped the dew from his face, and then fanned himself with his hat. The process somewhat cooled the outer man, but his temper remained as warm as ever, and at last found vent.

"Confound the old fool!" he exclaimed, with an angry stamp on the floor of the omnibus—"Confound the old fool with her Camberwell Beauty! Why didn't she tell me it was a Butterfly!" *

* *Vanessa Antiopa*—deriving its English name from having been first observed at the suburban village in Surrey. The famous clown, Grimaldi, who was a butterfly-fancier, described the Camberwell Beauty as "very ugly."

THE CONFESSIONS OF A PHŒNIX.

"How! dead!
How dead? Why, very dead indeed!"
Killing no Murder.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS once dead.

"Eh! how! what!" interrupts the Courteous Reader naturally startled by such a posthumous announcement.

"What! dead, dead, dead!" inquires a Criminal Judge, unconsciously using the legal formula.

"What! food for worms?" exclaims a great Tragedian.

"What! gone to another and a better world?" says a sentimental spinster.

"Or to a wus," snuffles a sanctified shoemaker.

"What, to that bourne," says a Bagman, "to which no traveller makes more than one journey?"

"What,—unriddled that great enigma!" cries a metaphysician, "of which we obtain no solution but by dissolution?"

"Or, in plain English, *Hic Jacet?*" puts in an Undertaker.

"What, hopped the twig?—kicked the bucket?—bowled out?—gone to pot?—mizzled?—ticked off?—struck off the roster!—slipped your cable?—lost the number of your mess?" ask as many professional querists.

"Oh! a case of suspended animation—hung and cut down!"

"Or a cut throat, and sewed up?"

"Poisoned and pumped out?" hints a Medical Student.

"Drowned, and 'unsuffocated gratis?'" quotes a reader of "Don Juan."

"Or buried in a trance?" guesses a Transcendental speculator.

"Poo, poo! he means dead-beat," cries a Sportsman.

"Or dead lame," prompts a Veterinarian.

"Or dead asleep," proposes a Mesmerizer.

"Or dead drunk," mutters a Tea-totaller.

"Or only metaphorically," suggests a Poet.

But begging the pardon of the Poet, the Tea-totaller, the Mesmerizer, the Horse-Doctor, and the Student, I had no such meaning: but that I was departed, deceased, demised, defunct, or whatever term may denote the grand Terminus.

"What! as dead as a house—as a herring—as a door-nail—as dumps—as ditch-water—as mutton——"

Yes—or as Cheops, or Julius Cæsar, or Giles Scroggins, or Miss Bailey. In short, as declared before, I was once dead—a regular subject for the Necrologist—an entry for the Registrar—an item for the Obituary as thus:

"On the 3rd instant, suddenly, Peregrine Phœnix, Esq., of Clapham Rise."

CHAPTER II.

"To be sure," murmurs Memory, applying her right forefinger to her forehead, and pressing on her own organ, "to be sure there have been many persons who, though seemingly dead, and even interred, have afterwards returned to life. For example: the wife of Reichmuth Adolch, the Councillor of Cologne, who died of the plague, and was buried with a diamond ring on her finger, and was revived by the violence of the thievish sexton in wrenching off the ornament. Then

there was Monsieur François de Civille, thrice coffined and thrice restored; not to forget the romantic tale of the lady of Nicholas Chassenemi, who was rescued from the grave by her old lover Cariscendi. Also, the Honourable Mrs. Godfrey, Mistress of the Robes to Queen Anne, and sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, who lay in a trance for a week. Then there was Isabella Wilson, who, after eleven days of rigid insensibility, would have been entombed but for the interference of the Doctor, who felt some warmth about the heart; and Mr. Cowherd, of Cartmell, Lancashire, who revived after being laid out; and Isaac Rooke, who revived after a coroner had been summoned; and Walter Wynkbourne, executed on the gallows at Leicester in 1350—but jolted to life in a cart. Above all, there was Anne Green, who, after being hung and pulled by the legs, and struck on the chest by the butt-end of a musket, yet recovered, and married and bore three children."

"Hout aye," chimes in a Scottish Mnemosyne. "And there was yon Ill-hangit Maggie, as they ca'd her."

"Yaw, yaw," adds a Teutonic Remembrancer. "Also dere vas de Yarman, Martin Grab, who comed to himself quite lively, after he was a corpse."

And so he did. And thereby hangs a tale of the DEAD-ALIVE, which will serve for a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER III.

IN the Free City of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, the bodies of the dead are not kept for several days, as with us, in the house of mourning, but are promptly removed to a public cemetery. In order to guard, however, against premature

interment, the remains are always retained above ground till certain signs of decomposition are apparent; and besides this precaution, in case of suspended animation, the fingers of the corpse are fastened to a bell-rope, communicating with an alarum, so that, on the slightest movement, the body rings for the help which it requires for its resuscitation—a watcher and a medical attendant being constantly at hand.

Now the duty of answering the Life-bell had devolved on one Peter Klopp—no very onerous service, considering that for thirty years since he had been the official "Death Watch," the metallic tongue of the alarum had never sounded a single note. The defunct Frankforters committed to his charge had remained, one and all, man, woman, and child, as stiff, as still, and as silent, as so many stocks and stones. Not that in every case the vital principle was necessarily extinct: in some bodies out of so many thousands it doubtless lingered, like a spark amongst the ashes—but disinclined by the national phlegm to any active assertion of its existence.

For a German, indeed, there is a charm in a certain vaporous dreamy state, between life and death, between sleeping and waking, which a Transcendental Spirit would not willingly dissolve. Be that as it might, the deceased Frankforters all lay in their turns in the Corpse-Chamber, as passive as statues in marble. Not a limb stirred—not a muscle twitched—not a finger contracted, and consequently not a note sounded to startle the ear or try the nerves of Peter Klopp.

In fine, he became a confirmed sceptic as to such resuscitations. The bell had never rung, and he felt certain that it never would ring—unless from the vibrations of an earthquake. No, no—Death and the Doctors did their work too surely for their patients to relapse into life in any such

manner. And truly, it is curious to observe that in proportion to the multiplication of Physicians, and the progress of Medical science, the number of Revivals has decreased. The Exanimate no longer rally as they used to do some centuries since—when Aloys Schneider was restored by the jolting of his own coffin, and Margaret Schöning, leaving her death-bed, walked down to supper in her last linen.

So reasoned Peter Klopp, who, long past the first tremors and fancies of his noviciate, had come, by dint of custom, to look at the bodies in his care but as so many logs or bales of goods committed to the temporary custody of a Plutonian warehouseman, or Lethean wharfinger. But he was doomed to be signally undeceived.

In the month of September, just after the autumnal Frankfort Fair, Martin Grab, a middle-aged man, of plethoric habits, after dining heartily on soup, sour krout, veal-cutlets with bullace sauce, carp in wine-jelly, blood sausage, wild boar brawn, herring salad, sweet pudding, Leipsic larks, sour cream with cinnamon, and a bowlfull of plums, by way of dessert—suddenly dropped down insensible. As he was pronounced to be dead by the Doctor, the body was conveyed as usual, within twelve hours, to the public cemetery, where being deposited in the Corpse-Chamber, the rest was left to the care and vigilance of the Death-Watch, Peter Klopp.

Accordingly, having taken a last look at his old acquaintance, he carefully twisted the rope of the Life-Bell round the dead man's fingers, and then retiring into his own sanctorum, lighted his pipe, and was soon in that foggy Paradise, which a true German would not exchange for all the odour of Araby the Blessed, and the society of the Houris.

"And did the fat man come to life again?"

Patience, my dear madam, patience, and you shall hear.

It was past midnight, and in the Corpse-Chamber, hung with dismal black, the lifeless body of Martin Grab was lying in its shroud as still as a marble statue. At his head, the solitary funeral lamp burned without a flicker—there was no breath of air to disturb the flame, or to curve the long spider-lines that hung perpendicularly from the ceiling. The silence was intense. You might have heard the ghost of a whisper or the whisper of a ghost, if there had been one present to utter it—but the very air seemed dead and stagnant—not elastic enough for a sigh even from a spirit.

In the adjoining room reposed the Death-Watch, Peter Klopp. He had thrown himself, in his clothes, on his little bed, with his pipe still between his lips. Here, too, all was silent and still. Not a cricket chirped—nor a mouse stirred—nor a draught of air. The light smoke of the pipe mounted directly upward, and mingled with its cloudlike shadows on the ceiling. The eye would have detected the flitting of a mote, the ear would have caught the rustling of a straw, but all was quiet as the grave, still as its steadfast tombs—when suddenly the shrill hurried peal of the alarm-bell—the very same sound which for fifteen long years he had nightly listened for—the very same sound that for as many long years he had utterly ceased to expect—abruptly startled the slumbering senses of Peter Klopp!

In an instant he was out of bed and on his feet, but without the power of further progress. His terror was extreme. To be waked suddenly in a fright is sufficiently dreadful; but to be roused in the dead of the night by so awful a summons—by a call, as it were, from beyond the grave, to help the invisible spirit—perhaps a Demon's—to reanimate a cold, clammy Corpse—what wonder that the poor wretch stood shuddering, choking, gasping for breath,

with his hair standing upright on his head, his eyes starting out of their orbits, his teeth chattering, his hands clutched, his limbs paralysed, and a cold sweat oozing out from every pore of his body! In the first spasm of horror his jaws had collapsed with such force, that he had bitten through the stem of his pipe, the bowl and stalk falling to the floor, whilst the mouthpiece passed into his throat, and agitated him with new convulsions. In the very crisis of this struggle, a loud crash resounded from the Corpse-Chamber —then came a rattling noise, as of loose boards, followed by a stifled cry—then a strange unearthly shout, which the Death-Watch answered with as unnatural a shriek, and instantly fell headlong, on his face, to the stone-floor!

"Poor fellow! Why, it was enough to kill him."

It did, madam. The noise alarmed the resident doctor and the military patrole, who rushed into the building, and lo! a strange and horrid sight! There lay on the ground the unfortunate Death-Watch, stiff and insensible; whilst the late Corpse, in its grave clothes, bent over him, eagerly administering the stimulants, and applying the restoratives that had been prepared against its own revival. But all human help was in vain. Peter Klopp was no more—whereas Martin Grab was alive, and actually stepping into the dead man's shoes, became, and is at this day, the official Death-Watch at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

CHAPTER IV.

"And do you really mean to say, sir," exclaims a vulgar-looking personage, in a black rusty suit, with black-silk gloves, black-cotton stockings, and a hat of two colours, black and sleek at bottom, and brown and shabby at top; a figure, a good deal like a decayed apothecary of the old school—"Do you really mean to say, sir, that you hactually obiited and resurgam'd like the appoplectic German gemman as ate such a wery hearty last meal?"

Well, and what then?

"Why, then, sir, it's the beer, that's all."

The bier?

"Yes, the double X. You see, sir, the truth is, I've laid myself three quarterns of rum to a pot of ale, as how it was not a reglar requiescat, nor a boney fide Celo quies, but only a weekly dispatch."

A *Weekly Dispatch?*

"Yes, or a Morning Post Mortum. Not a natural hexit, you know. Not a true Bill of Mortality—but that you was only killed by the perodical press, like lord Brougham!"

Humph! That such a rusty raven should pluck out the heart of my mystery! That such a walking shadow should throw a light on my enigma! But the fellow's guess is correct. I died only in print. The great Composer had no hand in it: my everlasting rest was set up by a compositor of the *Morning Herald!*

"*On the 3rd instant, suddenly, Peregrine Phœnix, Esq., of Clapham Rise.*"

CHAPTER V.

WHAT a strange sensation it caused, the reading of that mortal paragraph! A feeling only to be understood by those who have been put out of the world by the Globe, had their days ended by the Sun, been posted to eternity by the Post, or sent on their last journey by the Evening Mail!

The newspaper that morning came late; and when the fatal sentence met my glance, I was, like Hamlet's father, "full of bread." I had already finished my morning's repast, but by an instinctive impulse I took another egg, and began breakfasting over again. A sort of practical assertion of the animal functions—and I never enjoyed a meal so much in my life. What a zest it had! Each separate morsel by its peculiar substance, flavour, or aroma, giving the lie, backed by the three senses of Touch, Taste, and Smell, to that abominable announcement! The noble Athelstane, when he escaped in his grave-clothes from the funeral vault of St. Edmond's Abbey, did not attack the venison-pasty and the wine-bottle with more relish! There was a certain pleasure even in a crumb's going the wrong way!

"What!" exclaims Civic Apoplexy, his face as crimson as the wattles of an enraged turkey-cock, his tongue struggling for utterance, and his eyes protruding, like pupils about to be expelled by the head master, "a comfort in choking!"

Yes, my dear Alderman, as an evidence of active existence. Unlike the race-horse, every cough is in your favour.

For my own part, oh, how vividly I delighted in the grating in the throat, the soreness of the lungs, the watering of the eyes, which told how, instead of being dead, I had

merely lost my breath! How deliciously I enjoyed every symptom, otherwise disagreeable, of vitality! The imputed absence of my life made me intensely sensible of its presence. I felt, methought, the warm blood coursing through my veins and arteries, and tingling in the very nails of my fingers and toes. Every movement of the machine, beforetime withdrawn from notice, had become decidedly perceptible. I had a distinct notion of the peristaltic motion, and seemed absolutely conscious of the growth of my hair!

"What, without Macassar! Impossible!"

Perhaps so, Mr. Rowland, but it seemed probable. And then how delightedly I strutted about, and boxed with Nobody, and fenced with my own shadow, and spouted like a 'Bartlemy Tragedian. No, no—I was not dead. A gentleman who eats two breakfasts

> "And lightly draws his breath,
> And feels his life in ev'ry limb,
> What should he know of Death?"

My next act was to ring for my servant, who entered, and found me grimacing before the looking-glass—dead men don't make faces.

"John, where was I, and what did I do on Friday last, the 3rd instant?"

"Let me see—you rowed on the river, sir, in the wherry."

"What, with Charon?"

"No, sir, with Mr. Emery."

"Very good, that will do, John."

And joyous as a blackbird in Spring, I began to whistle Dibdin's air of "Jack's Alive." By an association of ideas, Dibdin's verses put me in mind of Sterne, and darting off at a tangent to my library I pulled down the first volume of Tristram Shandy, and began to read aloud the extempore

lecture of Corporal Trim on the text of "Are we not here now, and are we not gone in a moment?" with his cocked hat illustration of sudden death. "But I am alive," said the foolish, fat scullion.

Oh, how I admired that fat scullion! I could have hugged her in spite of her grease—our feelings, our sympathies were in such perfect unison! Trim's Funeral Sermon had been to her the same in effect as my obituary paragraph in the *Herald*.

In the meantime, the ten o'clock Clapham omnibus called for me as usual; I put on my hat and gloves, took my walking-stick (the dead don't walk with sticks), got into the vehicle, seated myself, and remarked with a smile all round.

"Well, this is better than a hearse."

A speech natural and significant enough under my peculiar circumstances, but to the rest of the company, who wanted the key, a mere impertinent truism.

One gentleman in particular seemed personally disgusted and offended by the observation, and on glancing at his beaver, I perceived he wore a hatband. Somebody dead of course—but it was not Peregrine Phœnix, Esquire, of Clapham Rise, a reflection which made that vivacious personage as merry as the music after a soldier's funeral.

The confinement of the omnibus, and the reserve of its passengers, ere long became intolerable; the first cramped the physical activity, and the last checked the flow of animal spirits of a man more alive than common. So taking a hearty tug at the conductor's dreadnought, I was set down, and walked off at the rate of four miles an hour, and humming,

"Life let us cherish,"

along the London-road. But I was soon arrested by a

spectacle of uncommon interest—an undertaker's shop, with all the grim and glittering emblems of the craft in the window. I had passed them a hundred times before without notice, but now the establishment had for me all the interest of an exhibition.

I examined every painted scutcheon, as if for an æsthetic critique—scrutinized the mottoes and inscriptions as if for an archæological essay—examined each crest and blazonry with heraldic relish, and inspected the shining coffin-plates and handles with the zest of an antiquary poring over rusty pieces of antique armour. A device of a flying cherub was gazed at like a design of Raffaele's, and the notification of "Funerals Performed," was read over and over again like a love posy. But above all, I was smitten with an emblem which had formerly seemed rather a repulsive one—a Death's head and cross-bones—especially the dreary skull with its vacant eyelet holes, and that sardonic grin—whereas now, a laughing eye within the dark cavity seemed to tip me a knowing wink, and the ghastly grin was become a smile so contagious, that I felt myself smiling from ear to ear.

All this time the hammer had sounded merrily—yes, *merrily* from the interior of the shop, and looking in at the door, I saw the master, with his journeyman, busied in the last decoration of a handsome black coffin, lined with white satin—to some, perhaps, a dismal object, but to me a poetical one, like

——— "A sable cloud
That turns its silver lining on the night."

I read the name engraved on the silver plate thrice over, and with a novel but pleasant curiosity, informed myself minutely of all the particulars of the age, business, and circumstances of the deceased.

And when, pray, did the poor gentleman die?

"On the 3rd instant, sir, rather suddenly."

The very day that *I* did not!—Oh! the electric thrill of life that ran through every fibre of my frame at that coincidence of dates! The vivid revelation of a stirring, vital principle, that glowed from head to heel! I am convinced that for a man to know, to feel, to enjoy his existence, to be properly conscious of his being, he must be put into the Obituary! Till then, he is like the flounders that didn't flounder.

"But the fish are dead," objected the Cook.

"Not them," said the Fishwoman, tossing the last flounder into the blue and white dish. "Just see how they'll kick when they comes to the hot lard. Why, bless ye, they're as alive as you are, only they don't know it till they're put in the pan."

CHAPTER VI.

"THEN after all," says Mrs. Grundy, a lively, loquacious old lady, familiarly known to a very wide circle of friends and acquaintance, "it is not so very disagreeable to be killed by the press?"

By no means, madam—rather reviving than otherwise—as good as a sniff of hartshorn, sal volatile, or aromatic vinegar, and much more agreeable than burnt-feathers—a bunch of black ostrich-plumes always excepted.

"Well, I should have thought that such a broad hint in black and white would be a memento mori—a sort of 'Philip, remember thou art mortal.'"

"Quite the reverse, ma'am. A memento vitæ—a fillip to the animal spirits—a 'remember thou art alive.' Dead men, you know, don't read their own obituaries."

"True. Nevertheless, the sudden shock of such a frigid announcement—"

Like the shock of a shower-bath, ma'am. Cold, but bracing; and for a phlegmatic temperament, the finest and safest stimulus in the world! Gives a glow to the skin—a healthy tone to the nerves—improves the appetite, corrects the spleen, and tickles the cockles of the heart and the risible muscles. You have heard, ma'am, of a lightening before death?

"Yes—Romeo alludes to it."

Well, it's nothing to the lightening after it! I mean in print. Talk of Parr's Life Pills, or the Elixir Vitæ!—a kill by the press is the Grand Catholicon—a specific for ennui or tedium vitæ, a sovereign remedy for Hypochondriasis, and infallible for Suicidal Monomania! Only let a newspaper hint that you are a corpse, and it makes you *quite another thing*—a Harlequin, a Rope-dancer, a Tumbler, a Dancing Fakir, a Springheel'd Jack. But not to advertise a remedy without a case—there was Lord Cowdenknows, who was killed by the *Times*.

"Ah, by an upset of his carriage."

Yes—with one horse's hoof on his sternum, another on his os frontis, a wheel on his epigastrium, and the broken axletree through his abdomen. No mortal was ever *pressed* to death more completely—and what is the result? Why, an intense consciousness of his existence, and the continual assertion of his vitality by a vivacious volubility and volatility amounting almost to a nuisance. He reminds us that Lord Cowdenknows is alive with a vengeance!—his enemies by astounding pats on the head and confounding slaps on the back; and his friends by disconcerting digs in the ribs, or staggering punches in the stomach. No practical joker in the exuberance of his animal spirits ever played

more pranks. On one head he pours melted-butter, on a second cold water, on a third vinegar, smears a fourth with honey, a fifth with cantharides, a sixth with treacle, a seventh with tar, an eighth with bear's-grease, a ninth with mustard, a tenth with cold-cream, an eleventh with paste, a twelfth with cowage, and then daubs an unlucky Quaker with ink. One he trips up, and astonishes another with a *coup de pied*. In short, he is all alive and kicking—"all manner of ways."

CHAPTER VII.

"Now I think of it," says Mnemosyne, again pressing the organ of memory with her right fore-finger, and gently smiling as if some pleasant image rose up before the mental eye, "There was Squire Foxall, a martyr to that melancholy humour called Hypochondriasis, and who was cured by the Press. Many a serio-comic scene there was between the master and his man Roger, a confidential servant of the old school, shrewd, trusty, and as blunt as a spade."

"Well, Roger," the master would say, after a very long and solemn shaking of his head, "I am going at last."

"Glad on it—to Swaffham, in course?"

"No, Roger, no—to another world."

"What, to Amerikey?"

"No, to another and a better one, Roger—to the world of spirits."

"Ah, that's along o' missing your brandy—you be low, you be."

"Not so low as I shall be, Roger. I'm at death's door—I have double knocked, and am scraping my shoes, and it will

soon be, walk in. Now, Roger, remember when I'm gone that Mr. Bewlay—"

"Yes, yes—I know. He have got the last o' your last wills. Your nevy will come into the land, and your niece is to have your personal bulk."

"No, Roger—that was the will before. I've made another since then—but no matter. I've done with money and land. All I require now is a little turf."

"Well—there's a whole stack on it i' the rick-yard, and when you've burnt out that—"

"Never, Roger, never! I'm burnt out myself—quite down in the socket, and shall go off like a snuff. I am ready, Roger, for the garner."

"Yes, yes, and corn for the sickle, and grass for the scythe, and a ripe plum for the basket, and a brown leaf for hopping the twig. I know all that by heart."

"I'm a dying man, Roger, and you know it. I haven't twelve hours to live—no, not six, before I pay the debt of nature."

"Dang the debt o' nature! I wish you had none to settle but hern. But it arn't do yet, it arn't."

"Due and overdue, Roger. The receipt's made out, and before to-morrow you will have another master."

"No, I shan't. I harn't had no warnin."

"But *I* have, Roger. Here, feel my pulse. It stopped just now for two minutes and a half. The circulation is at a standstill—the heart cannot perform its functions."

"All moonshine, master. It's performing its funkings at this minit. It's going as regular as the eight-day clock—I can a'most hear un tick."

"No, no, Roger—that's impossible."

"Is it? Then why do Dr. Darby try to hear it with his telescope?"

"Stethoscope, Roger—ste-thos-cope. There may be hypertrophy for all that. But you know I can't argue with you. My lungs are quite gone—quite!"

"No wonder—you've been blowin 'em up this ten year."

"They're destroyed, Roger. Pulmonary consumption has set in—"

"Yes, yes, I know—and they're full of tuber-roses."

"Tubercles, man—and my liver is in no better state."

"No—they're schismatic. And you've got an absence in your inside—"

"An abscess."

"Well, an abscess in your stomach, and can't digest properly for want of gas-water."

"A deficiency of the gastric juice. It is all too true, Roger. Every organ I have is out of order."

"Then I wouldn't play on 'em. Well, what next? Why, you've got a gatherin in your lumbering progresses."

"Lumbar processes—"

"Which in course affects the head, and so you've got a confusion of water on the brain. Then you've had an eclectic fit, and three parallel strokes—and there's your stertian ague, and the intermediate fever—"

"Intermitting."

"Then, there's the inflammation of your mucus members—"

"Membrane, membrane."

"Well, membrane. Next there's your vertical headach—"

"Vertigo."

"And lord knows what in your intestates and viceruses. Then there's your legs with their various veins—"

"Varicose."

"And as to your feet, what with hoppin gout in them—and flying gout in your stomach—and swimming gout in your head—you're gout all over."

"Yes, Roger, yes—it has got hold of my whole system, sure enough. But it's apoplexy I'm afraid of—apoplexy, Roger. I have giddiness, tinnitus, congestion, lethargy—every symptom in the book!"

"Dang the books—it's them as done it! There's Doctor Imray's Family Physicker, you've giv yourself over ever since you brought it home. And then there's Doctor Winslow's book, and Doctor Frankum's, as made you believe between 'em, that you'd got a turned head and a pendulum belly—"

"Pendulous, Roger, pendulous."

"Well, it's all one. And then their plaguy formuluses for making up your own prescriptions. You'll proscribe yourself into heaven, you will some day, with your blue pills and hydrangea powders—"

"Hydrarge powders."

"It can't be good for nobody to swallow so much calumny. And then your dabblin with them deadly poisons, though you know as well as I do, that three Prussian Acidulated Drops would kill a horse."

"You mean Prussic acid. But in some affections, Roger, it is of great service."

"Yes, like Oxonian acid, for boot-tops. Then, there's the newspapers. I do believe there an't a quack medicine advertised, but you've tried 'em all, from Cockle's Antibiling pills, and the Febrifudges to Sarcy Barilla. Lord! lord! the heaps of nasty messes you have swallowed sure-ly! Not to forget the Horse Physic you took arter readin in Doctor Elliotson that the human two-legged specious could ketch the glanders!"

"And was the poor man cured of his Hypochondriasis?"

Yes, by the *County Chronicle*, into which some wag introduced an announcement of his sudden demise, "*after a com-*

plication of disorders borne for a long series of years with unexampled cheerfulness and resignation." The effect on the patient was miraculous! Instead of damping his spirits or shocking his nerves, it set up his lumbagoed back, roused his sluggish spleen, stimulated his torpid liver, stirred his lethargic lights, warmed his congested blood till it boiled a-gallop, and turned his flagging heart to a *cœur de lion.* He declared loudly that the paragraph originated in a political spite—swore that it was intended as a hint for his assassination, and vowed that he would horsewhip the Editor of the diabolical newspaper in his own infernal office.

And he was as good as his word—for which practical sincerity he had to pay a hundred pounds for damages, and as much more in costs. The cure however was complete. His old affections vanished as if by magic; and now his only complaints in the world are of the impudence of counsel, the partiality of judges, the stupidity of juries, the uncertainty of the law, the murderous propensities of the Whigs, the rascality of venal Editors, and the intolerable licentiousness of the Press.

CHAPTER VIII.

"And don't you think, sir," asks Self Preservation, in a close ball-proof silk corslet, under his figured waistcoat, "don't you think that the fellow who takes another man's life, though only in a newspaper, ought to be shut up for ever, if not hung—as a Homicidal Monomaniac?"

By no means—nor will you either, my dear Number One, when your feelings, which temporary excitement has raised from Blood Heat to the Fever Pitch, have subsided to their

natural temperature. For my own part, I blush for my countrymen. There is something of cowardice as well as cruelty in the present irrational outcry for chains, cells, strait-jackets, and—fie on it!—even halters for the lunatic. A return to the barbarous system of our ancestors, when insanity was treated as a crime, and punished with a severity beyond the severest prison discipline of the present day.

"No matter," says Number One, "I stick by the first law of Nature—so Protection! Protection! Protection!"

"Protection! Protection!" shrieks Fear, with her hand before her eyes.

"Protection, Pro—tection," shouts Folly, out of wantonness, —and the Spirit of Imitation, like Echo, repeats the cry.

"Protection! Protection!" bawl a million voices, while with better reason, Conscious Guilt—the poor man's Oppressor—the Robber of the Widow and the Orphan—the Heart-Breaker, and the Brain-Breaker—vociferously swells the clamour, aware in his felon soul how richly he has earned the stab or the shot from the weapon of frenzy!

For my own part, my fears look the other way, and my cry would be for better defence against the Sane. Not the half-witted, but the sharp-witted—not the crazy, but the clear-headed—not the non-compos, but the homicidal lucid fellows who do not babble of Covenants, or Chambers's Journal, or the Customs, who neither brandish knives, nor draw triggers, nor even "throw about fire"—and yet deliberately take our lives, for they do "take the means by which we live." Against such, O Law and Justice! defend *me*. Only protect me from the sane Foxes, and I will take my chance about the March Hares!

Still Society, with her numberless throats, roars "Protection!"

Heavens! what are a few bewildered creatures roaming

the earth, though furnished with sticks, staves, swords, and guns, to the legion of sound Destructives who go at large, armed with "a little brief authority," and a billy-roller or a forge hammer! When did Homicidal Monomania, with all her mischievous malignity, and all her weapons, when did she cripple a child per day, or poke out thirty pairs of eyes during one short court mourning?

But still the Hydra shouts, with all its mouths in chorus, for "Protection!"

Such popular outcries against a class are always perilous, and apt to lead to cruelty and injustice. So, perhaps, some centuries ago originated a prejudice and persecution against a description of human beings quite as forlorn and desolate, only the Homicidal Monomaniacs of those times were called Wizards and Witches.

It is fit and proper, no doubt, for the security of society, that dangerous Lunatics should be so confined as to prevent their carrying any murderous design into effect—but to judge by the popular ferment, and the vehemence of the outcry for more Protection, I fear Society would hardly be satisfied with anything short of the incarceration of every individual who happened to go ungartered, or to button his doublet awry; and above all, the establishment of a Cordon Sanitaire between South and North Britain, with positive orders to shoot every Scotchman who crossed the Tweed with a bee in his bonnet. For be it noted, that Scotland comparatively swarms with what she calls, in her own dialect, "daft, or dementit bodies"—every city, every town, nay, every pelting petty village has its crazy or imbecile Goose Gibbie, or Davy Gellatly. Nevertheless, even the Provosts and the Bailies sleep in whole skins, and would be intensely surprised if they could not get their lives insured at as low rates as their neighbours.

The truth is, the English public was always haunted—as Goldsmith points out in his Essays—by some popular Bugbear; and he instances an epidemic terror of Mad Dogs. There is something of this national characteristic in the present panic, which really amounts to a general monomania about monomaniacs. Every day some person or other denounces his or her homicidal lunatic; and as human heads cannot be rung like bells or glasses, or sounded like sovereigns on wooden counters or stone-steps, to ascertain if they are cracked, the magistrates are sorely puzzled, and half-crazed themselves, by a question on which Lawyers with Physicians, and even Doctors with Doctors, are at issue. The dispute between the two learned Professions promises, indeed, to become "a very pretty quarrel."

"And pray, sir, how do you think it will end?"

Heaven only knows, madam. But, between ourselves, I do not despair of a very Rabelaisian termination—namely, the Big Wigs proving that the Gold-Headed Canes know nothing about Mental Disease; and the Gold-Headed Canes proving that the Big Wigs know nothing about Jurisprudence.

CHAPTER IX.

"HARK!" cries Alarm, holding up a warning finger, listening and looking as if she saw something.

"Eh!—what!—where?" inquires bewildered Surdity, dancing with excitement, and looking hastily North—Nor-nor-East,—Nor-East,—East-Nor-East—East, and so all round the compass.

"A Comet of the first magnitude," says Rumour, bedecked

in her old robe, all over tongues, and breathless with running down "all sorts of streets."

"A what?" asks Surdity, eagerly poking his acoustical mainpipe into his best ear, and trying to lay on the report. "A new Comedian?"

"No—a great new Comic that has appeared in the Hare," bawls officious Ignorance into the bell of the flexible Voice-Conductor. "A voluminous body, with an inflammatory tail, as reaches, they say, from Sir William Herschel in England, to Mr. Cooper in Italy."

"Three hundred and sixty degrees in length," puts in Popular Exaggeration.

"Why then we shall have a fiery belt all round us," exclaims a female voice from Prospect House—"like the Planet Satan."

"An awful Phenomenon!" says Mrs. Aspenall, trembling like a leaf.

"A Fiery Dragon!" mutters Superstition: "with a sul-*furious* tail of burning brimstone, from the bottomless pit."

"We shall all be burnt alive!" roars Vulgar Error, running into the back-yard, and plumping up to his chin in the water-butt.

"There will be another Deluge!" cries a Whistonian Theorist, determined at any price to purchase a life-boat and a cork-jacket; having proved in print, that Noah's Flood was certainly caused by a Comet.

"It will approximate into physical collision with our terrestrial globe," says the Schoolmaster, abroad, "and obliterate our sublunary planet into infinitesimal fractions!"

"We shall have changes and revolutions," murmurs a Continental Monarch with pale lips.

"War! Pestilence! and Famine!" bellows a Modern Astrologer!

"And Earthquakes," croaks an unshaken believer in the shocking predictions of the old Monk of Dree and Doctor Dee.

"It will blow up our Powder-Works," groans a resident near Waltham Abbey.*

"And dry up our Water-Works," moans a Chelsea Director, turning to all the colours of a *Dolphin* out of its element.

"It's played the dickens already with the Consternations," says Ignorance. "They do say as how it's singed the Ram, set fire to the Wirgin, roasted the Bull whole, scorched up the Man with the Watering-pot, and fried all the heavenly Fishes!"

"So much the better!" ejaculates the Lord Mayor.

"So much the better!" exclaims his Worship of Bow-street.

"So much the better!" cries his Worship of Marlborough-street.

"So much the better!" observes his Worship of Hatton-Garden.

"So much the better!" remarks his Worship of Mary-lebone.

"So much the better!" echoes his Worship of Queen-square.

"So much the better?" says his Worship of Worship-street, briskly rubbing his hands together, and drawing a long deep sigh of satisfaction from somewhere about the solar plexus—"so much the better! The public panic will now perhaps take another direction, and instead of the daily monomaniac, and the everlasting question, "*How's his head?*" it will be, "*Where's its tail?*"

* As good a prophecy as any of Zadkiel's: for the Waltham Powder Works actually blew up, about a fortnight after the hint in print.

CHAPTER X.

But Mr. Hatband—

The Undertaker was so delighted with the interest I had taken in his work, and the decoration of the coffin, that on parting, he presented to me his card, which he gave me with a pleasure only inferior to mine on receiving it, but derived from a very different source—he supposing that I had some funeral order in store for him, and I exulting that there had been no occasion, on my own behalf, for his services—in reality, feeling very much like a man who has just escaped, untouched, from a meeting with a dead shot.

The sun was shining brilliantly, and the morning was delicious; one of those Spring mornings when we seem to walk on spring boards; but never on elastic wood, or turf, did man tread so lightly as Peregrine Phœnix, Esq., on the broad flat flag-stones, pleasantly contemplating, now and then, the active shadow, which proved that he was not a shade. It was the most agreeable promenade I ever enjoyed —that solitary walk to the West End—making a dozen satisfactory purchases by the way; for example, a stick of red sealing-wax, simply because it was not black—a piece of Holland linen for shirting, which "was warranted to wear well," and two pair of trousers that were ticketed "Everlastings." The next shop but one to the draper's was a Circulating Library, a rather pretty repository; but there was a placard of the terms in the window, and although the act cost me a guinea, I could not resist going in and subscribing *for a year*.

A Statuary's a few yards further on supplied me, like the Undertaker's, with some very comfortable cogitation. For

the first time since my birth, I found a charm in pot-bellied monumental Urns—in stone-blind Cherubs with wigs *à la mode* and alabaster—and in petrified Angels, with wings of good solid masonry, blowing dumb coach-horns. They were finer to me, in my peculiar frame of mind, than Phidian sculptures. And then those polished, snow-like marble slabs and tablets, how cheerfully they shone in the bright sunshine! It was indeed my lucky day, *marked with white stones!* Yes, lucky, although in turning away from the statuary's, I was run against, full butt, by a workman with a package of laths under his arm, that came in uncomfortable contact with my body, a little below the chest. But the poor fellow begged my pardon so humbly, that it was impossible for a Christian, and especially under my circumstances, to refuse it.

"Well, well, pick up my hat. That poke in the stomach has given me a strong conviction, at any rate, of my corporeal vitality."

"I'm sorry to hear it, sir," replied the workman, "I am indeed, and I hope it's a feeling as will soon wear off."

But my greatest triumphs awaited me at my Club. Oh! the indescribable look of the porter, when he saw my Ghost thrust open the glazed door!—the unutterable astonishment of the waiter when my Apparition ordered a biscuit and a glass of sherry—the profound mystification of my friend B. when my Spirit carelessly asked him the current price of Long Annuities. The other members present were equally amazed. Some started up—most of them ejaculated—all stared—one choked—and a tumbler of Bass's Pale Ale dropped with a crash on the floor. Had I walked into the room *à la* Phœnix, in a pair of incombustible asbestos trousers, blazing with burning spirits of wine, there could not have been a greater sensation. However, the excitement

subsided at last, and gave place to boisterous congratulations. The news of my sudden demise had circulated amongst my club intimates and acquaintance, and to do them justice they hailed my resurrection from my ashes as cordially as if they had conjointly underwritten my life.

A House Dinner was proposed to celebrate my revival; and fixed for seven precisely. The interval I employed chiefly in the pleasant task of composing a public contradiction of the paragraph in the "Herald," and writing bulletins of my perfect health to all my friends and acquaintances, and some few others, including a tradesman or two, and the actuary of the Eagle Assurance. And when the missives were done and delivered to the house-steward for the post, with what gusto I added, "Mind, not the Dead Letter Office!"—while the steward stared by turns at the enormous *red* seal, and the staring P. PHŒNIX, in the corner of each envelope, intended to *break my life* to my correspondents.

"And did the dinner go off well, Mr. Phœnix?"

Excellently, madam. The best I ever ate. Every delicacy of the season—the most delicious fruits I ever tasted—the most exquisite wines I ever drank. Then everybody was in capital spirits, and myself above all (good reason why)—joking, punning, telling my best stories (dead men tell no tales), and laughing, like one of the Immortals. Then after the cloth was drawn, the toasts that were drunk—not in solemn silence—but vociferously, with all the honours, "The Arabian Bird,"—"Never say Die,"—"Many Happy Returns of the Day," and the songs that were sung, and the speeches that were made, including my own, in which I assured the company, with unusual sincerity, that upon my life (a phrase since become habitual with me) it was the happiest day of my life—one to be remembered to my last hour—but which,

in spite of somebody putting on my clock, like the grim Covenanter in "Old Mortality," had not yet arrived.

"Hear, hear, hear!" shouted my auditors, and to tell the truth, I joined lustily in their cheering, out of sheer self-congratulation. If ever a human biped enjoyed the nine-fold vitality of the feline quadruped, it was mine at that moment. I was full, brimming, overflowing with life; there was enough in me, had I been chopped up like a polypus, to animate a dozen Phœnixes!

It was nearly dawn ere we broke up, when between two companions, who—these are Confessions—looked sometimes like four, I set out to walk home, not walking as a mechanic plods to his work, or as an invalid ambulates for exercise, but with occasional skips and curvetings, or a little run, in one of which courses my head came in collision with a lamp-post, and gratified me with ocular demonstration of my existence in a shower of vital sparks. Nor yet did we proceed quite so mumchance as quakers, or boarding-school misses, but whistling, warbling trios, and occasionally shouting in chorus, when just at the bottom of Waterloo-place, or it might be the top of the Haymarket—by some mystery not to be explained—through some *Casus Belli* never clearly defined—for it was in the days of Tom and Jerryism, when war was seldom formally declared—all at once I found myself engaged in battle royal, or rather republican—it was so free and independent—with an unknown number of opponents. My new life, probably, was in danger, for I fought for it like a tiger, wrestling, hugging, tugging, kicking, pushing, striking right and left, and being kicked, pushed, and belaboured in return. One unlucky punch, I suspect, punched out my centre of gravity, from my difficulty afterwards in keeping my legs. Sometimes I was on my feet, sometimes on my head, now on my back,

then on my front, then on my side, and then on my seat—bounding, scrambling, rolling, up again, posturing, squaring, warding, and down again—at first dry, next wet, then tattered and torn, but still fighting, encouraged by shouts of "Go it, Lively!" though purblind, giddy, bleeding, and almost out of that precious article, my breath. Still the battle raged with various success; my spirit, or spirits, for I seemed to have several within me, yet unsubdued, when just in the middle of a furious rally, in the very crisis of victory, I was caught up horizontally, and before tongue could cry rescue, Peregrine Phœnix, Esquire, the Dead Man of the "Morning Herald," was borne off kicking and shouting at the top of his voice "Hurrah for Life—Hurrah for Life—Hurrah for Life—Life—Life in London!"

THE LONGEST HOUR IN MY LIFE.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

CHAPTER I.

"TIME," says *Rosalind*, in that delicious sylvan comedy called "As You Like It,"—"Time travels in divers paces with divers persons."

And thence she prettily and wittily proceeds to enumerate the parties with whom he gallops, trots, ambles, or comes to a stand-still. And nothing can be truer than her theory.

Old Chronos has indeed infinite rates of performance—from railway to snail-way. As the butcher's boy said of his horse, "He can go all sorts of paces—as fast as you like, or as slow as you don't."

"But hark! what says a clear bell-like voice from the Horse-Guards?—that "time is time, and one o'clock is one o'clock all the town over."

True, old Regulator! The remark is as correct as striking, time *is* time, and the horological divisions are or should be synchronous from Knightsbridge to Whitechapel. But the old Mower is, like ourselves, a compound being—body and spirit. Hence he hath, as the Watchmakers say, "a duplex movement:" namely, Mechanical and Metaphysical;—the first, governed absolutely by the march of the sun, and the swing of a pendulum; the second, determined by moral contingencies: the one capricious as the *ad libitum*, the other exact as the *tempo obbligato* of the musician. Thus the manifold bells of London—sounding, like the ancient chorus, a solemn accompaniment to the grand drama of Human Life—thus hundreds of iron tongues simultaneously proclaim the current hour to the vast metropolis, yet with what different speed has time travelled from chime to chime with its millions of inhabitants—with the Bride, and the Widow, the Marchioness in the ball-room, and the Milliner in her garret, the Lounger at his club, and the Criminal in the condemned cell!

Of these "divers paces with divers persons," there is a memorable illustration in "Old Mortality," where Morton and the stern Covenanters, with opposite feelings, watch on the same dial-plate the progress of the hand towards the fatal black point, at which the hour and a life were together to expire.

The Novelist has painted the victim "awaiting till the sword destined to slay him crept out of the scabbard gradually, and as it were by straw-breadths." The walls "seemed to drop with blood, and the light tick of the clock thrilled on his ear with such loud painful distinctness, as if

each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ."

Here then was one of those persons whom Time gallops withal, whereas to the bloodthirsty Fanatics he crept on so leisurely, that Impatience could not refrain from giving the laggard a thrust forward on his course.

In our Courts of Law, Civil and Criminal, the divers paces of Time are continually exemplified, and have been verified on oath by scores of respectable witnesses.

For example: there was once a murder committed at Tottenham; and on the trial of the assassin, it became a point of judicial importance to determine the exact interval between two distant pistol-shots.

"Five minutes!" deposed Miss White, who had passed the evening in question *tête-à-tête* with her affianced sweetheart.

"Fifteen," swore Mrs. Black, who had spent the same hours in vainly expecting a husband addicted to the ale-house.

"Bless my soul and body!" exclaimed the Judge, naturally astonished at such a wide discrepancy; "the clocks in that part of the country must be sadly in want of regulation!"

But his lordship himself was in error. The material wheels, springs, pendulums, and weights, worked truly enough; it was the moral machinery that was accountable for the variation. The rectification, however, was at hand.

The suburban village of Tottenham swarms, as is well known, with resident Members of the Society of Friends—a sect remarkable for punctuality, and the preciseness and uniformity of their habits—whose lives flow as equably as the sand of the hour-glass—whose pulses beat with the regularity of the pendulum. Accordingly, five Quakers who

had heard the shots, were examined as witnesses; and, on their several affirmations, gave the interval between the two reports with little more variation than so many Admiralty Chronometers. As thus:

	Min.	Sec.
Obadiah	9	59
Jacob	9	58
Ephraim	9	59
Joseph	9	59
Samuel	9	58

Being actually the *juste milieu*, or a drab average, between the extreme statements of Black and White.

CHAPTER II.

But to my personal experiences.

Like my fellow-mortals in fair *Rosalind's* catalogue, I have found Time to resemble both the Hare and the Tortoise, sometimes as fleet as the quadruped, at others as slow as the reptile in his race. Many bright and brief days recur to my memory when he flew past with the speed of a flying Childers, many dark and long ones, when he stepped as heavily and deliberately as the black horse before a hearse. All his divers paces are familiar to me—he has galloped, trotted, ambled, walked with me, and on one memorable occasion, seemed almost to stand stock-still. Never, oh, never can I forget the day-long seconds which made up those monthlike minutes, which composed that interminable Hour—the longest in my whole life!

"And pray, sir, how and when was that?"

For the when, madam, to be particular, it was from half-past nine to half-past ten o'clock, A.M., on the First of May, new style, Anno Domini, 1822. For the how, you shall hear.

At the date just mentioned my residence was in the Adelphi, and having a strong partiality for the study of Natural History from living specimens, it suited both my convenience and my taste to drop in frequently at the menagerie at Exeter 'Change.

These visits were generally paid at an early hour, before town or country cousins called to see the lions, and indeed it frequently happened that I found myself quite alone with the wild beasts. An annual guinea entitled me to go as often as agreeable, which happened so frequently, that the animals soon knew me by sight, whilst with some of them, for instance the elephant,* I obtained quite a friendly footing. Even Nero looked kindly on me, and the rest of the creatures did not eye me with the glances half shy and half savage which they threw at less familiar visitors.

But there was one notable exception. The royal Bengal tiger could not or would not recognise me, but persisted in growling and scowling at me as a stranger, whom of course he longed to take in. Nevertheless there was a fascination in his terrible beauty, and even in his enmity, that often held me in front of his cage, enjoying the very impotence of his malice, and recalling various tragical tales of human victims mangled or devoured by such striped monsters as the one before me; and, as if the cunning brute penetrated my thoughts, he would rehearse as it were all the man-eating manœuvres of the species: now creeping stealthily round his den, as if skulking through his native jungles, then crouching for the fatal spring, and anon bounding against the bars of his cage, with a short, angry roar, expressive of the most

* This same elephant once nearly killed an Irishman, for an insult offered to his trunk. The act was rash in the extreme; "but it was impossible," the Hibernian said, "to resist a nose you could pull with both hands."

fiendish malignity. By-the-bye, madam, did you ever hear of the doctrine of Instinctive Antipathies?

"Yes, sir; and Mr. Lamb or Mr. Hazlitt quotes an instance of two strangers, who on meeting each other in the street immediately began to fight."

Well, madam, there seemed to be some such original antipathy between me and the tiger. At any rate he took peculiar pleasure in my presence in ostentatiously parading his means of offence. Sometimes stretching out one huge muscular leg between the bars, he unsheathed and exhibited his tremendous claws, after which, with a devilish ogre-like grin, he displayed his formidable teeth, and then by a deliberate yawn indulged me with a look into that horrible red gulf, down which he would fain have bolted me in gobbets. The yawning jaws were invariably closed with a ferocious snap, and the brutal performance was wound up with a howl so unutterably hollow and awful, so cannibalish, that even at its hundredth repetition it still curdled my very blood, and thrilled every nerve in my body.

"Lord! what a dreadful creature!"

Very, ma'am. And yet that Carnivorous Monster, capable of appalling the heart of the bravest man, failed once to strike terror into one of the weakest of the species—a delicate little girl, of about six years old, and rather small for her age. She had been gazing at the Tiger very earnestly for some minutes, and what do you think she said?

"Pray what, sir?"

"Oh, Mr. Cross, if ever that beautiful great pussy has young ones, do save me a kitten!"

CHAPTER III.

APROPOS of Time and his divers paces, he notoriously goes very slowly—as Sterne vouches—with a solitary captive, and of all solitary captives methinks he must go slowest with a caged wild beast. The human prisoner gifted with a mind, can beguile the weary hours with dreams of the past or future—if of an intellectual turn, and educated, he can amuse himself with philosophical speculations, or mathematical calculations. He may even indulge in poetical composition. But a beast, a stupid, ignorant beast, has no such mental resources. If he struck a lyre it would be to immortal smash. Neither would it be of any avail to supply him with materials for those various handicrafts by the exercise of which the Philadelphian Solitaries, described by Dickens, contrived to lose and neglect the creeping foot of time in their confinement. A lion, if furnished with the whole stock of a marine-store shop, would never "manufacture a sort of Dutch clock from disregarded odds and ends," with a vinegar-bottle for the pendulum: neither would a tiger appear "in a white paper hat of his own making," though expressly provided with stationery for the purpose, from her Majesty's own office. It follows that wild animals in confinement must experience great weariness—in fact, they obviously do suffer from *ennui* in no common degree.

"How, sir? A vulgar, ill-bred wild beast, afflicted with the peculiar complaint of a woman of *ton*—of a lady of quality?"

Precisely, madam. There is a case on record of a Lioness with all the symptoms of the complaint, and of her adoption of that fashionable antidote, a lapdog.

A lapdog! What, a dear little King Charles's spaniel?"

"No, but a little terrier, which the Lioness in a natural state of health would have devoured on his first introduction, whereas being troubled with the vapours, she could not dispense with a plaything that happened to amuse her.

"A Lioness with the vapours, and a lapdog—ridiculous!"

Madam, I am in earnest, severely serious. But just do me the honour to step with me, in fancy, to the Zoological Gardens. There—look at that Lioness. How indolently she stretches herself—how listlessly she rolls her head and half closes her languid eyes! Then what distressing yawns, as if for a change she would turn herself inside out!

"Rather like *ennui*, I confess."

No doubt of it. Now look at yonder moping Lion, too apathetic even to glance at us. Look at his head between his knees, and his tail—that formidable tail, furnished at the end, as naturalists tell us, with a kind of prickle, so that he can spur as well as lash himself into a hasty fit—lying as idle and still as a torpid snake. Did you ever see an attitude more expressive of lassitude? and yet he hath but taken a few turns round his den, and given one roar since sunrise. All he cares is to blink, and gape, and doze, through the long hours till supper-time. Yonder again is a female Puma, with head drooping and closed eyes, uttering at intervals an inward groan, as palpable a sufferer from world-weariness as Mariana at the Moated Grange. The panthers, leopards, ounces, jaguars, and the smaller cats, from constitutional irritability, are somewhat more active, or rather restless; but it is only another mode of expressing the same thing. One and all are labouring under *tedium vitæ* so intensely that it is a wonder they have never discovered self-murder! In fact Chuny, the elephant who was shot for attempting to break out of his prison, is said, after receiving

many musket-balls, to have knelt down at the command of his keeper, and to have presented his head with suicidal docility to the marksmen.

"Their lives, poor things, must indeed be very monotonous!"

Miserably so, madam, and their hours like ages! No amusement, no employment to shorten them! One can fancy Time himself looking in at the Beasts through the iron lattices, and tauntingly whispering, "Ah, ah! with all your murderous paws, and claws, and jaws, you cannot kill ME!"

"One may, indeed; but now, if you please, sir, we will go. My own spirits begin to flag, and a sort of lassitude comes over me: I presume from example and the influence of the place."

Beyond question, madam. There was a case in point. My friend H., the well-known artist, once had occasion to take the portrait of a Lion in the Tower Menagerie; but he went so frequently, and required such long sittings, that, knowing the usual facility of his pencil, I became curious to learn the cause.

"Why, the truth is," said H., "if I could only have kept my spirits up and my eyes open, the thing would have been done in a tithe of the time; but what with the dejection and drowsiness of the beasts, and their continual gaping, I was so infected with their dulness that after the first ten minutes I invariably began to blink and yawn too, and soon fell asleep."

CHAPTER IV.

"Huzza!"

My dear sir—

"Huzza! huzza!"

My dear sirs—

"Huzza! huzza! huzza!"

Gentlemen—Ladies—Boys—Girls—good people *do* allow me to ask the reason of such vociferous cheering?

"The Baron for ever!"

Eh?

"The Doctor for ever!"

Whom?

"The thing with a hard name for ever!"

What Baron—what Doctor?—what thing with a hard name?

"What thing? Why, Som-nam-bam-boozle-fusilism, to be sure. The animal sent the painter to sleep, didn't he?"

Yes.

"And ain't that animal Magnetism?"

Yes, yes—certainly, yes—as clear a case of Mesmerism *as ever I met with!*

CHAPTER V.

On the morning of the first of May, 1822, between nine and ten o'clock, I entered the menagerie of Exeter 'Change, and walked directly as usual into the great room appropriated to the larger animals. There was no person visible, keeper or visitor, about the place—like Alexander Selkirk,

"I was Lord of the Fowl and the Brute." I had the lions all to myself. As I stepped through the doors my eyes mechanically turned towards the den of my old enemy, the royal Bengal tiger, fully expecting to receive from him the customary salutes of a spiteful grin and growl. But the husky voice was silent, the grim face was nowhere to be seen. The cage was empty!

My feeling on the discovery was a mixed one of relief and disappointment.—Methought I breathed more freely from the removal of that vague apprehension which had always clung to me, like a presentiment of injury sooner or later from the savage beast. A few minutes, nevertheless, spent in walking about the room, convinced me that his departure had left a void never properly to be filled up. Another royal tiger, larger even, and as ferocious, might take his place—but it was unlikely that the new tenant would ever select me for that marked and personal animosity which had almost led me at times to believe that we inherited some ancient feud from our respective progenitors. An enemy as well as a friend of old standing, though not lamented, must be *missed*. It must be a loss, if not to affection, to memory and association, to be deprived of even the ill-will, the frown or sneer of an old familiar face, and the brute was, at any rate, "a good hater." There was something piquant, if not flattering, in being selected for his exclusive malignity. But he was gone, and the menagerie had henceforward lost, for me, a portion of its interest. But stop—there is a Gentle Reader in an ungentle hurry to expostulate.

"What!—sorry for a nasty, vicious wild beast, as owed you a grudge for nothing at all, and only wanted an opportunity to spit his spite?"

Exactly so, madam. The case is far from uncommon. Nay, I once knew a foreign gentleman in a very similar

predicament. From his German reading, helped by an appropriate style of feeding, the stomach of his imagination had become so stuffed and overloaded with Zamiels, Brocken Witches, Hobgoblins, Vampires, Were Wolves, Incubi, and other devilries, that for years he never passed a night without what we call bad dreams. Well, I had not seen him for some months, when at last he called upon me, looking so wobegone and out of spirits, as to make me inquire rather anxiously about his health. He shook his head dejectedly, sighed deeply, laid his hand on his chest, as if about to complain of it, and in a broken voice and broken English, informed me of his case.

"O, my goot fellow, I am miserable quite. Dere is someting all wrong in me—someting very bad—I have not had de Night-Mare for tree weeks."

"Well, after that, sir, I can swallow the tiger. So pray go on."

After the first surprise was over, my curiosity became excited, and I began to speculate on the causes of the creature's absence. Was he dead? Had he been destroyed for his ferocity, or parted with to make room for a milder specimen of the species? Had he gone to perform in the legitimate drama—or taken French leave? I was looking round for somebody to answer these queries, when all at once I descried an object that made me feel like a man suddenly blasted with a thunderbolt.

"Mercy on us! You don't mean to say that it was the Tiger?"

I do. Huddled up in a dark corner of the room he had been overlooked by me on my entrance, and cunningly suppressing his usual snarl of recognition, the treacherous beast had proceeded to intercept my retreat. At my first glimpse of him he was skulking along, close to the wall, in the

direction of the door. Had I possessed the full power of motion he must have arrived there first—but terror riveted me to the spot. There I stood, all my faculties frozen up, dizzy, motionless, and dumb. Could I have cried out, my last breath of life would certainly have escaped from me in one long, shrill scream. But it was pent up in my bosom, where my heart, after one mighty bound upwards, was fluttering like a scared bird. There was a feeling of deadly choking at my throat, of mortal sickness at my stomach. My tongue in an instant had become stiff and parched—my jaw locked—my eyes fixed in their sockets, and, from the rush of blood, seemed looking through a reddish mist, whilst within my head a whizzing noise struck up that rendered me utterly incapable of thought or comprehension. Such, as far as I can recollect, was my condition, which, from the symptoms, I should say, was very similar to a combined attack of apoplexy and paralysis.

This state, however, did not last. At first, every limb and joint had suddenly stiffened, rigid as cast iron: my very flesh, with the blood in its veins, had congealed into marble: but after a few seconds, the muscles as abruptly relaxed, the joints gave way, the blood thawed and seemed escaping from the vessels, the substance of my body seemed losing its solidity, and with an inexpressible sense of its imbecility, I felt as if my whole frame would fall in a shapeless mass on the floor.

"Gracious goodness—how dreadful!"

The Tiger in the interim, having gained the door, had crouched down—cat-like—his back curved inwards, his face between his fore-paws, and with his glaring eyeballs steadily fixed on mine, was creeping on his belly by half-inches towards me, his tail meanwhile working from side to side behind him, and as it were *sculling* him on.

In another moment this movement ceased, the tail straightened itself out, except the tip, which turned up, and became nervously agitated, a warning as certain as the like signal from an enraged rattlesnake.

There was no time to be lost. A providential inspiration, a direct whisper, as it were, from heaven, reminded me of the empty cage, and suggested, with lightning rapidity, that the same massive bars which had formerly kept the Man Eater within, might now keep him out. In another instant I was within the den, had pulled to the door, and shot the heavy bolt. The Tiger foiled by the suddenness of this unexpected manœuvre, immediately rose from his couchant position, and after violently lashing each flank with his tail, gave vent to his dissatisfaction in a prolonged inward grumble, that sounded like distant thunder. But he did not long deliberate on his course : to my infinite horror, I saw him approach the den, where rearing on his hind legs, in the attitude the heralds call rampant, he gave a tremendous roar, which made my blood curdle, and then resting his fore-paws on the front of the cage, with his huge, hideous face pressed against the bars, he stared at me a long, long stare, with two red fiery eyes, that alternately gloomed and sparkled like burning coals.

"And didn't the Tiger, sir, poke his great claws, sir, into the cage, sir, and pick you out, sir, bit by bit, sir, between the bars ?"

Patience, my dear little fellow, patience. Since the Creation, perhaps, a Man and a Wild Beast, literally changing places, were never before placed in such an anomalous position : and in these days of dullness, and a dearth of dramatic novelties, having been furnished with so very original and striking a situation, the Reader ought to be allowed a little time to enjoy it.

CHAPTER VI.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

"Zounds !—pshaw !—phoo !—pish !" ejaculates a Courteous Reader, "it's all a hoax, the author is laughing at us."

Not at all. The cachinnatory syllables were intended to signify the peal of dreary laughter with which the hyena hailed my incarceration. It was perhaps only a coincidence —and yet the beast might comprehend and enjoy the sudden turning of the tables, the Man become a prisoner, and the Brute his gaoler.

It might tickle his savage fancy to behold a creature of the species before which the animals of his own kind instinctively quailed and skulked off—it might gratify a splenetic hatred, born of fear, to see a member of that aristocratic order reduced by a Revolution, beyond the French one, into a doomed captive in such a Bastile !

"Excuse me, sir, but do you really believe that a brute beast ever reasons so curiously ?"

It is difficult to say, madam, for they never utter, much less publish, their speculations. That some do reason and even moralize———

"Moralize ! what, a brute beast—for instance, a great bear —a moralist like Dr. Johnson ?"

Yes, madam ;—or Hervey, of the Meditations. The hyena is notoriously a frequenter of graves—a prowler amongst the Tombs. He is, also, the only beast that laughs—at least above his breath. And putting these two circumstances together, who knows but that the Ghoul acquired his Sardonic grin, and his cynical ha ! ha ! ha ! from a too intimate acquaintance with the dusty, mouldy, rubbishing, unsavour

relics of the pride, power, pomps and vanities of the so-called Lord of the Creation?

"Who indeed, sir? What man can see into the heart of a brute beast?"

Why, if any one, ma'am, it's the man who puts his head into the lion's mouth.

CHAPTER VII.

It was now my turn to know and understand how Time "travels in divers paces with divers persons." To feel how the precious stuff that life is made of might be drawn out, like fine gold, into inconceivable lengths. To learn the extreme duration of minims and seconds, and possible "last moments" of existence—the practicability of living ages, as in dreams, between one vital pulsation and another!

Oh those interminable and invaluable intervals between breath and breath!

How shall I describe—by what gigantic scale can I give a notion of the enormous expansion of the ordinary fractions of time, when marked on a Dial of the World's circumference by the Shadow of Death?

Methinks while that horrible face, and those red, fiery eyes were gazing at me, Pyramids might have been built—Babylons founded—Empires established—Royal Dynasties have risen, ruled, and fallen—yea, even that other Planets might have fulfilled their appointed cycles from Creation to Destruction, during those nominal minutes which by their immense span seemed actually to be preparing me for Eternity!

CHAPTER VIII.

In the meantime the Tiger kept his old position in front of the cage, without making any attempt to get at me. He could have no fear of my getting out to eat *him*, and as to his devouring me, having recently breakfasted on shin of beef he seemed in no hurry for a second meal, knowing perfectly well, that whenever he might feel inclined to lunch he had me ready for it, as it were, in his safe.

Thus the beast continued with intolerable perseverance to stare in upon me, who, crouched up at the further corner of the den, had only to await his pleasure or displeasure. Once or twice, indeed, I tried to call out for help, but the sound died in my throat, and when at length I succeeded, the Tiger, whether to drown my voice, or from sympathy, set up such a roar at the same time, and this he did so repeatedly, that convinced of the futility of the experiment, I abandoned myself in silence to my fate. Its crisis was approaching. If he had no hunger for food the savage had an appetite for revenge, and soon showed himself disposed, catlike, to sport with his victim, and torment him a little by exciting his terror. I have said cat-like, but there seemed something more supernaturally ingenious in the cruelty of his proceedings. He certainly made faces at me, twisting his grim features with the most frightful contortions—especially his mouth, drawing back his lips so as to show his teeth—then smacking them, or licking them with his tongue—of the roughness of which he occasionally gave me a hint by rasping it against the iron bars. But the climax of his malice was to come. Strange as it may seem, he absolutely winked at me, not a mere feline blink at excess of light, but a significant know-

ing wink, and then inflating his cheeks, puffed into my face a long, hot breath, smelling, most ominously, *of raw flesh!*

"The horrid wretch! why he seemed to know what he was about like a Christian!"

Yes, madam—or, at any rate, like an inhuman human being. But, before long, he evidently grew tired of such mere pastime. His tail—that index of mischief—resumed its activity, swinging and flourishing in the air, with a thump every now and then on his flank, as if he were beating time with it to some Tiger's March in his own head. At last it dropped, and at the same instant thrusting one paw between the bars he tried by an experimental semicircular sweep, whether any part of me was within his reach. He took nothing, however, by his motion, but his talons so nearly brushed my knees, that a change of posture became imperative. The den was too low to allow of my standing up, so that the only way was to lie down on my side, with my back against that of the cage—of course making myself as much like a *bas-relief* as possible.

Fortunately, my coat was closely buttoned up to the throat, for the hitch of a claw in a lappel would have been fatal: as it was, the paw of the brute, in some of his sweeps, came within two inches of my person. Foiled in this fishing for me, he then struck the bars, seriatim, but they were too massive, and too well imbedded in their sockets, to break, or bend, or give way. Nevertheless, I felt far from safe. There was such a diabolical sagacity in the Beast's proceedings, that it would hardly have been wonderful if he had deliberately undone the bolt and fastenings of his late front-door and walked in to me.

"Oh, how dreadful if he had! And what a position for you, sir! Such a shocking picture—a human fellow-creature

in a cage with a great savage tiger a-tearing at him through the bars—I declare it reminds me of the Cat at our Canary!"

CHAPTER IX.

I WOULD not marry the Young Lady who made that last comparison for Ten Thousand Pounds!

CHAPTER X.

CONFOUND the Keepers!

Not one of them, Upper or Under, even looked into the room. For any help to me, they might as well have been keeping sheep, or turnpikes, or little farms, or the King's peace—or keeping the Keep at Windsor, or editing the Keepsake!—or helping the London Sweeps and Jack-in-the-Green to keep May Day!

Oh! what a pang, sharp as tiger's tooth could inflict, shot through my heart as I remembered that date with all its cheerful and fragrant associations—sights, and scents, and sounds so cruelly different to the object before my eyes, the odour in my nostrils, the noise in my ears!

How I wished myself under the hawthorns, or even on them—how I yearned to be on a village green, with or without a Maypole; but why do I speak of such sweet localities?

May-day as it was, and sweep as I was not, I would willingly have been up the foulest flue in London, cleansing it gratis. Fates that had formerly seemed black and hard,

now looked white and mild in comparison with my own. The gloomiest things, the darkest misfortunes, even unto negro-slavery, shone out, like the holiday sooterkins, *with washed faces.*

My own case was getting desperate. The Tiger enraged by his failures, was furious, and kept up an incessant fretful grumble—sometimes deepening into a growl, or rising almost into a shriek—while again and again he tried the bars, or swept for me with his claws. Lunch-time it was plain had come, and an appetite along with it, as appeared by his efforts to get at me, as well as his frequently opening and shutting his jaws, and licking his lips,—in fact, making a sort of Barmecidal feast on me beforehand.

The effect of this mock-mastication on my nerves was inexpressibly terrible—as the awful rehearsal of a real tragedy. Besides, from a correspondence of imagination, I seemed actually to feel in my flesh and bones every bite he simulated, and the consequent agonies. Oh, horrible—horrible—horrible !

"Horrible, indeed ! I wonder you did not faint !"

Madam, I *dared* not. All my vigilance was too necessary to preserve me from these dangerous snatches, so often made suddenly as if to catch me off my guard. It was far more likely that the brain, overstrained by such intense excitement, would give way and drive me by some frantic impulse —a maniac—into those foamy jaws.

Still bolt, and bar, and reason retained their places. But alas ! if even the mind remained firm, the physical energies might fail. So long as I could maintain my position, as still and as stiff as a corpse, my life was comparatively safe : but the necessary effort was almost beyond the power of human nature, and certainly could not be long protracted—the joints and sinews must relax, and then——

Merciful Heaven! the crisis just alluded to was fast approaching, for the overtasked muscles were gradually give, give, giving—when suddenly there was a peculiar cry from some animal in the inner room. The Tiger answered it with a yell, and, as if reminded of some hated object—at least as obnoxious to him as myself—instantly dropped from the cage, and made one step towards the spot. But he stopped short—turning his face again to the cage, to which he would probably have returned but for a repetition of the same cry. The Tiger answered it as before with a yell of defiance, and bounded off through the door into the next chamber, whence growls, roars, and shrieks of brutal rage soon announced that some desperate combat had commenced.

The uproar alarming the Keepers, they rushed in, when springing from the cage with equal alacrity, I rushed out; and while the men were securing the Tiger, secured myself by running home to my house in the Adelphi, at a rate never attained before or since.

Nor did Time, who "travels in divers paces with divers persons," ever go at so extraordinary a rate—*for slowness*—as he had done with me. On consulting my watch, the age which I had passed in the Tiger's den must have been some sixty minutes!

And so ended, Courteous Reader, the Longest Hour in my Life!

[I have found among my father's collection of autographs the following passage, with reference to the preceding story, in a letter from Mr. W. J. Broderip, the well-known Police Magistrate, and Author of "Zoological Recreations."]

"THE longest Hour of your Life" gave me a night-mare. The whole day had been employed in listening to a horrid murder; and at night I took up your paper to amuse me,

and drive the bloody business our of my head. The effect of the combination out-Fuselied all that Fuseli ever conceived after a supper of the rawest of pork—though I supped on sugar and water. Maltese murderers with raised knives ready to strike; blood running slowly and lava-like down walls. Tigers attracted by the smell of the blood, and attacking editors and justices shut up in rush cages—in one everlasting smash, notwithstanding a gasping attempt to read the Riot Act! Ah, it is all very well to laugh *now*, but it was awful!"

[The following paper I conjecture to be my father's, from finding various notes and copies of advertisements which bear on the subject among his papers.]

THE ADVERTISEMENT LITERATURE OF THE AGE.

THE advertisement has long since become an independent department of literature, subject to its own canons of criticism, having its own laws of composition, and conducted by a class of writers, who though they may (we do not assert they do) acknowledge their inferiority to the great historians, poets, or novelists of the day, would nevertheless consider themselves deeply injured were we to hesitate to admit them into the corporation of the "gens de lettres."

A needy varlet, with his coat out of the elbows, accosted Garrick once upon a time, and to enforce his suit for relief, reminded the great player that they had formerly acted together on the boards of old Drury. Garrick's memory was at fault, and he begged to know upon what occasion he had had that honour.

"Don't you recollect," answered the poor devil, "when you played Hamlet, I used to play the cock!"

In the same manner one of our professional advertisement writers may be supposed to address such an author as Sir Edward Bulwer, "When you wrote the 'Last Days of Pompeii,' it was I that puffed it in the —— journal."

The advertisement writer, however, claims kindred with genius of all sorts, and considers himself entitled to a share in the glory of all undertakings under the sun, from the Thames Tunnel to the manufacture of a razor-strop. In fact, he is to the artist, or the shopkeeper, what Homer was to Achilles, Tasso to Godfrey, Camoens to Gama, or Milton to Cromwell; without him, what would his shops avail a Mechi, his XX a Guinness, his pills a Cockle, his Chesterfields a Doudney, his locks a Chubb, or his envelope a Stocken?

——"He knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can waft their name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms."

The advertisement literature of the day is therefore always worthy of some notice and record. Once a year at least, it is well to glance at it—remark such changes as it may have undergone, and illustrate its actual state by a few random examples. Looking back over the registers of the past year, we observe, in the first place, a decline of poetry in the announcements of our merchants and traders. Few London shops appear at present to keep poets. Warren himself rarely treats us to an ode, and this scarcity of verse is the more surprising when we consider the enormous quantity of the commodity produced by the booksellers, the authors of most of which could not more appropriately employ their poetic powers than in singing the praises of spermaceti-candles, or jet-blacking.

Over-production is indeed nowhere more conspicuous than

in the manufacture of rhymes. We trust the opening of the trade with China may afford a vent for this as well as other branches of our native industry, as it certainly will, if the people of the celestrial empire stand as much in need of fustian as of broadcloth. We could spare "the central flowery land" a legion of bards, and where could that flowery fraternity—out of work at home—with even the doors of No. 20, Strand, closed against them—more appropriately seek a Mæcenas and a meal?

But if the spirit of song is dead in our trading circles,—if there has been in our shops a counter-revolution against the lady muses—we have the satisfaction of perceiving that no decline in prose composition is visible as yet in the same department. We are not going to quote George Robins; it is sufficiently gratifying to remark that the powers of this capital writer continue unimpaired, and that he still remains the undisputed head of his own department, and the greatest composer of an auction-bill in this or any other country. A few specimens of advertising genius in a lower degree will, however, not be amiss. We shall take them at random from a few newspapers that happen to be on the table.

How promptly has the author of the following availed himself of the recent triumphs of the British arms in the East!

> "THE CHINESE BAND MARCH, as performed on the Glorious Ratification of Peace with Great Britain, concluded by Sir Henry Pottinger, with a splendid Lithographic Frontispiece, containing a distant View of Nankin."

The anticipation here is a fine stroke of art, the peace in question not having been ratified up to the last advices from China. It reminds one of the brilliant hit made by Demades in Timon.

"*Dem.* Hear, my human Jupiter, the decree I have written concerning thee before the Areopagites: 'Whereas Timon, a champion and wrestler, was in one day victor of both the Olympic games.'

"*Timon.* But I never saw the Olympic games.

"*Dem.* What of that? That makes no matter, thou shalt see them hereafter." *

The tea-dealers, of course, consider China as their own property. Their organs are particularly eloquent just now; one has the following burst:

"THE TRADE WITH CANTON BEING NOW QUITE OPEN, the Public, who suffered so much by the late Speculations, have a right to reap the full Benefit of the present Depression. They shall reap it."

This is Demosthenic.

Another is Ciceronian, and expatiates more copiously on the same theme:

"THE GLORIOUS NEWS FROM THE EAST is everywhere hailed with delight and gratitude. In consequence of the highly important Announcement of Peace with China, we take the earliest opportunity of making known to the Public—that we have commenced selling all descriptions of Tea much cheaper."

Our next specimen is no less than a discovery of a new species of liberty, for which the Chartists and Miss Mary Anne Walker will, of course, be duly grateful:

"MORISONIAN PRIZES for the three best Essays on the Medical Liberty of the Subject. For particulars apply to the Medical Dissenter Office, &c. !"

We have long had political liberty, civil liberty, religious liberty, commercial liberty, and now medical liberty is added to the number, so that there is reason to fear that liberty will become—a drug!

* "Timon." Edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, for the Shaksperian Society.

It appears we have a new charter to fight for, and a new "mountain nymph" to woo; we may free ourselves from magistrates and priests, we may shake off the yoke of corn lords or cotton lords, but slaves we shall be still, if we do not likewise emancipate ourselves from the doctors. One advantage in this last struggle is that physical force will be unobjectionable, as it is always fair to combat an enemy with his own weapons. We shall disarm the surgeons and slay them with their own lancets, and the best way to dispose of the druggists will be to drug them; "The Medical Liberty of the Subject," will be a toast henceforward at public dinners; and a new toast was clearly wanting, for the public is heartily tired of "the people," "The wooden walls of Old England," and so forth.

The advertisements of the tailors and the upholstery warehouses, during the past years, have been more remarkable for their substantial philanthropy than the ornaments of style. The very spirit of Howard breathes in the announcement of the house that offers to transport "furniture and bedding, carriage free, regardless of distance, to any part of the country." You may quarter yourself in the remotest fishing-village in the Orkneys, it is all the same to this enterprising establishment, whose benevolence annihilates space, and would shake you down a feather bed on the summit of Snowdon, before the ink was dry on your order. Probably in the word "country" they include the entire British Empire, in which case their feeling and their furniture would cheerfully accompany you to the very island of Hong-Kong, should you wish to visit that new settlement, and leave your card for Commissioner Lin.

The upholsterers, however, are not entirely forgetful of the graces of composition. We observe that the climax is a figure which they use with the best effect. Mark, how the

epithets rise one above another in the following scale of prices :

"'PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY' are informed that
A four-roomed house is furnished completely for £25 !
A six-roomed house elegantly for £79 ! !
A ten-roomed house luxuriously for £178 ! ! !
A twelve-roomed house superbly for £335 ! ! ! !"

The tailors also know how to combine classical taste with Christian charity.

"'THE PONCHO OVERCOAT' is recommended as 'the most classic Garment introduced since the Augustan era.'"

The modesty of the "since" will be observed. The "Poncho Overcoat" does not pretend to be more classic than the Roman Toga.

Another tailoring proclamation manifests no desire but to save the public the income-tax. We suspect the government of having some hand in the advertisements of this class. What right has any man to grumble at paying the tax-gatherer, when he can compensate himself in five minutes, by purchasing a Chesterfield at a certain house in Lombard Street.

But commend us to the Dublin knights of the thimble for an attractive manifesto. A house of the immortal name of Guinness dazzles us with the offer of "a superfine coat made to order for 1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*!" This promises to efface the glory of the XX.

The same Irish journal contains the following capital *double entendre*, for which we give the ingenious writer a great deal of credit :

"AS HOUSEKEEPER, or would act as Cook and Housekeeper, a steady active Woman of the Established Church, who perfectly understands her business in both capacities. She is a good practical Cook, understands soups, made-dishes, confectionary in all its branches, breakfast-bread, marketing, and keeping accounts ; also the fashionable mode

> of sending up dinner. Has long and satisfactory discharges: can be highly recommended by the lady she has just left, in consequence of a change in the establishment, with whom she has lived three years."

It has long been known that all good cooks in Ireland are of the Established Church, but the art here consists in making it doubtful whether the advertiser is more renowned for her soups than her sanctity. She "perfectly understands her business in both capacities," one capacity being culinary and the other religious. When we come to "a good practical cook" it occurred to us that it was possibly a mistake for "a good practical Christian." Her understanding of "accounts" obviously includes the long account to be settled with Heaven's chancery; and the "change in the establishment" alluded to, may be the influx of Puseyite doctrines, which, having some leaning to popery, no staunch Irish protestant cook could tolerate for a moment.

Amongst the beauties of pious advertisements we must also notice the two following, which, however, are not Irish:

> "'GOSPEL STORIES FOR CHILDREN.' An attempt to render the chief events of the Life of our Saviour intelligent and profitable to young persons."

The charm of this is merely in the grammar. The next is to be admired for the profusion with which pious images are heaped together to fascinate good people, who may happen to be in want of a governess!

> "A LADY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, moving in the best religious Society, in a quiet cathedral town, is desirous of superintending the education of two little girls under twelve years of age."

"Moving in the best religious society" is a phrase we suspect borrowed from society of another character; it marvellously resembles "moving in the fashionable world;" and probably the two societies are agreeably blended in

the "quiet little cathedral town," which is exquisitely touching. What orthodox mother of two little girls under twelve would not exult in the prospect of having them educated in a "quiet cathedral town?" that is to say, a town blessed with a dean and chapter, and rejoicing in a troop of canons? All cathedral towns, however, are not particularly quiet. We may conclude that our governess does not reside at Canterbury, for example.

The "governess" advertisements continue as rich in beauties as ever. The following is exquisite:

> "A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE, who has two little girls of her own, and three pupils, wishes to receive from one to three more, who will share her maternal care, and be treated as parlour boarders."

"Maternal care," and "parlour-boarders!"—the association of these two ideas is so indissolubly established in the public mind, ever since Mr. and Mrs. Squeers were introduced to our acquaintance! Suppose a mother were reported to treat her little daughters "as parlour-boarders" should we not strongly suspect her of being somewhat of a Brownrigg?

The determined effort that more than one "party" is now making in England to put down silver, has not been sufficiently attended to. We clearly do not live in a silver age, or, if we do, it is in a German silver age. The advertiser of German silver and Albata plate assures us that there is nothing so unsilvery as silver. "Silver superseded" meets our eye in capital letters wherever we turn. Real silver is denounced as spurious, and the counterfeit proclaimed to be the only genuine article. Thus write panegyrists of the Albata plate.

> "SILVER SUPERSEDED, and those corrosive and injurious metals called Nickel and German Silver, supplanted by the introduction of a new and perfectly matchless Albata Plate, possessing all the richness of

> Silver in appearance—with all its durability and hardness—with its perfect sweetness in use—undergoing, as it does, a chemical process, by which all that is nauseous in mixed metals is entirely extracted, resisting all acids, may be cleaned as silver, and is manufactured into every article for the table and sideboard."

But a writer in an adverse interest goes farther still.

> "THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.—The celebrity of the rich and silvery appearance and extreme durability of the material made exclusively by ourselves, has induced many attempts to foist upon the public the notoriously deleterious German Silver, under the guises of 'Albata Plate,' 'Berlin Silver,' &c. &c., against which we especially warn them. Aided by an eminent chemist, we have succeeded in purifying our material so that acids do not affect it; it is now so well known and appreciated, that it is universally superseding silver in all its uses. The genuine metal, which is more durable than silver, can only be had at our warehouses."

Silver is exploded by common consent. The only question for the public is, whether the Albata plate, or the "perfect substitute," is the true thing. Our own opinion is, that people must be hard to please, if they are not satisfied with a "perfect substitute," particularly when they are informed on the authority of "an eminent chemist" that it is "the genuine metal," and "more durable than silver" itself.

The Government will, of course, insist upon being paid by the Chinese in German silver: we trust we are not about to be deluged with such a humbug as the real silver, which is good for nothing but the base uses to which Sir Thomas More tells us it is applied by the Utopians. The tradesman must have a great deal of brass who persists in recommending silver for forks and spoons, now that it is "universally" admitted that the old-fashioned precious metal is but a sorry imitation of the genuine German or Albata.

This re-action against silver will, no doubt, influence our forms of expression in many respects. Thus supposing an

address to the Thames to be called for, we should commence thus :

Hail, German-silver Thames !

In a note, however, we should admonish the reader not to suppose we meant the Rhine or the Danube.

An ode to the moon would begin somewhat after this fashion,

More bright than an Albata spoon,
Uprose the glorious moon !

or haply thus :

As through the vale I roam'd with my Amata,
The moon shone forth one blaze of pure Albata.

We are glad to get rid of the jingling phrase of "silver salver," but we must guard against the admission of one quite as bad—"sterlin' Berlin."

Orators must no longer be complimented on their silver accents. We shall talk in future of a German-silver voice, meaning not a guttural articulation, but the most mellifluous of sounds.

"What a charming writer Mr. C—— is! Periods of German silver!" "How harmoniously Mr. D—— declaims! His tones are perfectly Albata!"

We have many speakers and writers who deserve such compliments in the utmost strictness. Indeed, silver promises to be soon as completely "superseded" in our poetry and prose as in our plate. We are beginning to adopt the "perfect substitute" for the sounds of Milton and of Barrow : and there is particularly a rage for the German article.

Gold has not yet been attacked : but who can tell what may happen in the wondrous days we live in? Let Mammon look to himself ; the silver column of his empire is shaken,

and the next blow may be at the pillar of gold. There may soon be nothing golden left us but—mediocrity! We have been startled by the following announcement:

"CHEMICA ANTIQUA.—The philosophical experimentalist or other pupil, paying an entrance-fee of Two Hundred Guineas, may be inducted, by a Professor of long experience and research, in both the Ancient and Modern Chemical School, to the verification and profitable application of the Hermetic Science, successfully pursued by the adepto-chemical philosophers of the middle ages, as a source of progressive enrichment to the fortunate operator in this mystical branch of Metallurgic Chemistry."

By this it appears that alchemy is still at work, and how do we know but that something, as much superior to gold as the Albata plate is to silver, may come out of the crucible? To "gild refined gold" may become a common practice, instead of being the poetical type of idle superfluity. We may live to see gold treated as the "yellow dirt" that the divines (who, nevertheless, like to dabble in it) tell us that it is. There will be a new meaning for the phrase "beaten gold," when it is beaten out of the field altogether. Possibly we may live to see the streets paved with it, and the wooden octagons forgotten like the works of M'Adam. As "medical liberty" will be about the same time universally established, we shall not require even so much gold as would gild a pill. Yet at this we cannot help repining, the gilding of the pill is a process so necessary in this life of troubles, and the occasions requiring that judicious operation in moral pharmacy are of such daily recurrence. We shall carefully hoard up a little gold for this most important use; and indeed our alchemist seems desirous to do something of the same kind, for we observe that he proposes to accept a fee of two hundred guineas with each pupil who desires to recommence the *opus magnum* under his learned auspices. This fee does not appear at all exorbitant for an introduction to "a source of pro-

gressive enrichment to the fortunate operator," but we would suggest a payment of the sum in German or Albata silver.

REVIEW.

Narrative of a Residence on the Mosquito Shore.

"What is there," says Shakspeare, "in a name?" Clearly nothing, or what living creature thinner-skinned than a rhinoceros would think of settling on the Mosquito Coast? Our epidermis twitches at the idea, settling and Mosquitoes! We should as soon think of courage and quietism, tickling and tranquillity, philosophy and fly-flaps, serenity and stinging-nettles, nestling and gnats, calm and cantharides, bliss and a blister. No, nothing can settle there but the insects themselves.

But we are wrong; human creatures have located or attempted to do so on the Mosquito Coast, and amongst others Mr. Charles Young, who, however, did not stay to grow old there, but has returned to England and has composed a sort of Hand-book for emigrants to the same shore—not as one might suppose, to direct them, when, where, and how to slap and scratch, but to give the adventurers a notion of the "manners and customs of the native tribes, the climate, seasons and productions of the country."

This patriotic or philanthropic design the author has very fairly and fully carried out, and we should seriously recommend all such persons as look towards the Stinging Shore or a home, to read the book before engaging a passage to Cape Gracias à Dios. Emigrants are especially destined to be bitten—first by ship-brokers and colonial agents, before

embarking; next by nameless vermin on board, not to forget the sharks if they go overboard; and on arrival, not only by the natives, should they be cannibals, but by various blood-thirsty beasts, reptiles, and insects. It behoves the wanderer, therefore, to know beforehand to what mordants he will be exposed, in order properly to estimate his own powers of resistance and endurance; for example, whether on the coast in question, he could bear, or would choose to be bitten by, mosquitoes, sand flies, chegoe fleas, ants, and fire-ants, wee-wees (not, as Scotchmen would suppose, very small, but very large ants), galley wasps—whose bite is very bad—snakes, including the sawyer, the golden snake, the whip snake, the Tommy Goff, and the barber's pole—the bite of the two last being venomous—with perhaps a snap from a jaguar. Should the emigrant have nerve and hide strong enough to encounter such teeth and suckers, he will yet do well to consider whether he has stamina for those diseases which especially attack strangers, such as agues, intermittent fevers, or a stroke of the sun, the cure of which by the Spaniards and Ladinos is effected, on the authority of an English merchant and others, by a very strange process.

"They take a glass phial with a large mouth and half fill it with water, tying a piece of calico, &c. over the mouth, so that when it is turned over the water is prevented from escaping. They place the phial in the dew all night, and in such a situation as to be exposed to the influence of the sun till twelve o'clock next day; it is then applied to the head of the patient, mouth downwards, moved about gently till the place is found where the sun has struck, which will be known by the water in the phial bubbling up; and, strange to say, it relieves the patient in a few minutes."

As to the aguish intermittents, let the emigrant as he values his temporal comfort and happiness beware of them—we know by painful experience the lingering torments from that slow poison, malaria, and that there is no remedy but

time, and a removal to an air in quality the very reverse of that which inflicted the disease. But there are other fluids, it appears, equally fatal with malaria, and one, especially, which has been celebrated by Dibdin, Nothing like Grog.—

"One of them sung out in pretty good English, 'How do? me glad to see you—long time you no come!' to which one of our countrymen who had been in the country before, and who knew the Indians, replied, 'Tokoy plenty, English come live with you, bring plenty everything, too much;' on hearing which they testified the most lively satisfaction, not however forgetting to ask for grog."

And again—

"Several Indians were luxuriously swinging in their hammocks made from the bark of a tree called maho, while others were squatting by a wood fire, smoking their short pipes. Now and then one would cry out, 'Ouple tapla ourike' (Friend, give me grog)."

"The population of the Cape must have been at one time numerous. It is said that they could once produce 1000 men capable of bearing arms; now they cannot muster 150—the smallpox and drunkenness having committed woeful ravages. I may well say, in the words of a celebrated writer, 'Unfortunate people! to have strangers come among them as friends, who have proved their deadliest foes. Unhappy countries! where man, for the sake of gain, destroys by liquid poison so many of the human race!"

Unhappy indeed! but oh, what will Father Mathew say—oh, what will Mr. Buckingham say,—what will all the temperance men and the teetotallers say,—what will anybody say, to drams of the fire-water being associated with spiritual instruction!

"A short time since a missionary arrived for the purpose of giving them some idea of a future state. A house was speedily found for him, and he commenced preaching, and for a few Sundays he gave some of the chiefs a glass of grog each to entice them to hear him. At length, one Sunday a great number of the natives attended to hear the white stranger talk. On this occasion the worthy and eloquent gentleman was more than usually eloquent, when one of the chiefs arose, and quietly said, 'All talk—no grog—no good!' and gravely stalked away, followed by all the natives."

The influence of the moon.

"Great precaution ought to be observed in the use of fish, especially when the moon is at or near the full, when they must be eaten perfectly fresh. I know by experience how soon fish becomes unfit for use. Two or three times the natives have come in after hauling the seine at twelve o'clock at night. I have had fish cut open, cleaned, dried, salted, and separately hung over a line, and well protected from the moon's rays, and yet in the morning they have been perfectly unfit for food, the moon having so much greater power here than in England. The same remark applies to pork: when killed at the full it will split, as if rent asunder by some extreme force."

With the above precaution, the settler on the Mosquito Coast may feast like an otter, the sea and river furnishing, amongst others, mullet, calipever, snook, drummer, sun-fish, angel-fish, jew-fish, topham, sheep-head, stone bass, grouper, king-fish, baracouta, snapper, yellow and red mouth grunts, rock-fish, parrot-fish, trunk-fish, carvalho, Spanish mackerel, June-fish, butter-fish, and old wife. Moreover he may have turtle for the catching, or in barter, a green one, of three-hundred weight, for eight yards of Osnaburg, value two dollars. Then for flesh, fowl, and fruit,—but the catalogue is too long to quote, and we must refer the outward bound to the book itself, a small one indeed, but into which Mr. Young has crammed a great deal of information. It seems written with perfect good faith, without, as he avers, any "distortion, exaggeration, or suppression of truth," and will therefore prove an useful guide to such bold, thick-skinned, or phlegmatic, persons as may propose, in spite of the gnats, sand-flies, chegoes, fire-ants, and wee-wees, to settle on the Mosquito Coast.

[It was in the July of this year that the ill-fated "Pegasus" was lost. Among her passengers was poor Elton, the actor, who left a family unprovided for. A benefit was arranged for their assistance at the Haymarket, for which my father wrote the following Address, to be delivered by Mrs. Warner.]

ADDRESS.

HUSH! not a sound! no whisper! no demur!
No restless motion—no intrusive stir!
But with staid presence and a quiet breath,
One solemn moment dedicate to Death!

[*A pause.*

For now no fancied miseries bespeak
The panting bosom, and the wetted cheek;
No fabled Tempest, or dramatic wreck,
No Royal Sire wash'd from the mimic deck,
And dirged by Sea Nymphs to his briny grave!
Alas! deep, deep beneath the sullen wave,
His heart, once warm and throbbing as your own,
Now cold and senseless as the shingle stone;
His lips, so eloquent, choked up with sand;
The bright eye glazed,—and the impressive hand,
Idly entangled with the ocean weed—
Full fathom five, a FATHER lies indeed!

Yes! where the foaming billows rave the while
Around the rocky Ferns and Holy Isle,
Deaf to their roar, as to the dear applause
That greets deserving in the Drama's cause,
Blind to the horrors that appal the bold,
To all he hoped, or feared, or loved, of old—
To love—and love's deep agony, a-cold;

He, who could move the passions, moved by none,
Drifts an unconscious corse.—Poor Elton's race is run!

Weep for the dead! Yet do not merely weep
For him who slumbers in the oozy deep:
Mourn for the dead!—yet not alone for him
O'er whom the cormorant and gannet swim;
But, like Grace Darling in her little boat,
Stretch out a saving hand to those that float—
The orphan Seven—so prematurely hurl'd
Upon the billows of this stormy world,
And struggling—save your pity take their part—
With breakers huge enough to break the heart!

[It was in this year, as far as I can ascertain, that the two next poems were written.]

YOUTH AND AGE.

IMPATIENT of his childhood,
"Ah me!" exclaims young Arthur,
Whilst roving in the wild wood,
"I wish I were my father!"

Meanwhile, to see his Arthur
So skip, and play, and run,
"Ah me!" exclaims the father,
"I wish I were my son!"

TO HENRIETTA,*

ON HER DEPARTURE FOR CALAIS.

When little people go abroad, wherever they may roam,
They will not just be treated as they used to be at home ;
So take a few promiscuous hints, to warn you in advance,
Of how a little English girl will perhaps be served in France.

Of course you will be Frenchified ; and first, it's my belief,
They'll dress you in their foreign style as à-la-mode as beef,
With a little row of beehives, as a border to your frock,
And a pair of frilly trousers, like a little bantam cock.

But first they'll seize your bundle (if you have one) in a crack,
And tie it with a tape by way of bustle on your back ;
And make your waist so high or low, your shape will be a riddle,
For anyhow you'll never have your middle in the middle.

Your little English sandals for a while will hold together,
But woe betide you when the stones have worn away the leather ;
For they'll poke your little pettitoes (and there will be a hobble !)
In such a pair of shoes as none but carpenters can cobble !

What next ?—to fill your head with French to match the native girls,
In scraps of *Galignani* they'll screw up your little curls ;

* The daughter of my father's old friend William Harvey, the artist.

And they'll take their nouns and verbs, and some bits of
verse and prose,
And pour them in your ears that you may spout them
through your nose.

You'll have to learn a *chou* is quite another sort of thing
To that you put your foot in ; that a *belle* is not to ring ;
That a *corne* is not the nubble that brings trouble to your
toes ;
Nor *peut-être* a potato, as *some* Irish folks suppose.

No, no, they have no murphies there, for supper or for
lunch,
But you may get in course of time a *pomme de terre* to
munch,
With which, as you perforce must do as Calais folks are
doing,
You'll maybe have to gobble up the frog that went a
wooing!

But pray at meals, remember this, the French are so polite,
No matter what you eat or drink, "whatever is, is right!"
So when you're told at dinner-time that some delicious stew
Is cat instead of rabbit, you must answer "*Tant mi—eux!*"

For little folks who go abroad, wherever they may roam,
They cannot just be treated as they used to be at home ;
So take a few promiscuous hints, to warn you in advance,
Of how a little English girl will perhaps be served in France!

[My father's contributions to the "Athenæum" this year were confined to some remarks on the Art Union system which was just coming into vogue.]

THE POLYPICNIC.

—✦—

We hope to be excused if we are this week a little prosy in our gossip, profitable rather than pleasant. The truth is, that, following the example of the great "National schemers, who thought it becoming in them to libel those who at a public meeting protested against their selfish project, as alike injurious to art and artists," the projectors of the 'Little-go,' finding public opinion running desperately against them, have been pleased to throw suspicion on our motives; as if our motives had, or could have, anything to do with the question at issue. But the parties know well, that private and personal feelings would have led us to remain silent, had we not felt that it was public duty to denounce the moral pestilence which is fast spreading over the country, and they were forewarned that it was our intention to do so. They are shocked, it appears, at our presuming to call the Polytechnic Union a 'Little-go.' Why the word is not ours, —the offence is so described in the 42 Geo. 3, cap. 119; and for the further information of the parties, extracts from the Act are given among the miscellaneous paragraphs at the end of this day's paper. However, we are not wedded to a name, —we will call it, if they please, 'Polypicnic,' and this will serve to distinguish it from the Parent Institution. Polypicnic, indeed, will well characterise it, seeing that it is a sort of chance-medley affair, to which Art and Science contribute prizes of prints, drawings, paintings, sculptures, bronzes, mathematical, astronomical, and "all kinds" of philosophical apparatus, working models, etc.—the last comprehensive

phrase leaving open to the imagination of provincial subscribers all that is associated with dips into lucky bags, and ventures with Mr. Merryman. The writer in question, too, is not a little indignant that in the face of such a lottery scheme we should have associated the Polypicnic with Derby sweeps, Twelfth Cake raffles, and other sporting speculations, which do not even profess to encourage Art, or Science, geology, conchology, or indeed anything in particular except the love of gambling. The Polypicnic, it is admitted, resembles a lottery, inasmuch as it proposes to give prizes; but then it does not resemble one, in as far as it does not encourage rash and improvident ventures when the chance success is remote and uncertain. But where is the essential difference? The chance of winning one of the great government prizes may have been remote and uncertain, but they were described and supposed to be quite otherwise, or Messrs. Bish, Goodrich, Swift, and Co. might have shut up their offices. In fact, the bribe of a bird in the hand with the prospect of the bird in the bush—say an improved fiddle or a patent mangle—all prizes and no blanks—is strictly in the style of the old contractors, and admirably adapted to excite the spirit of speculation. But we are told that Art Unions are a "*fait accompli*," otherwise the writer "would put forth opinions" not very "palatable to those concerned in the project"—that is to say, would denounce them as we have done. Now, that the cause of public morals may not lose the support of any man, let us remind the writer that lotteries were at one time quite as well established as Art Unions—had "assumed the form, and were endowed with all the prerogatives, of that combination of circumstances which diplomatists call a *fait accompli;*" nevertheless they were put down by law, and were denounced as "public nuisances," because it was universally admitted

that they did encourage gambling—"rash and improvident ventures."

Our association of the Great-go with the Little one was, therefore, perfectly natural. We can no more disconnect them, than some of the Polypicnic prizes from the working models, philosophical apparatus, etc. etc., in the Polytechnic Exhibition. But are we, therefore, averse to mere trading speculations? Certainly not, except where they may tend to demoralise the public, or are carried under false colours. We will suggest a case. The Polly, freighted by a private company of merchant adventurers, arrives on a savage coast, inhabited by a rude and barbarous race, as ignorant as unlearned pigs of Painting, Sculpture, Astronomy, Mechanics, Music, and as ignorant as Adam of the Parisian fashions. However, a profitable traffic is established on the terms, that for each ounce of gold dust the naked savage subscriber shall receive, instanter, a string of cut steel buttons with a ticket, giving him a chance of obtaining, by raffle, a pair of shoe buckles, a pocket looking glass, or a gold-laced cocked hat. Now, the introduction of the ardent spirit of gambling, with, or without, that of firewater, is objectionable enough: but what can or ought to be said if, looking up at the masthead of the Polly, we behold a large flag or bunting Prospectus, inscribed, "For the promotion of Morals and Civilisation!" Why, what *can* be said, but that the trading voyage has as much to do with the diffusion of moral or intellectual enlightenment as the Polypicnic with the encouragement of art and science? Of what avail to a civilised savage as ignorant of the fine arts as a fine-drawing tailor—who knows no more of painting in oil than a whale, of water-colours than a water kelpie, of sculpture than a stone blind, of bronzes than the green man in Hyde Park, of conchology than a shell-fishmonger, or of statuary than a parish stone-breaker

—of what avail to such an ignorant benighted Hottentot, that he is entitled, as a prize holder, to enter and select, to the value of £10, from the stock of six picture galleries and the Polytechnic. It is not difficult to guess into which exhibition he will eventually walk, where he will encourage Art and Science by choosing a miniature steam engine, which will serve at any rate for a toy for the boys, or a model of a frigate, which he thinks will look well on the garden pond.

The Polytechnic encourage art and science! Yes, as much as the twelfth-cake lotteries will induce a taste for polite literature—the Tea-board raffles promote tee-totalism, and the Derby sweeps improve the breed of horses: ay, as certainly as throwing dice will give rise to lots of draining, and the union of thimble rig with capital acting (by the decoys) will foster and encourage the regular drama! Nay, we think that the Polytechnic may effect quite as much for Art and Science as the following "*Distribution*," the scheme of which was advertised in the *Times* of Tuesday last.

"YORK HAM AND TONGUE DISTRIBUTION.—All Prizes!

T. YEATES, Ham Dealer and Confectioner, 23, Strand, and Corner of Dean Street, Westminster (established 50 years), intends DISTRIBUTING £1000 worth of real YORK HAMS, TONGUES, &c., in 8000 Shares at 2*s.* 6*d.* per Share, to take place on Wednesday, May 3, 1843. List of Prizes—2 at £20, 5 at £10, 10 at £5, 40 at £2, 100 at £1, 200 at 10*s.*, 1000 at 5*s.*, and 6643 at 1*s.* The holders of Shares to select from the Shares themselves. To prevent the disappointment so many experienced in his late Twelfth Cake Distribution, an early application is necessary. Persons residing in the country sending 31 Post Office Stamps, or Post Office Orders, will have the requisite number of Shares forwarded by return of post. T. Y. assures his friends every article shall be of the best quality procurable."

[My father in the course of this year became an occasional contributor to "Punch." His lines entitled "A Drop of Gin" were written to an illustration by Kenny Meadows. It was in the Christmas Number that, along with "The Pauper's Christmas Carol," appeared "The Song of the Shirt." The great sensation created by this throughout all England, will be remembered by many.]

A DROP OF GIN.

Gin! Gin! a drop of Gin!
What magnified monsters circle therein!
Ragged, and stained with filth and mud,
Some plague spotted, and some with blood!
Shapes of misery, shame, and sin!
Figures that make us loathe and tremble,
Creatures scarce human that more resemble
Broods of diabolical kin,
Ghost and vampyre, demon and Jin!

Gin! Gin! a drop of Gin!
The dram of Satan! the liquor of Sin!—
Distilled from the fell
Alembics of hell,
By Guilt, and Death,—his own brother and twin!—
That man might fall
Still lower than all
The meanest creatures with scale and fin.

But, hold;—we are neither Barebones nor Prynne,
Who lashed with such rage
The sins of the age;
Then, instead of making too much of a din,
Let Anger be mute,
And sweet Mercy dilute,
With a drop of pity, the drop of Gin!

Gin! Gin! a drop of Gin!
When, darkly, Adversity's days set in,
And the friends and peers
Of earlier years
Prove warm without, but cold within,
And cannot retrace
A familiar face
That's steeped in poverty up to the chin;
But snub, neglect, cold-shoulder, and cut
The ragged pauper, misfortune's butt;
Hardly acknowledged by kith and kin,
Because, poor rat!
He has no cravat,
A seedy coat, and a hole in that!—
No sole to his shoe, and no brim to his hat;
Nor a change of linen—except his skin;
No gloves, no vest,
Either second or best;
And, what is worse than all the rest,
No light heart, though his trousers are thin—
While time elopes
With all golden hopes,
And even with those of pewter and tin;
The brightest dreams,
And the best of schemes,
All knocked down, like a wicket by Mynn.
Each castle in air
Seized by giant Despair,
No prospect in life worth a minnikin pin;
No credit, no cash,
No cold mutton to hash,
No bread—not even potatoes to mash;
No coal in the cellar, no wine in the binn—

Smashed, broken to bits,
With judgments and writs ;
Bonds, bills, and cognovits distracting the wits,
In the webs that the spiders of Chancery spin—
Till, weary of life, its worry and strife,
Black visions are rife of a razor, a knife ;
Of poison—a rope—"louping over a linn."

Gin ! Gin ! a drop of Gin !
Oh ! then its tremendous temptations begin,
To take, alas !
To the fatal glass ;—
And happy the wretch that does not win
To change the black hue
Of his ruin to "blue"—
While angels sorrow, and demons grin—
And lose the rheumatic
Chill of his attic
By plunging into the Palace of Gin !

[Perhaps the most curious thing connected with the publication of "The Song of the Shirt," was the number of persons who had the incomprehensible audacity to claim its authorship. One young gentleman in Birmingham was mentioned by name either by his friends or himself—and I find a letter, in a volume of newspaper cuttings, containing the following passage:—"I have just read to my great surprise the announcement in your paper that Mr. Hood wrote 'The Song of the Shirt,' because I *know positively* that what I before stated to you is the fact." Luckily, in the teeth of this obstinate evidence, there was the testimony of the proprietors of "Punch," or my father might have been brazened out of his own verses.]

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's Oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !

"Oh, Men, with Sisters dear !
Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death ?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep ;
Oh, God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

"Work —work—work !
My labour never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.

That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

[The following verse appears in the original MS. of "The Song of the Shirt."]

Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Work, work, work,
Like the Engine that works by Steam!
A mere machine of iron and wood,
That toils for Mammon's sake,
Without a brain to ponder and craze,
Or a heart to feel—and break!

THE PAUPER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FULL of drink and full of meat,
On our SAVIOUR'S natal day,
CHARITY'S perennial treat ;
Thus I heard a Pauper say :—
"Ought not I to dance and sing
Thus supplied with famous cheer ?
Heigho !
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

"After labour's long turmoil,
Sorry fare and frequent fast,
Two-and-fifty weeks of toil,
Pudding-time is come at last !
But are raisins high or low,
Flour and suet cheap or dear ?
Heigho !
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year,

"Fed upon the coarsest fare
Three hundred days and sixty-four
But for *one* on viands rare,
Just as if I wasn't poor !
Ought not I to bless my stars,
Warden, clerk, and overseer ?
Heigho !

I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

"Treated like a welcome guest,
One of Nature's social chain,
Seated, tended on, and press'd—
But when shall I be press'd again,
Twice to pudding, thrice to beef,
A dozen times to ale and beer?
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

"Come to-morrow how it will;
Diet scant and usage rough,
Hunger once has had its fill,
Thirst for once has had enough,
But shall I ever dine again?
Or see another feast appear?
Heigho!
I only know—
Christmas comes but once a year!

"Frozen cares begin to melt,
Hopes revive and spirits flow—
Feeling as I have not felt
Since a dozen months ago—
Glad enough to sing a song—
To-morrow shall I volunteer?
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

"Bright and blessed is the time,
Sorrows end and joys begin,
While the bells with merry chime
Ring the Day of Plenty in!
But the happy tide to hail,
With a sigh or with a tear,
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year!"

A DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

We have seen an actor play *Hamlet*, in the Ghost scene, with so little sense of propriety, as not only to draw his sword, according to the stage practice, but actually to threaten and make a lunge at the parental apparition with the naked weapon. Nothing can be in worse taste. *Marcellus*, it is true, offers to strike at the Royal Phantom with his partizan, but the act, though somewhat disloyal, is not unfilial. But in *Hamlet*—the Son of the Shade—the attempt at violence is unnatural and parricidal, and totally at variance with his character. He shrinks from bloodshed, though supernaturally enjoined, and remembers the ties of kindred. Witness his extreme reluctance to kill his uncle; whereas, a man who tries to stab a ghost, will assuredly *Stick at Nothing*.

1844.

[My father's connection with the "New Monthly" ceased at the close of 1843, and this year his contributions to it were published in two volumes called "Whimsicalities, a Periodical Gathering," of which the Preface follows. Their contents have already appeared in this edition, or in the Second Series of "Hood's Own."]

WHIMSICALITIES.

PREFACE.

It is proper to state that the majority of the papers in the present Volumes were contributed to the New Monthly Magazine during the Author's late Editorship of that Periodical. Whether they deserved reprinting or repressing, must be determined between the public and the literary Court of Review.

As usual, the Reader will vainly look in my pages for any startling theological revelations, profound political views, philological disquisitions, or scientific discoveries. As fruitlessly will he seek for any Transcendental speculations, Antiquarian gossip, or Statistical Table Talk. And least of all will he find any discussion of those topics which occupy the leaders and misleaders of the daily prints:—for any enlightenment, Bude or Boccius, on the dark ways of Parliament and Downing Streets, or the dangerous crossing between the Church and the Catholic Chapel. He might as well expect to have his cigar lighted by the Sun, or his "arms found" by the "Morning Herald."

As little will the anticipations be realised of the feminine reader, who seeks for love rhapsodies, higher flown than the Aërial Carriage; for scenes of what is called Fashionable Life; or the serious sentimentalities of that new Paradoxurus the Religious Novel. She might as well go to St. Benet Sherehog for Berlin wool; or hope to dance, at the Ball of St. Paul's, to Weippert's last New Quadrilles.

My humble aim has been chiefly to amuse: but the liberal Utilitarian will, perhaps, discern some small attempts to instruct at the same time. He will, maybe, detect in "The Defaulter," a warning against rash and uncharitable judgments; in the "Black Job," a "take care of your pockets, from the Pseudo-Philanthropists;" in "Mr. Withering's Cure," a hint on Domestic Economy; in the "Omnibus," a lesson to Prudery; and in the "News from China," a satire on maternal over-indulgence, and the neglect of moral culture in the young. He may, possibly, discover in the "Earth Quakers," a hit at the astrological quackery, not only of Doctor Dee, but of more modern Zadkiels; and recognise in the "Grimsby Ghost," the correction of a Vulgar Error, that Spirits come and go on very immaterial errands. In the "Schoolmistress Abroad," a deliberate design is acknowledged, to show up that system of Boarding School Education which renders a Young Lady as eligible for a wife, as a strange female would be for a Housekeeper, with only a Twelfth Night character.

Here this Preface might end: but old associations, and the approach of a season specially devoted to hospitality, good fellowship, charity, and the Christian virtues, irresistibly impel me to the expression of a few benevolent wishes towards the World in general, and my own Country, nay, my own County in particular. We have all an open, or sneaking kindness, for our peculiar province, as the sporting

yeomanry well knew, and felt, when they translated Pitt's regimental motto, which they pronounced "Pro Haris et Focis,"—for our Hares and Foxes.

In this spirit, my kindest aspirations are offered to my Readers, and in particular to those nearest home. If there be any truth in the statistics of publication, my Comic Annuals, heretofore, have afforded some slight diversion to the cares of Man, Woman, and Middlesex, and it is my earnest hope and ambition that my "Whimsicalities" may still serve the same purpose in the same "trumpery sphere."

If a word may be added, it is a good one in favour of the Artist who has supplied the illustrations; and who promises, by his progressive improvement, that hereafter our "Leech Gatherers" shall not only collect in bags or baskets, but in portfolios.

THOMAS HOOD.

December 4, 1843.

[In January appeared the first number of "Hood's Magazine," which had been announced at the close of the previous year, in the following Prospectus.]

HOOD'S MAGAZINE AND COMIC MISCELLANY.

PROSPECTUS.

Whatever may be thought of Dr. Dickson's theory, that the type of disease in general is periodical, there can be no doubt of its applicability to modern literature, which is essentially periodical, whether the type be long primer, brevier, or bourgeois. It appears, moreover, by the rapid consumption of monthlies, compared with the decline of the annuals, that frequent fits of publication are more prevalent and popular than yearly paroxysms.

Under these circumstances, no apology is necessary for the present undertaking ; but custom, which exacts an overture to a new opera, and a prologue to a new play, requires a few words of introduction to a new monthly magazine.

One prominent object, then, of the projected publication, as implied by the sub-title of "Comic Miscellany," will be the supply of harmless "Mirth for the Million," and light thoughts, to a public sorely oppressed—if its word be worth a rush, or its complaints of an ounce weight—by hard times, heavy taxes, and those "eating cares" which attend on the securing of food for the day, as well as a provision for the future. For the relief of such afflicted classes, the editor, assisted by able humourists, will dispense a series of papers and woodcuts, which, it is hoped, will cheer the gloom of Willow Walk, and the loneliness of Wilderness Row—sweeten the bitterness of Camomile Street and Wormwood Street—smoothe the ruffled temper of Cross Street, and enable even Crooked Lane to unbend itself! It is hardly necessary to promise that this end will be pursued without raising a maiden blush, much less a damask, in the nursery grounds of modesty—or trespassing, by wanton personalities, on the parks and lawns of private life. In a word, it will aim at being merry and wise, instead of merry and otherwise.

For the sedate, there will be papers of a becoming gravity ; and the lover of poetry will be supplied with numbers in each number.

As to politics, the reader of "Hood's Magazine" will vainly search in its pages for a panacea for agricultural distress, or a grand Catholicon for Irish agitation ; he will uselessly seek to know whether we ought to depend for our bread on foreign farmers, or merely on foreign sea-fowl ; or, if the repeal of the Union would produce low rents and only three quarter days. Neither must we hope to learn the proper terminus

of reform, nor even whether a finality man means Campbell's last man, or an undertaker.

A total abstinence from such stimulating topics and fermented questions is, indeed, ensured by the established character of the editor, and his notorious aversion to party spirit. To borrow his own words, from a letter to the proprietors,—"I am no politician, and far from instructed on those topics which, to parody a common phrase, no gentleman's newspaper should be without. Thus for any knowledge of mine, the Irish prosecutions may be for pirating the Irish melodies; the Pennsylvanians may have repudiated their wives; Duff Green may be a place, like Goose Green; Prince Polignac a dahlia or a carnation, and the Duc de Bordeaux a tulip. The Spanish affairs I could never master, even with a *Pronouncing* Dictionary at my elbow; it would puzzle me to see whether Queen Isabella's majority is or is not equal to Sir Robert Peel's; or, if the shelling the Barcelonese was done with bombs and mortars, or the nutcrackers. Prim may be a quaker, and the whole civil war about the Seville Oranges. Nay, even on domestic matters, nearer home, my profound political ignorance leaves me in doubt on questions concerning which the newsmen's boys and printers' devils have formed very decided opinions; for example, whether the corn law league ought to extend beyond three miles from Mark Lane—or the sliding scale should regulate the charges at the glaciarium—what share the Welsh whigs have had in the Welsh riots, and how far the Ryots in India were excited by the slaughter of the Brahmin Bull. On all such public subjects I am less *au fait* than that Publicist the Potboy, at the public-house, with the insolvent sign, The Hog in the Pound."

Polemics will be excluded with the same rigour; and especially the Tractarian schism. The reader of "Hood's

Magazine" must not hope, therefore, to be told whether an old Protestant church ought to be plastered with Roman cement; or if a design for a new one should be washed in with Newman's colours. And most egregiously will he be disappointed, should he look for controversial theology in our Poets' Corner. He might as well expect to see Queens of Sheba, and divided babies, from wearing Solomon's spectacles!

For the rest, a critical eye will be kept on our current literature, a regretful one on the drama, and a kind one for the fine arts, from whose artesian well there will be an occasional *drawing*.

With this brief explanatory announcement, "Hood's Magazine and Comic Miscellany" is left to recommend itself, by its own merits, to those enlightened judges, the reviewers; and to that impartial jury—too vast to pack in any case—the British public.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.*

A ROMANCE.

"A jolly place, said he, in days of old,
But something ails it now: the spot is curst."

WORDSWORTH.

PART I.

SOME dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural, and full of contradictions;
Yet others of our most romantic schemes
Are something more than fictions.

* The Rev. G. P. A. Longmore has translated this poem into Latin verse—a task the difficulty of which any scholar can appreciate.

It might be only on enchanted ground ;
It might be merely by a thought's expansion ;
But, in the spirit or the flesh, I found
An old deserted Mansion.

A residence for woman, child, and man,
A dwelling place,—and yet no habitation ;
A House,—but under some prodigious ban
Of Excommunication.

Unhinged the iron gates half open hung,
Jarr'd by the gusty gales of many winters,
That from its crumbled pedestal had flung
One marble globe in splinters.

No dog was at the threshold, great or small ;
No pigeon on the roof—no household creature—
No cat demurely dozing on the wall—
Not one domestic feature.

No human figure stirr'd, to go or come,
No face look'd forth from shut or open casement ;
No chimney smoked—there was no sign of Home
From parapet to basement.

With shatter'd panes the grassy court was starr'd ;
The time-worn coping-stone had tumbled after ;
And thro' the ragged roof the sky shone, barr'd
With naked beam and rafter.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear ;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

The flow'r grew wild and rankly as the weed,
Roses with thistles struggled for espial,
And vagrant plants of parasitic breed
Had overgrown the Dial.

But gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm,
No heart was there to heed the hour's duration;
All times and tides were lost in one long term
Of stagnant desolation.

The wren had built within the Porch, she found
Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough;
And on the lawn,—within its turfy mound,—
The rabbit made his burrow.

The rabbit wild and gray, that flitted thro'
The shrubby clumps, and frisk'd, and sat, and vanish'd,
But leisurely and bold, as if he knew
His enemy was banish'd.

The wary crow,—the pheasant from the woods—
Lull'd by the still and everlasting sameness,
Close to the mansion, like domestic broods,
Fed with a "shocking tameness."

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,
Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted;
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond
Of solitude, alighted.

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if
To guard the water-lily.

No sound was heard except, from far away,
The ringing of the witwall's shrilly laughter,
Or, now and then, the chatter of the jay,
That Echo murmur'd after.

But Echo never mock'd the human tongue ;
Some weighty crime, that Heaven could not pardon,
A secret curse on that old Building hung,
And its deserted Garden.

The beds were all untouch'd by hand or tool ;
No footstep marked the damp and mossy gravel,
Each walk as green as is the mantled pool,
For want of human travel.

The vine unpruned, and the neglected peach,
Droop'd from the wall with which they used to grapple ;
And on the canker'd tree, in easy reach,
Rotted the golden apple.

But awfully the truant shunn'd the ground,
The vagrant kept aloof, and daring Poacher ;
In spite of gaps that thro' the fences round
Invited the encroacher.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

The pear and quince lay squander'd on the grass ;
The mould was purple with unheeded showers
Of bloomy plums—a Wilderness it was
Of fruits, and weeds, and flowers !

The marigold amidst the nettles blew,
The gourd embraced the rose bush in its ramble,
The thistle and the stock together grew,
The holly-hock and bramble.

The bear-bine with the lilac interlaced,
The sturdy bur-dock choked its slender neighbour,
The spicy pink. All tokens were effaced
Of human care and labour.

The very yew Formality had train'd
To such a rigid pyramidal stature,
For want of trimming had almost regain'd
The raggedness of nature.

The Fountain was a-dry—neglect and time
Had marr'd the work of artisan and mason,
And efts and croaking frogs, begot of slime,
Sprawl'd in the ruin'd bason.

The Statue, fallen from its marble base,
Amidst the refuse leaves, and herbage rotten,
Lay like the Idol of some by-gone race,
Its name and rites forgotten.

On ev'ry side the aspect was the same,
All ruin'd, desolate, forlorn, and savage :
No hand or foot within the precinct came
To rectify or ravage.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

PART II.

O, VERY gloomy is the House of Woe,
Where tears are falling while the bell is knelling,
With all the dark solemnities which show
That Death is in the dwelling!

O very, very dreary is the room
Where Love, domestic Love, no longer nestles,
But, smitten by the common stroke of doom,
The Corpse lies on the trestles!

But House of Woe, and hearse, and sable pall,
The narrow home of the departed mortal,
Ne'er look'd so gloomy as that Ghostly Hall,
With its deserted portal!

The centipede along the threshold crept,
The cobweb hung across in mazy tangle,
And in its winding-sheet the maggot slept,
At every nook and angle.

The keyhole lodged the earwig and her brood,
The emmets of the steps had old possession,
And march'd in search of their diurnal food
In undisturb'd procession.

As undisturb'd as the prehensile cell
Of moth or maggot, or the spider's tissue,
For never foot upon that threshold fell,
To enter or to issue.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted!

Howbeit, the door I push'd—or so I dream'd—
Which slowly, slowly gaped,—the hinges creaking
With such a rusty eloquence, it seem'd
That Time himself was speaking.

But Time was dumb within that Mansion old,
Or left his tale to the heraldic banners,
That hung from the corroded walls, and told
Of former men and manners :—

Those tatter'd flags, that with the open'd door,
Seem'd the old wave of battle to remember,
While fallen fragments danced upon the floor,
Like dead leaves in December.

The startled bats flew out,—bird after bird,—
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,
And seem'd to mock the cry that she had heard
Some dying victim utter!

A shriek that echo'd from the joisted roof,
And up the stair, and further still and further,
Till in some ringing chamber far aloof
It ceased its tale of murther!

Meanwhile the rusty armour rattled round,
The banner shudder'd, and the ragged streamer ;
All things the horrid tenor of the sound
Acknowledged with a tremor.

The antlers, where the helmet hung, and belt,
Stirr'd as the tempest stirs the forest branches,
Or as the stag had trembled when he felt
The blood-hound at his haunches.

The window jingled in its crumbled frame,
And thro' its many gaps of destitution
Dolorous moans and hollow sighings came,
Like those of dissolution.

The wood-louse dropped, and rolled into a ball,
Touch'd by some impulse occult or mechanic ;
And nameless beetles ran along the wall
In universal panic.

The subtle spider, that from overhead
Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,
Suddenly turn'd, and up its slender thread
Ran with a nimble terror.

The very stains and fractures on the wall
Assuming features solemn and terrific,
Hinted some Tragedy of that old Hall,
Lock'd up in hieroglyphic.

Some tale that might, perchance, have solved the doubt,
Wherefore amongst those flags so dull and livid,
The banner of the BLOODY HAND shone out
So ominously vivid.

Some key to that inscrutable appeal,
Which made the very frame of Nature quiver ;
And ev'ry thrilling nerve and fibre feel
So ague-like a shiver.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted ;
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

If but a rat had linger'd in the house,
To lure the thought into a social channel !
But not a rat remain'd, or tiny mouse,
To squeak behind the panel.

Huge drops roll'd down the walls, as if they wept ;
And where the cricket used to chirp so shrilly,
The toad was squatting, and the lizard crept
On that damp hearth and chilly.

For years no cheerful blaze had sparkled there,
Or glanced on coat of buff or knightly metal ;
The slug was crawling on the vacant chair,—
The snail upon the settle.

The floor was redolent of mould and must,
The fungus in the rotten seams had quicken'd ;
While on the oaken table coats of dust
Perenially had thicken'd.

No mark of leathern jack or metal can,
No cup—no horn—no hospitable token,—
All social ties between that board and Man
Had long ago been broken.

There was so foul a rumour in the air,
The shadow of a Presence so atrocious ;
No human creature could have feasted there,
Even the most ferocious.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted!

PART III.

'Tis hard for human actions to account,
Whether from reason or from impulse only—
But some internal prompting bade me mount
The gloomy stairs and lonely.

Those gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp, and cold,
With odours as from bones and relics carnal,
Deprived of rite, and consecrated mould,
The chapel vault, or charnel.

Those dreary stairs, where with the sounding stress
Of ev'ry step so many echoes blended,
The mind, with dark misgivings, fear'd to guess
How many feet ascended.

The tempest with its spoils had drifted in,
Till each unwholesome stone was darkly spotted,
As thickly as the leopard's dappled skin,
With leaves that rankly rotted.

The air was thick—and in the upper gloom
The bat—or something in its shape—was winging;
And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,
The Death's-Head moth was clinging.

That mystic moth, which, with a sense profound
Of all unholy presence, augurs truly ;
And with a grim significance flits round
The taper burning bluely.

Such omens in the place there seem'd to be,
At ev'ry crooked turn, or on the landing,
The straining eyeball was prepared to see
Some Apparition standing.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

Yet no portentous Shape the sight amazed ;
Each object plain, and tangible, and valid ;
But from their tarnish'd frames dark Figures gazed,
And Faces spectre-pallid.

Not merely with the mimic life that lies
Within the compass of Art's simulation ;
Their souls were looking thro' their painted eyes
With awful speculation.

On ev'ry lip a speechless horror dwelt ;
On ev'ry brow the burthen of affliction ;
The old Ancestral Spirits knew and felt
The House's malediction.

Such earnest woe their features overcast,
They might have stirr'd, or sigh'd, or wept, or spoken ;
But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,
The stillness was unbroken.

No other sound or stir of life was there,
Except my steps in solitary clamber,
From flight to flight, from humid stair to stair,
From chamber into chamber.

Deserted rooms of luxury and state,
That old magnificence had richly furnish'd
With pictures, cabinets of ancient date,
And carvings gilt and burnish'd.

Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art
With scripture history, or classic fable ;
But all had faded, save one ragged part,
Where Cain was slaying Abel.

The silent waste of mildew and the moth
Had marr'd the tissue with a partial ravage ;
But undecaying frown'd upon the cloth
Each feature stern and savage.

The sky was pale ; the cloud a thing of doubt ;
Some hues were fresh, and some decay'd and duller ;
But still the BLOODY HAND shone strangely out
With vehemence of colour !

The BLOODY HAND that with a lurid stain
Shone on the dusty floor, a dismal token,
Projected from the casement's painted pane,
Where all beside was broken.

The BLOODY HAND significant of crime,
That glaring on the old heraldic banner,
Had kept its crimson unimpair'd by time,
In such a wondrous manner !

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted!

The Death Watch tick'd behind the panel'd oak,
Inexplicable tremors shook the arras,
And echoes strange and mystical awoke,
The fancy to embarrass.

Prophetic hints that filled the soul with dread,
But thro' one gloomy entrance pointing mostly,
The while some secret inspiration said,
That Chamber is the Ghostly!

Across the door no gossamer festoon
Swung pendulous—no web—no dusty fringes,
No silky chrysalis or white cocoon
About its nooks and hinges.

The spider shunn'd the interdicted room,
The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banish'd,
And where the sunbeam fell athwart the gloom
The very midge had vanish'd.

One lonely ray that glanced upon a Bed,
As if with awful aim direct and certain,
To show the BLOODY HAND in burning red
Embroider'd on the curtain.

And yet no gory stain was on the quilt—
The pillow in its place had slowly rotted;
The floor alone retain'd the trace of guilt,
Those boards obscurely spotted.

Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence
With mazy doubles to the grated casement—
Oh what a tale they told of fear intense,
Of horror and amazement!

What human creature in the dead of night
Had coursed like hunted hare that cruel distance?
Had sought the door, the window in his flight,
Striving for dear existence?

What shrieking Spirit in that bloody room
Its mortal frame had violently quitted?—
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,
A ghostly Shadow flitted.

Across the sunbeam, and along the wall,
But painted on the air so very dimly,
It hardly veil'd the tapestry at all,
Or portrait frowning grimly.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted!

A TALE OF TEMPER.

Of all cross breeds of human sinners,
The crabbedest are those who dress our dinners;
Whether the ardent fires at which they roast
And broil and bake themselves like Smithfield martyrs,

Are apt to make them crusty, like a toast,
Or drams, encouraged by so hot a post;
However, cooks are generally Tartars;
And altogether might be safely cluster'd
In scientific catalogues
Under two names, like Dinmont's dogs,
Pepper and Mustard.

The case thus being very common,
It followed, quite of course, when Mr. Jervis
Engaged a clever culinary woman,
He took a mere Xantippe in his service—
In fact—her metal not to burnish,
As vile a shrew as Shrewsbury could furnish—
One who in temper, language, manners, looks,
In every respect
Might just have come direct
From him, who is supposed to send us cooks.

The very day she came into her place
She slapp'd the scullion's face;
The next, the housemaid being rather pert,
Snatching the broom, she "treated her like dirt"—
The third, a quarrel with the groom she hit on—
Cyrus, the page, had half-a-dozen knocks;
And John, the coachman, got a box
He couldn't sit on.

Meanwhile, her strength to rally,
Brandy, and rum, and shrub she drank by stealth,
Besides the Cream of some mysterious Valley
That may, or may not, be the Vale of Health:
At least while credit lasted, or her wealth—

For finding that her blows came only thicker,
Invectives and foul names but flew the quicker,
The more she drank, the more inclined to bicker,
The other servants, one and all,
Took Bible oaths whatever might befal,
Neither to lend her cash, nor fetch her liquor !

This caused, of course, a dreadful schism,
And what was worse, in spite of all endeavour,
After a fortnight of Tea-totalism,
The Plague broke out more virulent than ever !
The life she led her fellows down the stairs !
The life she led her betters in the parlour !
No parrot ever gave herself such airs,
No pug-dog cynical was such a snarler !
At woman, man, and child, she flew and snapp'd,
No rattlesnake on earth so fierce and rancorous—
No household cat that ever lapp'd
To swear and spit was half so apt—
No bear, sore-headed, could be more cantankerous—
No fretful porcupine more sharp and crabbed—
No wolverine
More full of spleen—
In short, the woman was completely rabid !

The least offence of look or phrase,
The slightest verbal joke, the merest frolic,
Like a snap-dragon set her in a blaze,
Her spirit was so alcoholic !
And woe to him who felt her tongue !
It burnt like caustic—like a nettle stung,
Her speech was scalding—scorching—vitriolic !

And larded, not with bacon fat,
Or anything so mild as that,
But curses so intensely diabolic,
So broiling hot, that he, at whom she levell'd,
Felt in his very gizzard he was devill'd !

Often and often Mr. Jervis
Long'd, and yet feared, to turn her from his service ;
For why ? Of all his philosophic loads
Of reptiles loathsome, spiteful, and pernicious,
Stuff'd Lizards, bottled Snakes, and pickled Toads,
Potted Tarantulas, and Asps malicious,
And Scorpions cured by scientific modes,
He had not any creature half so vicious !

At last one morning
The coachman had already given warning,
And little Cyrus
Was gravely thinking of a new cockade,
For open War's rough sanguinary trade,
Or any other service, quite desirous,
Instead of quarrelling with such a jade—
When accident explain'd the coil she made,
And whence her Temper had derived the virus !

Struck with the fever, called the scarlet,
The Termagant was lying sick in bed—
And little Cyrus, that precocious varlet,
Was just declaring her "as good as dead,"
When down the attic stairs the housemaid, Charlotte,
Came running from the chamber overhead,

Like one demented ;
Flapping her hands, and casting up her eyes,
And giving gasps of horror and surprise,
Which thus she vented—
"O Lord ! I wonder that she didn't bite us !
Or sting us like a Tantalizer,*
(The note will make the Reader wiser,)
And set us all a dancing like St. Witus !

"Temper ! No wonder that the creatur had
A temper so uncommon bad !
She's just confess'd to Doctor Griper
That being out of Rum, and like denials,—
Which always was prodigious trials,—
Because she couldn't pay the piper,
She went one day, she did, to Master's wials,
And drunk the spirit as preserved the Wiper !"

* Tarantula.

MRS. BURRAGE.

A TEMPERANCE ROMANCE.

"Water, water everywhere."—*Coleridge.*

"There's nothing like grog."—*Dibdin.*

"For the water swells a man."—*Falstaff.*

"Come, come, wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used—exclaim no man against it."—*Iago.*

"Give it me without water; so, my friend, so."—*Rabelais.*

"'I believe, an' please your Honour,' quoth the Corporal, 'that if it had not been for the quantity of brandy we set fire to every night, and the claret and cinnamon with which I plied your Honour off—'

"And the Geneva, Trim,' added my Uncle Toby, 'which did us more good than all.'"—*Tristram Shandy.*

CHAPTER I.

TEMPERANCE is a virtue.

"No doubt of it," cries a little fat, plethoric gentleman, with a sanguine complexion, and a very short neck—too short to be long in this world.

"It's the summut of human Virtue," exclaims a tall long vinegar-faced female, holding up a Teatotal Tract.

"A Virtue that will preserve itself in any climate," shouts an advertiser of quack nostrums.

"And a Virtue that costs nothing," adds a Templar of Pump Court.

"It is virtuous for de outside of a man, and for de inside of a man," says a foreign water-curate.

"It's a Cardinal Virtue," cries a Romish Priest, not hopeless, perhaps, of arriving by water at a Red Hat.

"And a primitive Virtue," puts in a friend in drab. "It was practised by our first parents."

"A Virtue that is its own reward," exclaims a scholastic copyholder.

Then what need, say I, of a Temperance Medal?

CHAPTER II.

HEAVENS! what a hubbub!

What an uproar from Teatotal Presidents, Vice Presidents, Grand Masters, and Grand Mistresses! What an awful flourishing of white staves, and red hands, and brown cudgels! I shall have my eye punched out by a total abstinence fist, or my nose broken by Sobriety's flagstaff, or my skull fractured by a temperate shillelagh! Yes; I shall be brained by yonder red-headed hod-carrier, with the muddy knees,—who, for all his uproarious support of the element, would as soon be choked as drink Boyne Water! No matter: I must speak my mind.

"You shall do no such thing," screams a she-Rechabite, "unless you speak your mind on our side."

"Tell the brass band to play up, and drown his voice!" roars a brother-bite.

"He's a publican and sinner," squeaks a little old woman, the very model for a Water Witch. "Pump on him! Duck him! Drown him!" cries an admirer of aquatic sports.

"Make him take the pledge!" bellows Waterman No. 1.

"And kneel to the 'Postle!" bawls Waterman No. 2.

"And force him to be blest!" bellows Waterman No. 3.

"And to buy a medal!" suggests a Hebrew member of the Numismatic Society. Which brings us round again to the old question, as to the need of a Temperance Medal at all.

There are no such honorary badges for the other virtues—for example, Honesty, Charity, Veracity—then why a medal for Temperance?

"Vy!" exclaims the Wandering Jew. "Vy, becos if ve melts up all the metal for medals, there von't be no pewter left to make quart and pint pots."

Bravo, Moses! Thou hast extemporised the most reasonable reason yet advanced in favour of the ridiculous decoration! A sort of *Water*loo medal, precociously worn before the moral battle is even fought—much less won!

CHAPTER III.

"And do you really think, sir," asks a little woman, in an Eau du Nil coloured bonnet, with watered ribbons, "do you really think that there is any harm in wearing such an ornament?"

"No wickedness, Ma'am, but great weakness. Something of that contemptible vanity which induces certain people to decorate themselves with the ribbon or insignia of foreign orders, conferred on themselves by themselves."

"Ah—you're agin the cause!"

"Far from it, Madam. On the contrary; I was for many months a strict teatotaller. Nay, I not only abstained from wine, beer, and spirits, for my own good; but, from the same exalted motive, drank daily, almost hourly, the most nasty, filthy, nauseous, abominable, disgusting draughts, to smell and taste, that my doctor and apothecary could invent. But did I, therefore, bedeck myself with rewards of merit, or was I treated with any public honours? Who gave me a medal for swallowing, for my health's sake, vile tincture of bark?

Who invested me with a Blue Ribbon, for improving my appetite by chamomile tea? Who waved a green banner over me, for drinking infusion of senna? Or ground even a hurdy-gurdy before me, for taking castor oil? Faugh! my gorge rises at the remembrance! And your teatotaller, forsooth, is to be decorated, like a Knight of the Bath, for only quaffing, for soul and body's sake, nice, pure, sweet, delicious water! the Nectar of the Naiads!"

"Then, of course, Sir, with such sentiments, you would not kneel down, and be blessed by the Apostle of Temperance?"

"Certainly not, Madam. When I kneel to mortal, it will be to my lady-love, or her Majesty the Queen; but to man never!"

"Ah! because the Father is a popish priest."

"Not at all. But because the posture, however common amongst the Neales and O'Neils, is not an English one. In the time of the 'Spectator,' indeed, it was usual for a dutiful son to kneel down to his parents for a blessing. But Father Mathew is not my father, nor, although an Irishman, is he my mother, to entitle him to such a filial genuflexion. I can respect the man and honour the cause; but as to dropping on my knees, like some of his proselytes, whenever I found myself in Theobald's Road——"

"Well, for my part, Sir, I don't mind saying, I did kneel to him at the great Marrowbone meeting—I should say Mary-le-bone."

"As you please, Madam; but the hinges of my legs are not so pliant. Besides, consider the monstrous inconvenience that would result; for, after kneeling to Fathew Mathew, I should feel bound, on temperance principles, to drop on my pans to some thousand or so of other meritoricus individuals —beginning with my friend Martin the Painter."

"A painter!"

"Yes—for his Plan for Supplying the Metropolis with Spring Water."

"Are you serious, Sir?"

"Quite, Madam. I decidedly think that every Protestant man, woman, or child, who has knelt to Father Mathew, is bound, in common consistency, to fall on his or her knees, shine or shade, wet or dry, dust or mud, rough or smooth, easy or greasy, not only to Mr. Martin, but to Mr. Pedley, Mr. Robins, Mr. Schweppe, Captain Pidding, and the Directors of the Chelsea Water Works, the East London Water Works, the New River Company, the East India Company; the Master Wardens, and Members of the Grocers' Company; Captain Claridge, Mr. Braidwood, the parish turncocks; in short, every notable patron of tea and water in the kingdom."

"Mercy on us!"

"Nay more, Ma'am, I venture to say, that if any person ever kissed Father Mathew, he or she is bound, by the movement, to kiss every one of the personages I have just enumerated,—and Mr. Mackay into the bargain,—for so strongly recommending the Thames and its Tributaries."

CHAPTER IV.

"Now really, really," says the fat red-faced gentleman with the short neck, "really now, you are really,—too bad! To turn such a cause into ridicule!"

"Who?—I, my dear Sir? Heaven forbid! It is its own watery-headed pumpkins of followers—temperate perhaps in body, but certainly not sober-minded—who render it ridiculous. A great authority has compared public meetings to farces; but what with its processions and its brass bands, its

banners and crosses, its green scarves and blue sashes,—its foppery and its poppery—its stepfathers, Roman monks, and bearded pilgrims—its terrific combats between the Wapping bullies and the pot-valiants—and its teatotal choruses, from its six foolish virgins in white,—a Mathewite meeting bade fair to become—"

"What, sir—what?"

"A GRAND MELODRAMATIC PANTOMIME WITH REAL WATER!!!"

"Very well, Sir—very well, indeed! I see you are not for the promotion of temperance amongst the lower classes!"

"On the contrary. But, my dear Moses, just cease for a moment the jingling of your medals—my dear female Rechabite, have the goodness to take your wet tract out of my eye,—and my dear little printseller, be off with your portraits of the apostle. If the poor man must lay out his pence or shilling in a picture, let him have a cheap print, at cost price, of Hogarth's Gin Lane."

"Humph! Why then, Sir, you do approve of temperance in the lower orders?"

"Yes; certainly. But I have some misgivings, when I see a flock of bleating human animals, plunging, helter-skelter, follow-my-leader, into the fresh water—as Dingdong's sheep rushed into the herring-pond—not from principle, but gregarious impulse. I should like to know how many of the converted have already broken their rash pledges—how many are at this hour writhing, like poor Mr. Brunel, with their temperance medals sticking in their throats."

"Why, then, you are against the Movement after all?"

"Nay. I would move still farther—for I would water not only the bodies of the poor and ignorant, but their minds—open to them not merely the parish pump, but the springs of knowledge. In plain words, I would educate them,—furnish

schools for them,—and, as in the schools abroad, 'la morale' should form a distinct and prominent item in the prospectus. They should be taught that temperance involves something more than a mere abstinence from strong drinks—that it forbids man to be 'drunk with pride'—to be 'intoxicated with vanity'—to be 'overcome with anger'—to be 'far gone in hatred;' and, above all, that he must renounce blood-thirstiness, as well as his thirst for mountain-dew or Cream of the Valley.

"Then we shall see the humble bricklayer and his labourer become such builders as Young describes, men who

'On reason build resolve,
That column of true majesty in man!'

Then will the artizan kneel down to God—his true Father—and regard as his best temperance pledges those little living ones that prattle around him. Then he will walk steadily and soberly, without a white wand,—eschew blue-ruin without a blue-scarf,—drink his glass of water without a medal for it,—and sip his cup of Bohea without a teatotal hullabaloo from six young women in white."

"Well, for all your skits, Sir," says the florid bull-necked gentleman, "I must and will say I admire a Mathewite meeting."

"And so do I," cries the little woman, in the Eau du Nil coloured bonnet, with the watered ribbons. "It's such a beautiful sight!"

"It's such a powerful moral engine," says the stout, florid gentleman.

"Then I wish," mutters a simple Fire-Brigade man, "we had had it at the fire at Topping's wharf."

CHAPTER V.

"But Mrs. Burrage!"

Patience, dear Reader, patience. She was not quite in a fit state to be introduced to you: I was obliged to enter into that little preliminary discussion on temperance to allow her time to get tipsy.

But now—lo! there she sits, that little plump woman, with her moist blue eye, with a drop in it, like a violet wet with dew—her nose nubbly and red as a rose-bud—her cheeks blushing like the full-blown damask flower—and her mouth half-open, like a street-door left ajar—according to the Arabian superstition—for the Evil Spirits to drop in. The fore-finger of her right hand is crooked round the stem of an empty wine-glass, and with her other hand she gives a twitch at her cap and the row of brown curls under it, which having gone a little a-jee on one side, she tugs as far awry on the other.

Yes, there she sits—in melancholy contrast to the scene around her; for Mr. Burrage, a strict teatotaller, has fitted up his parlour to match his principles. Nothing, you see, but the most chaste and cool colours;—none but the most temperate images. The curtains are of a pale sky-blue—the carpet is of sober drab and browns—the paper of a cream-colour ground, with a meandering pattern of aquatic weeds, and white water-lilies, interwoven with that vegetable emblem of sobriety, the Pitcher Plant—and in each curve of the pattern a little fish. On the mantel-shelf—in the middle—stands one of those Fountain Clocks, that eternally pour forth a limpid stream, clear as glass, and spirally twisted like a stick of barley-sugar. On each side of the clock is a large

marine shell, and at either end of the shelf, a biscuit-ware River God, with his urn under his arm. Over the fire-place hangs a large framed print of Rebecca at the Well, and on the opposite wall, an engraving of Moses smiting the Rock. On the right of the door is an original drawing in water-colours of the New River Head—and on the left, on a bracket, and under a bell-glass, a cork model of Aldgate Pump. From the centre of the ceiling, in lieu of chandelier, hangs a huge pumpkin—and on the little table near the window is an alabaster vase, with a cluster of little doves on the brim, sipping the imaginary pool, with one bird, which should be looking heavenward, as if in gratitude for the draught, but that Female Intemperance, in too rudely washing it, had wrung off its little head. What else? Why, if you could look into that corner cupboard, you would see a splendid Silver Tea Pot, presented by Mr. B. to his helpmate, in the vain hope of attaching her to the Chinese beverage.

"No, no," mutters Mrs. Burrage with a nod and a wink and a smile at nobody, "He won't get *me* to be a te— a to—, a to-tittler!"

CHAPTER VI.

Now, exactly as Mrs. Burrage mispronounced the last word of her soliloquy, the Teatotaller entered the room, and catching the jumbled syllables, guessed immediately at the cause.

"Ellen!—you have been drinking again!"

"Only the least drop, John—only the least modicus—nothing but a drain of rum."

"*Nothing* but ardent spirits!—*Only* fermented liquor; only liquid fire! *You* had better drink poison at once!"

"Perhaps—I had."

"I say, woman, you might as well swallow arsenic or oxalic acid!"

"Yes, or corrosive sub—sublimity," stammered the Bachanal, for she had got into her old cups, the hiccups.

"Well, perhaps I shall!"

"Ellen, Ellen, you will break my heart! You will drive me mad!"—and the afflicted man, throwing himself into a chair, leaned his arms and head on the round table. His face was hidden; but his wife could hear his sobs, and see the heaving of his shoulders—and a change came over her countenance. The vacant stare and the idiotic simper, gave place to a sober gravity; and, hastily rising from her seat, she staggered towards her husband and threw her arms round his neck.

"John—dear John—I will take tea—or water—whatever you like."

"Oh, that you would only drink water!" groaned John, getting up on his legs, and mechanically stretching forth his right arm like an orator; for, on temperance themes, that greatest of all water-drinkers, the whale, was not more of a spouter, "Oh, that you would but drink water! The beverage of our first parents before they knew sin! The pure fluid of the founting! The diamond of the dessert! (he meant desert.) Oh, that you would take to water, hard or soft, river or pump, plain or mineral, callybeat or sulfurious."

"Or fly-water—or lau—lau—laurel water," muttered his perverse helpmate.

The Teatotaller dropped into his chair again as if he had been shot!

"I will, I WILL poison myself!" screamed the repentant

woman, running and throwing herself at full length on the sofa, in a passion of grief, which at last subsided into a heavy sleep. But even in her slumbers, she continued to murmur of poison, arsenic, laudanum, oxalic acid, and "corrosive sublimity."

"And she will, too!" exclaimed the disconsolate husband, with a violent gesture of his right arm, as if he were dashing to the ground some bottle of deadly fluid, "She will, too, in some of her low fits!"

For, as happens to all persons with the same unhappy failing, the physical excitement was succeeded by exhaustion and depression—a "flow of spirits" by a flood of tears. Her most volatile flights always ended in a plunge in the Slough of Despond. What more likely than that, under the weight of bodily discomfort and mental anguish, from dejection and remorse, she would fulfil the dreadful threat?

"And she will, too!" repeated the poor Teatotaller, as he carefully searched the table-drawer and the cupboard, anxiously sniffing at every phial, and tasting every powder. But he only found a little Sal Volatile, some pounded rotten-stone, and a paper of common salt.

And nothing else?

Yes—a black bottle half full of some liquid which by the smell and taste he ascertained, at some risk to his pledge, to be very fine Pine-apple Rum.

"The horrid creature!" exclaims our she-Rechabite—whose nose, by the way, is of a deeper crimson than becomes her sober professions, though she may be an aquatic bird notwithstanding, as even the Water Hen has sometimes a very red beak.—"The horrid creature! such Silenuses are a disgrace to our sex!"

CHAPTER VII.

Poor Mr. Burrage! what a night he passed—or rather what a night passed him—for, could he have given it the go-by, most assuredly it would have been at a quicker pace.

The moment he closed his eyes in sleep, the image of his wife stood before him, with a large packet marked "Poison" in one hand, and a great bottle labelled "Laudanum" in the other. He tried to snatch them from her; but from a stroke of that universal paralysis so common in dreams, he was utterly powerless—helpless—speechless. A passive spectator, he could only look on at the dreadful tragedy enacted before him, in a succession of rash acts. For slowly, slowly, the wretched woman unfolded the packet and uncorked the phial —then deliberately, so deliberately that the operation seemed to occupy an age, she licked up the fatal powder, and next drank the deadly dose, taking after it an enormous white lump of what he understood by intuition to be sugar of lead. A strange imitation of the ordinary process of taking medicine—but dreams are often mere *parodies* of the realities of life.

All this while the Teatotaller made frantic efforts to arrest the suicidal deed—and if desperate *willing it* could have sufficed, according to the theory of the Magnetisers, he would certainly have mesmerised the visionary arms and hands of his partner into some stiff and safe attitude—but, alas! the most intense volition would not even lift his own finger. No man ever intended more energetically to bawl out, but he could not even accomplish the squeak of a mouse; never was the Spirit of Determination so swaddled up in the Mummy of Imbecility!

In the meantime the features of the poisoned woman exhibited the most awful changes. Her face—at first of a cadaverous white, except the mouth, which was of an unnatural red—a face of dough with lips of sealing-wax—suddenly became flushed with crimson, that deepened into purple, and thence almost to black. Her eyes, one moment closed as if under the influence of the narcotic, at the next started wide open, and began protruding from her head like those of a snail—anon turning inwards, they disclosed nothing but the whites—and finally, mocking a catastrophe not uncommon to wax dolls, dropped bodily into her head. As for her cheeks, they had attained to a frightful puffiness; but, instead of being white or crimson, they were now discoloured with dreadful blotches, blue, yellow, or green, and at last turning to large spots of a livid colour with red edges—like rounds of ship-beef.

It was a dismal sight! but how much more so, when, suddenly falling on the floor, she became spasmodically convulsed, and threw herself into more postures and contortions than any tumbler on the stage. But at last these ceased; and her body swelled prodigiously—her head thrice the natural size. The death-rattle was heard in her throat—but with supernatural loudness—a white foam, afterwards bloody, oozed from her black lips; the eyes, returning to their sockets, rolled horribly—most horribly! and, after a long, deep-drawn sigh, she puffed into his face, as he bent over her, the last parting breath—smelling powerfully of pine-apple rum!

She was gone!—but no—she was not—for the shock to his nerves awoke the Teatotaller—and turning on his pillow he saw his wife by his side—she was alive and breathing, and her face was of its natural complexion—but her lips were moving, and, approaching his ear, he

distinctly heard her murmur—"Yes—I will—I will take it."

"And did she, Sir?"

My dear, curious Reader,—*she did.*

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next morning the Teatotaller rose, and went to his occupation abroad, as usual, for he was the Co. of a small linendrapery establishment in the City; but he was sadly unfit for business; as who could be otherwise, with his heart as heavy as a slack-baked loaf, his head as confused as mixed pins, his nerves as unstrung as the harp of Tara's halls, and altogether as unhinged as the Gates of Somnauth. In fact, he entered the shop with such a melancholy face—as if he had forsworn even animal spirits—that his partner inquired anxiously after his health.

"Why, middling, had a bad night;" but he did not add that he was having almost as bad a day from his waking dreams; nor that, from the perturbation of the optic nerves, the pink sprigs on the printed cotton before him seemed to be wriggling about like clusters of worms. There was a half-mourning chintz, too, with round black spots on it that rolled about, distressingly like *her* eyeballs.

"And how was Mrs. B.?" inquired the partner.

"Why, pretty well, thankee," as indeed she might be for all he knew; but alas! for all he knew, she might be, at that very moment, as he had seen her in his vision, namely, with her whole frame drawni nto an arch, only resting on the heels and the back of the head. She was, perhaps, even then swelling to that portentous bulk, with a head huge as three,

and a face changing from pink to purple, like the shot silk in the window. He even seemed to smell—it might be the odour of the dye, from the stuffs and bombazines; but in his nostrils it was the smell of a narcotic associated with sleep everlasting.

In vain he tried to get rid of the gloomy impression; it clung to him like a wet garment, chilling him to his very soul. At sight you would have set him down, not a Teatotaller, but a confirmed drunkard; his hand shook so, he never snipped the linen with the scissors at the right nick; his eyes dazzled so, he offered puce-ribbons to match with snuff colour, and declared blue satin to be the best raven black. As for the bills, he could neither make them out nor sum them up correctly; he was too busy with the Bills of Mortality; and he invariably gave the wrong change. In short, to use a common phrase, his mind was poisoned, and, as a natural consequence, his thoughts were corroded, his fancies discoloured and distorted, and Reason in a high delirium. As usual in such cases, his brain swarmed with horrible images; whilst the most trifling realities assumed a prophetic significance.

"What a frightful pattern!" exclaimed a maid-servant, as she turned over some remarkably cheap ginghams.

The Teatotaller glanced at the piece she pointed at, and thought so too, for it was sprinkled over with spots of *a livid colour with red edges.*

"And that is not much better," said the girl, tossing aside a remnant of a *flesh-coloured* ground, *blotched with yellow, green, and purple.*

"And that's wus," said the female, rejecting a third sample. "I don't see nothing I like;" and she proceeded to deposit her small purchases of pins and tape, and half a yard of flannel, in her basket, out of which she first took an article

that either occupied too much room or would have endangered the rest—a bottle of some deleterious mixture for the flies, and marked "Poison," in large letters. The linendraper shuddered at the sight, but attempted a grim pleasantry.

"Are you going to drink that, my dear?"

"No; it's for Missus."

"Good God!" ejaculated the Teatotaller, but under his breath, and hastily pushing three shillings and two penny pieces towards his customer, as the change out of her half-crown, for he was almost crazy at the ominous coincidence: "It's meant, yes, it's meant for a warning." And snatching up his hat, without more notice or ceremony than if he had absconded with the till or the cash-box, he bolted out of the Emporium, and ran home, if it was a home, and to his wife, if he had a wife. Of which he had quite as many doubts as one could tie up in a yard of black crape.

CHAPTER IX.

Rap—rap—rap!—No one came to the door.

Ring—ding—ding!—Nobody answered the bell.

"My worst fears then are realized!"—but the conclusion was premature, for the door suddenly opened, whilst his hand again convulsively grasped the knocker, and pulled him into the passage. With trembling nerves, and a palpitating heart, he instantly rushed into the parlour; she was not there! Nor yet in the drawing-room! But her bonnet and shawl lay on the round table. His wife had been out! Perhaps to lay in a fresh stock of pine-apple rum, for he had made away with the bottle in the cupboard. Perhaps, dreadful thought! to purchase some or all of the deadly

drugs she had threatened to swallow. With renewed alarm he hurried up stairs to the bed-chamber, and threw open the door. Yes, thank Heaven! there she was, and alive, and without a blotch on her face. But he had yet his minor misgiving.

"Ellen, you have been out?"

"Well, I know I have."

"To the King's Head?"

"No, John, no. But no matter. You'll be troubled no more with my drinking."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say, John," replied the wife, looking very serious, and speaking very solemnly and deliberately, with a strong emphasis on every word. "You—will—be—troubled —no—more—with—my—drinking—I HAVE TOOK IT AT LAST."

"I knew it!" exclaimed the wretched husband, desperately tossing his arms aloft, as when all is lost. "I knew it!"—and, leaving one coat flap in the hands of his wife, who vainly attempted to detain him, he rushed from the room—sprang down the stairs, both flights, by two and three stairs at a time—ran along the passage, and without his hat or gloves, or stick, dashed out at the street door, sweeping from the step two ragged little girls, a quartern loaf, a bason of treacle, and a baby. But he never stopped to ask if the children were hurt, or even to see whether the infant dripped with gore or molasses. Away he ran, like a rabid dog, straight forward, down the Borough, heedless alike of porter's load, baker's basket, and butcher's tray.

"I say," muttered the errand boy, as he staggered from the collision.

"Do that agin," growled the placard man, as he recovered the pole and board which had been knocked from his shoulder.

"Mind where you're goin'" bawled a hawker, as he picked up his scattered wares; whilst a dandy, suddenly thrust into the kennel, launched after the runner one of those verbal missiles which are said to return, like the boomerang, to those who launch them.

But on, on, on scampered the Teatotaller, heedless of all impediments—on he scoured, like a he-Camilla, to the shop, number 240, with the red, blue, and green bottles in the window—the Chemist and Druggist's, into which he darted, and up to the little bald man at the desk, with barely breath enough left to gasp out "My wife!" "Poison!" and "Pump!"

"Vegetable or mineral?" inquired the Surgeon-Apothecary, with professional coolness.

"Both—all sorts—ladnum—assnick—oxalic acid—corrosive sublimity"—and the Teatotaller was about to add pine-apple rum amongst the poisons, when the Doctor stopped him.

"Is she sick?"

"No." But remembering the symptoms overnight, the Teatotaller ventured to say, on the strength of his dream, that she was turning all manner of colours, like a rainbow, and swelling as big as a house.

"Then there is not a moment to lose," said the Esculapius, and accordingly clapping on his hat, and arming himself with the necessary apparatus—a sort of elephantine syringe with a very long trunk—he set off at a trot, guided by the Teatotaller, to unpoison the rash and ill-fated bacchanalian, Mrs. Burrage.

"And did he save her?"

"My dear madam, be content to let that issue remain a little, and accumulate interest, like a sum in the Saving Bank."

CHAPTER X.

Now, when the Teatotaller, with the medical man at his heels, arrived at his own house, Mrs. Burrage was still in her bed-room; which was a great convenience, for before she could account for the intrusion of the stranger, nay, even without exactly knowing how it was done, she suddenly found herself seated—more zealously than tenderly or ceremoniously—in the easy chair; and when she attempted to expostulate, she felt herself choking with a tube of something, which was certainly neither maccaroni, nor stick-licorice, nor yet pipe-peppermint.

To account for this precipitancy, the exaggerated representations of her husband must be borne in mind; and if his wife did not exhibit all the dying dolphin-like colours that he had described—if she was not yet quite so blue, green, yellow, or black, as he had painted her, the apothecary made sure that she soon would be, and consequently went to work without delay, where delays were so dangerous.

Mrs. Burrage, however, was not a woman to submit quietly to a disagreeable operation, against her own consent; so with a vigorous kick and a push, at the same time, she contrived to rid herself at once of the doctor and his instrument, and indignantly demanded to know the meaning of the assault upon her.

"It's to save your life—your precious life, Ellen," said the Teatotaller, very solemnly.

"It's to empty the stomach, ma'am," said the doctor.

"Empty a fiddle—" retorted Mrs. B., who would have added "stick," but the doctor, watching his opportunity, had

dexterously popped the tube again into her open mouth: not without a fresh scuffle from the patient.

"For the Lord's sake, Ellen," entreated the Teatotaller, confining her hand, "do, do, pray do sit quiet."

"Pob—wob—wobble," said Ellen. "Hub—bub—bub—bubble," attempting to speak with another pipe in her throat besides the windpipe.

"Have the goodness, ma'am, to be composed," implored the doctor.

"I won't," shouted Mrs. Burrage, having again released herself from the instrument by a desperate struggle. "What am I to be pumped out for?"

"Oh, Ellen, Ellen," said the Teatotaller, "you know what you have taken."

"Corrosive salts and narcotics," put in the doctor.

"Assnic and corrosive sublimity," said the Teatotaller.

"Oxalic acid and tincture of opium," added the doctor.

"Fly water and laurel water," said Mr. Burrage.

"Vitriol, prussic acid, and aqua fortis," continued the druggist.

"I've took no such thing," said the refractory patient.

"Oh Ellen, you know what you said."

"Well, what?"

"Why, that your drinking should never trouble me any more."

"And no more it shall!" screamed the wilful woman, falling, as she spoke, into convulsive paroxysms of the wildest laughter. "No more it shall, for I've took—"

"What, ma'am; pray what?"

"In the name of Heaven! What?"

"Why then—I've took the PLEDGE!"

REVIEW.

LIFE IN THE SICK ROOM. By AN INVALID. Moxon.

OF all the know-nothing persons in this world, commend us to the man who has "never known a day's illness." He is a moral dunce: one who has lost the greatest lesson in life; who has skipped the finest lecture in that great school of humanity, the Sick Chamber. Let him be versed in mathematics, profound in metaphysics, a ripe scholar in the classics, a bachelor of arts, or even a doctor in divinity, yet is he as one of those gentlemen whose education has been neglected. For all his college acquirements, how inferior is he in wholesome knowledge to the mortal who has had but a quarter's gout, or a half-year of ague—how infinitely below the fellow-creature who has been soundly taught his tic douloureux, thoroughly grounded in the rheumatics, and deeply red in the scarlet fever! And yet what is more common than to hear a great hulking, florid fellow, bragging of an ignorance, a brutal ignorance, that he shares in common with the pig and the bullock, the generality of which die, probably, without ever having experienced a day's indisposition.

To such a monster of health the volume before us will be a sealed book; for how can he appreciate its allusions to physical suffering, whose bodily annoyance has never reached beyond a slight tickling of the epidermis, or the tingling of a foot gone to sleep? How should he, who has sailed through life with a clean bill of health, be able to sympathise with the feelings, or the quiet sayings and doings, of an Invalid condemned to a life-long quarantine in his chamber? What

should he know of Life in the Sick Room? As little as our poor paralytic grandmother knows of Life in London.

With ourselves it is otherwise. Afflicted for twenty years with a complication of disorders—the least of which is elephantiasis—bedridden on the broad of our back till it became narrow—and then confined to our chamber as rigidly as if it had been a cell in the Pentonville Penitentiary, we are in a fit state, body and mind, to appreciate such a production as Mr. Moxon—not the Effervescing Magnesian, but the worthy publisher—has forwarded with so much sagacity, or instinct, to our own sick ward. The very book for us! if, indeed, we are not actually the anonymous of its dedication—the very fellow-sufferer on whose sympathy—"confidently reckoned on though unasked," the Invalid Author so implicitly relies. We certainly do sympathise most profoundly; and as certainly we are a great sufferer,—the greatest, perhaps, in England, except the poor incurable man who is always being cured by Holloway's Ointment.

Enough of ourselves:—and now for the book. The first thing that struck us on the perusal was a very judicious omission. Most writers on such a topic as the sick-room would have begun by recommending some pet doctor, or favourite remedy for all diseases; whereas the author has preferred to advise on the selection of an eligible retreat for laying-up for life, and especially of a window towards that good aspect, the face of Nature. And truly a long term of infirm health is such a very bad look out, as to require some better prospect elsewhere. For not to mention a churchyard, or a dead wall, what can be worse for a sick prisoner than to pass year after year in some dull street, contemplating some dull house, never new-fronted, or even insured in a new fire-office, to add a new plate to the two old ones under the middle window. What more dreadful than to be driven by the

monotony outside to the sameness within, till the very figures of the chintz curtain are daguerreotyped on the brain, or the head seems lined with a paper of the same pattern as the one on the wall? How much better, for soul and body, for the Invalid to gaze on such a picture as this :—

"Between my window and the sea is a green down, as green as any field in Ireland: and on the nearer half of this down, haymaking goes forward in its season. It slopes down to a hollow, where the Prior of old preserved his fish, there being sluices formerly at either end, the one opening upon the river, and the other upon the little haven below the Priory, whose ruins still crown the rock. From the Prior's fish-pond, the green down slopes upwards again to a ridge; and on the slope are cows grazing all summer, and half way into the winter. Over the ridge, I survey the harbour and all its traffic, the view extending from the light-houses far to the right, to a horizon of sea to the left. Beyond the harbour lies another county, with, first, its sandy beach, where there are frequent wrecks—too interesting to an invalid,—and a fine stretch of rocky shore to the left; and above the rocks, a spreading heath, where I watch troops of boys flying their kites; lovers and friends taking their breezy walk on Sundays; the sportsman with his gun and dog; and the washerwoman converging from the farm-houses on Saturday evenings, to carry their loads, in company, to the village on the yet further height. I see them, now talking in a cluster, as they walk each with her white burden on her head, and now in file, as they pass through the narrow lane; and finally they part off on the village green, each to some neighbouring house of the gentry. Behind the village and the heath, stretches the railroad; and I watch the train triumphantly careering along the level road, and puffing forth its steam above hedges and groups of trees, and then labouring and panting up the ascent, till it is lost between two heights, which at last bound my view. But on these heights are more objects; a windmill now in motion and now at rest; a lime-kiln, in a picturesque rocky field; an ancient church tower, barely visible in the morning, but conspicuous when the setting sun shines upon it; a colliery, with its lofty waggon-way, and the self-moving waggons running hither and thither, as if in pure wilfulness; and three or four farms, at various degrees of ascent, whose yards, paddocks, and dairies I am better acquainted with than their inhabitants would believe possible. I know every stack of the one on the heights. Against the sky I see the stacking of corn and hay in the season, and can detect the slicing away of the provender, with an accurate eye, at the distance of several miles. I can follow the sociable farmer in his summer-evening ride, pricking on in the lanes where he is alone, in order to have more time for the unconscionable gossip at the gate of the next farm-house, and for the second talk over the paddock-fence of

the next, or for the third or fourth before the porch, or over the wall, when the resident farmer comes out, pipe in mouth, and puffs away amidst his chat till the wife appears, with a shawl over her cap, to see what can detain him so long; and the daughter follows, with her gown turned over head (for it is now chill evening), and at last the sociable horseman finds he must be going, looks at his watch, and, with a gesture of surprise, turns his steed down a steep broken way to the beach, and canters home over the sands, left hard and wet by the ebbing tide, the white horse making his progress visible to me through the dusk. Then, if the question arises which has most of the gossip spirit, he or I, there is no shame in the answer. Any such small amusement is better than harmless—is salutary —which carries the spirit of the sick prisoner abroad into the open air, and among country people. When I shut down my window, I feel that my mind has had an airing."

Here is another :—

"The sun, resting on the edge of the sea, was hidden from me by the walls of the old Priory : but a flood of rays poured through the windows of the ruin, and gushed over the waters, strewing them with diamonds, and then across the green down before my windows, gilding its furrows, and then lighting up the yellow sands on the opposite shore of the harbour, while the market-garden below was glittering with dew and busy with early bees and butterflies. Besides these bees and butterflies, nothing seemed stirring, except the earliest riser of the neighbourhood, to whom the garden belongs. At the moment, she was passing down to feed her pigs, and let out her cows ; and her easy pace, arms a-kimbo, and complacent survey of her early greens, presented me with a picture of ease so opposite to my own state, as to impress me ineffaceably. I was suffering too much to enjoy this picture at the moment : but how was it at the end of the year ? The pains of all those hours were annihilated—as completely vanished as if they had never been ; while the momentary peep behind the window-curtain made me possessor of this radiant picture for evermore."

The mention of pictures reminds us of certain ones, and a commentary whence the reader may derive either a receipt, or a warning, as he desires to be, or not to be, an invalid for the remainder of his life. O ! those beautiful pictures by our favourite Cuyp, with their rich atmosphere as of golden sherry and water ! That gorgeous light flooding the wide level pasture,—clinging to tree and stone, and trickling over

into their shadows—a liquid radiance, we used to fancy we could wring out of the glowing herbage, and catch dripping from the sleek side of the dappled cow! Sad experience has made us personally acquainted with the original soil and climate of those scenes, and has painfully taught us that the rich glowing atmosphere was no such wholesome aërial negus as we supposed, but a mixture of sunshine and humid exhalations, lovely but noxious—a gilded ague, an illuminated fever, a glorified pestilence,—which poisons the springs of life at their source. Breathe it, in bad health, and your fugitive complaints will become chronic,—regular standards,—entwined in all their branches by the parasitic low slow fever of the swamp. In short, you will probably be set in for a long season of foul bodily weather, and may at once consult our Invalid how to play the part in a becoming manner, and "enjoy bad health" with something of the cheerful philosophic spirit of a family man, who on being asked if he had not a "sick-house," replied "Yes—but I've a *well* staircase."

The first grand step towards laying up in ordinary is to get rid of the superb egotism and splendid selfishness of the condition. Lamb, in one of his Essays, has vividly described the gloomy absolutism of the sick man, obsequiously waited on by his household slaves, eager to anticipate his every want and wish, and to administer to his merest whims and caprices.

And for a short reign, such a tyranny may pass, but the confirmed invalid must prepare for a more moderate rule; a limited monarchy instead of a despotism. It requires some self-sacrifice to renounce such autocratical power, and will need much vigilance to prevent a relapse. But who, save a domestic Nero, would wish to indulge in such *ill* behaviour as the following for a permanence?

"I have known the most devoted and benevolent of women call up her young nurse from a snatch of sleep at two in the morning to read aloud, when she had been reading aloud for six or seven hours of the preceding day. I have known a kind-hearted and self-denying man require of two or three members of his family to sit and talk and be merry in his chamber, two or three hours after midnight: and both for want of a mere intimation that it was night, and time for the nurse's rest. How it makes one shudder to think of this being one's own case!"

It is rather difficult to believe in the habitual benevolence or considerateness of the parties who needed a broad hint on such matters; and yet real illness may make even a self-denying nature somewhat *exigeant*, when mere fanciful ailments render selfishness so intensely selfish. Ask the physician, surgeon, and apothecary, and they will tell you, that for every hard-hearted medical man, who refuses or delays to attend on the urgent seizures and accidents of the poor, there are thousands of practitioners dragged from their warm beds at night, through wind, rain, snow, sleet, hail, and thunder and lightning—over heaths and through marshes, and along country cross-roads—at the risk of catarrh, rheumatism, ague, bronchitis, and inflammation—of falls, fractures, and footpads—on the most frivolous pretences that wealth and the vapours can invent. There is even a perversity in some natures that would find a dirty comfort in the muddy discomfort of an Esculapius soused in provincial muck, like Dr. Slop, by an encounter with a coach-horse—for, what right has the physician to enjoy more bodily ease than his patient? For such a spirit we imperatively prescribe a chapter of "Life in the Sick Room," night and morning, until he learns, that the very worst excuse a man can offer for selfishness is, that he is, "not quite himself."

There is, however, another peril of invalidism, akin to the "damning of sins we have no mind to" described in Hudibras:—

"We are in ever-growing danger of becoming too abstract,—of losing our sympathy with passing emotions,—and particularly with those shared by numbers. There was a time when we went to public worship with others,—to the theatre,—to public meetings; when we were present at picnic parties and other festivals, and heard general conversation every day of our lives. Now, we are too apt to forget those times. The danger is, lest we should get to despise them, and to fancy ourselves superior to our former selves, because now we feel no social transports."

True. We have ourselves felt a touch of that peril in our weaker moments—on some dull cold wet day, when our pores, acting inversely, instead of throwing off moisture, take in as much as they can collect from the damp atmosphere, well chilled by an easterly wind. At such times a sort of Zimmermannishness has crept over us, like a moral gooseskin, inducing a low estimate enough of all gregarious enjoyments, public meetings, and public dinners; and above all, those public choruses on Wilhelm's method, at Exeter Hall. What sympathy can We-by-ourselves-We have with Music for a Million? But the fit soon evaporates, when, looking into the garden, we see Theophilus Junior, that second edition of our own boyhood, in default of brothers or playmates, making a whole mob of himself, or at the least a troop of cavalry, commanding for the captain, huzzaing for the soldiers, blowing flourishes for the trumpeter, and even prancing, neighing, and snorting for all the horses! One dose of that joyous Socialism is a cure for our worst attack of the mopes. The truth is, an invalid's misanthropy is no more in earnest than the piety of the sick demon who wanted to be a monk, or the sentence about being weary of existence, to which Hypochondriasis puts a period with a Parr's Life Pill!

A more serious peril, from illness, concerns the temper. When the nerves are irritable, and the skin is irritable, and the stomach is irritable,—not to be irritable altogether is a

moral miracle ; and especially in England, where, by one of the anomalies of the constitution, whilst a man cannot be tried twice for the same offence, his temper may be tried over and over again for no offence at all. Indeed, as our author says, "there are cases, and not a few, where an invalid's freedom from irritability is a merit of the highest order." For example, after soot in your gruel, tallow-grease in your barley-water, and snuff over your light pudding, to have "the draught as before" poured into your wakeful eyes, instead of your open mouth, by a drunken Mrs. Gamp, or one of her stamp. To check at such a moment the explosive speech, is at least equal to spiking a cannon in the heat of battle. There is beyond denial an ease to the chest, or somewhere, in a passionate objurgation—("Swear, my dear," said Fuseli to his wife, "it will relieve you")—so much so, that a certain invalid of our acquaintance, doubly afflicted with a painful complaint, and an unmanageable hard-mouthed temper, regularly retains, as helper to the sick nurse, a stone-deaf old woman, whom he can abuse without violence to her feelings.

How much better to have emulated the heavenly patience in sickness of which Woman—in spite of Job—has given the brightest examples :—Woman, who endures the severest trials, with a meekness and submission unheard of amongst men, the quaker excepted, who merely said, when his throat was being cut rather roughly—"Friend, thee dost haggle."

It must not be concealed, however, as regards irritability of temper in the sick room—there are faults on both sides—captious nurses as well as querulous nurselings. Cross-patches themselves, they willingly mistake the tones and accents of intolerable anguish, naturally sharp and hurried, for those of anger and impatience—and even accuse pain, in its

contortions, of making faces, and set up their backs at the random speeches of poor delirium ! Then there are your lecturers, who preach patience in the very climax of a paroxysm, when the sermon can scarcely be heard, certainly not understood—as if a martyr, leaping mad with the toothache, could be calmed by reading to him the advertisement of the American Soothing Syrup ! And then there is the she-dragon, who bullies the sufferer into comparative quiet ! Not that the best of attendants is the smooth-tongued. Our invalid objects wisely to the sick being flattered, in season or out, with false hopes and views. As much panada, sago, or arrowroot as you please, but no flummery.

"Let the nurse avow that the medicine is nauseous. Let the physician declare that the treatment will be painful. Let sister, or brother, or friend, tell me that I must never look to be well. When the time approaches that I am to die, let me be told that I am to die, and when. If I encroach thoughtlessly on the time or strength of those about me, let me be reminded ; if selfishly, let me be remonstrated with. Thus to speak the truth with love is in the power of us all."

And so say we. There is nothing worse for soul or body than the feverish agitation kept up by the struggle between external assurances and the internal conviction ; for the mind will cling with forlorn pertinacity to the most desperate chance, like the sailor, who, when the ship was in danger of sinking, lashed himself to the sheet-anchor because it was the emblem of Hope. Till the truth is known there can be no calm of mind. It is only after he has abandoned all prospects of pardon or reprieve, that the capital convict sleeps soundly and dreams of green fields. So with ourselves : once satisfied that our case was beyond remedy, we gave up without reserve all dreams of future health and strength, and prepared, instead, to compete with that very able invalid who was able to be knocked down with a feather. Thence-

forward, free of those jarring vibrations between hope and fear, relieved from all tantalizing speculations on the weather's clearing up, our state has been one of comparative peace and ease. We would not give one of our Pectoral Lozenges to be told, we are looking better than a month ago—not a splinter of our broken crutch to be promised a new lease of life—a renewal of our youth like the eagle's! Such flatteries go in at one ear, the deaf one, and out at the other. We never shall be well again, till broken bones are mended with "soft sawder."

Are we, therefore, miserable, hypped, disconsolate? Answer, ye bookshelves, whence we draw the consolations of Philosophy, the dreams of Poetry and Romance,—the retrospections of History,—and glimpses of society from the better novels; mirth, comfort, and entertainment even for those small hours become so long from an unhealthy vigilance. Answer, ye pictures and prints, a Portrait Gallery of Nature!—and reply in your own tones, dear old fiddle, so often tuned to one favourite sadly-sweet air, and the words of Curran :—

"But since in wailing
There's nought availing,
But Death unfailing
Must strike the blow,
Then for this reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry before we go!"

It is melancholy, doubtless, to retire in the prime of life, from the whole wide world, into the narrow prison of a sick room. How much worse if that room be a wretched garret, with the naked tiles above and the bare boards below—no swinging bookshelf—not a penny coloured print on the blank wall! And yet that forlorn attic is but the type of a more dreadful destitution, an unfurnished mind! The mother of

Bloomfield used to say, that to encounter Old Age, Winter, and Poverty, was like meeting three Giants ; she might have added two more, as huge and terrible, Sickness and Ignorance—the last not the least of the Monster Evils ; for it is he who affects pauperism with a deeper poverty—the beggary of the mind and soul.

"I have said how unavailing is luxury when the body is distressed and the spirit faint. At such times, and at all times, we cannot but be deeply grieved at the conception of the converse of our own state, at the thought of the multitude of poor suffering under privation, without the support and solace of great ideas. It is sad enough to think of them on a winter's night, aching with cold in every limb, and sunk as low as we in nerve and spirits, from their want of sufficient food. But this thought is supportable in cases where we may fairly hope that the greatest ideas are cheering them as we are cheered : that there is a mere set-off of their cold and hunger against our disease ; and that we are alike inspired by spiritual vigour in the belief that our Father is with us,—that we are only encountering the probations of our pilgrimage,—that we have a divine work given us to carry out, now in pain and now in joy. There is comfort in the midst of the sadness and shame when we are thinking of the poor who can reflect and pray,—of the old woman who was once a punctual and eager attendant at church,—of the wasting child who was formerly a Sunday-scholar,—of the reduced gentleman or destitute student who retain the privilege of their humanity,—of 'looking before and after.' But there is no mitigation of the horror when we think of the savage poor, who form so large a proportion of the hungerers,—when we conceive of them suffering the privation of all good things at once,—suffering under the aching cold, the sinking hunger, the shivering nakedness,—without the respite or solace afforded by one inspiring or beguiling idea.

"I will not dwell on the reflection. A glimpse into this hell ought to suffice (though we, to whom imagery comes unbidden, and cannot be banished at will, have to bear much more than occasional glimpses) ; a glimpse ought to suffice to set all to work to procure for every one of these sufferers, bread and warmth, if possible, and as soon as possible ; but above everything, and without the loss of an hour, an entrance upon their spiritual birthright. Every man and every woman, however wise and tender, appearing and designing to be, who for an hour helps to keep closed the entrance to the region of ideas,—who stands between sufferers and great thoughts, (which are the angels of consolation sent by God to all to whom he has given souls,) are, in so far, ministers of hell, not themselves inflicting torment, but intercepting the influences which would assuage or overpower

it. Let the plea be heard of us sufferers who know well the power of ideas,—our plea for the poor,—that, while we are contriving for all to be fed and cherished by food and fire, we may meanwhile kindle the immortal vitality within them, and give them that ethereal solace and sustenance which was meant to be shared by all, 'without money and without price.'"

Never, then, tell a man, permanently sick, that he will again be a perfect picture of health when he has not the frame for it—nor hint to a sick woman, incurably smitten, that the seeds of her disease will flourish and flower into lilies and roses. Why deter them from providing suitable pleasures and enjoyments to replace those delights of health and strength of which they must take leave for ever? Why not rather forewarn them of the Lapland Winter to which they are destined, and to trim their lamps spiritual for the darkness of a long seclusion? Tell them their doom, and let them prepare themselves for it, according to the essays before us, so healthy in tone, though invalid; so wholesome and salutary, though furnished from a sick room.

ALBUMS.

At the present day, when every fine lady has an equally fine album, and inexorably levies contributions from each of her fine acquaintance, it is dangerous to appear in the drawing-room, unless duly victualled and crammed with elaborately prepared impromptus, and carefully finished fragments, ready for adorning "the virgin page." (I *don't* mean the button-boy.) The fair one's good word for you may depend on your own *bon mot*, and a judicious *jeu d'esprit* may give

you a *locus standi* among the gownsfolk before all the senior wranglers of the season. You had better forget your card case, than your scrap case ; and to be prepared with a new bit of scandal is less important than to be primed and loaded with a brilliant "pellet of the brain" for the album. If, however, you are too dull or too indolent to manufacture a scrap out of your own raw materials, you must "call up spirits from the vasty deep" of some needy author, who, for a consideration, will make them respond to the call. But be sure you get the entire copyright for your coin, and that the impromptu-seller does not supply a duplicate to some other dunce. I shall never forget the laugh of a lively young lady, on her showing to me the same poetical offering to her beautiful charms, laid upon her scriptorian altar, in different places, by divers worshippers, who, unknowingly to each other, had purchased the same goods at the same workshop, each inscribing it as born of his own spontaneous mother wit. But, as the young beauty remarked, who ever heard of *three* Minervas issuing, fully armed, from Jove's head? I remember the first verse ran thus :—

"Fair lady, when my hand you ask
Your album to embellish,
You offer a delightful task,
Apollo's self might relish."

My fair informant told me that one of the would-be-witty contributors happened to forget the fourth line. He was fairly stumped. In vain he bit the feather end of his goose-quill ; the line had flown from his memory ;—in vain he plunged his pen into the ink again and again, knuckle-deep ; he only darkened his fingers, without enlightening his faculties. At last he was closing the book in despair, when his eye was caught by the gorgeous splendour of the red, green,

and gold cover,—a thought struck him,—he was suddenly inspired, and dashed off the really original line—

"'Tis *bound* uncommon swellish."

Such an accidental bit of opportune inspiration may not always be your fortune; and therefore take care to get your scrap well by heart, so that every word shall flow currently and smoothly, without hitch or blot, from your fingers' ends.

There was once related to me another case of lapse of memory at the important moment. A rare album writer was in the constant habit of repeating over his intended impromptu addresses to the fair this, or charming that, while shaving himself at his glass. On one occasion the album was presented to him, but alas! it was in vain he had made ready, for he could not fire—he had forgotten his couplets. The barrel was charged, but the leaden contents remained as harmlessly quiet as wet gunpowder. What was to be done to restore suspended animation? He feigns sudden illness, retires to another room, gets a servant to bring him warm water and a razor, and prepares for a shave. The experiment is quite successful; for no sooner does the glass reflect his face in a lather, than his memory revives, and the lost effusion is recovered. This was but an awkward piece of business after all; and I should say, if you *must* have some association to fix your memory, avoid making that association with a razor, lest some day or other you chance to cut a ridiculous figure.

The old adage, that we may judge of the character of another by the character of his or her associates, with some exceptions—and no rule is without exceptions—applies to an album, whose contents generally form a tolerably correct

index of the peculiar society and character of its possessor. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, and we should scarcely find the album of a she-Friend seasoned with any spicy morsel about love or wine, of the flavour of Anacreon or Tom Moore. As well might we expect to hear, "Friend of my soul this goblet sip," sung in full chorus by a Quaker congregation in a meeting-house. A Friend's scraps are for the most part peculiarly characteristic. One spinster of pallid complexion and petulant temper, who dwelt in the street called Whitecross, is said to have obtained from a Friend on the eve of his departure to Bombay the following :—

"For export to India no ale can be fitter
Than thee Betsy Butt, thou 'rt so pale and so bitter.
"Thy friend,
"OBADIAH HOGG."

This was no flattery. It was decidedly uncivil towards Miss Butt, who, however, ought to have known better than expect wit or good manners from a hogshead more accustomed to pale ale than politeness.

Professional jokes in a lady's album are generally outrageous violations of all propriety. They are frequently not understood, or misunderstood, or unappreciated by the fair one, who usually prefers, to the most pointed of such witticisms, any jingle, how lackadaisycal soever it may be, about eyes and flies, hearts and darts, dove and love, single and mingle, arms, charms, kisses, blisses, willing, thrilling, billing, killing, &c., &c., &c.

One young lady, who had recently taken Father Mathew's pledge, was entirely horrified when I translated for her a prescription, which a rattle-brained medical student of Guy's

had written in her album, gravely assuring her that it was an excellent tonic : it was as follows :—

"℞. Vini adusti fl : ʒviij
Potûs e sacharo confecti fl : ʒxi
Sacchari ʒviij
Succi mal. cit. fl : ʒiij
Mal. cit. corticis ʒiv
Aq. ferv. fl : ʒxij

"Misce. cap. cochlearia magna octodecem post prandium, et cochlearia magna viginti hora somni.

"Pumilio Obesus, M.D."

But of all professional jokers the legal witlings are the worst, as well in an album, as everywhere else ; and yet there is no class of professionals more incurably possessed with the vicious spirit of joke-trying than the lawyers, whether nisi-prius tourists, or those equity "*Wigs* whom Bruce has often led." Their quasi jests are for the most part too shallow to get above low-water mark ; they are usually poor conceits, and mostly wretched puns, bearing about the same proportion to true wit, as a disciple of Father Mathew does to a choice spirit. As surely as Doe rhymes with Roe, so surely is the close of a lawyer's conversational wit bounded on all sides thereof by a defenceless pun. An instance was afforded at the late turnpike trials at Cardiff, when one of the learned limbs triumphantly asked, "What would become of the gates without a *Bar ?*"

As a specimen of the long-robe style of album-inscription, I extract a scrap by a young member of Lincoln's Inn :

"That satin dress,
Which you possess,
Makes me to observe, Miss Brown,
That 't will be said
When we are wed,
Jack Jones has got a silk gown."

I suppose it was because Mr. Jones' law was no better than his lyrics, that he never received Her Majesty's patent to plead "in silk attire;" and Miss Brown, as well as the Queen, entirely disdained all association with such stuff.

The scarcest autographs in a lady's album are the fox-hunter's. Accustomed to "witch the world with noble horsemanship," he scorns such a feeble, pitiful mode of bewitching the fair as that of scrap scribbling. He and his leathers understand a cover of quite another sort than gay morocco binding. We would give a specimen of his hand; but that neither industry, nor chance, nor an intimate acquaintance with Melton Mowbray, has yet thrown one in our way. If he ever dies for love, like the fox he dies mute.

REVIEW.

A Christmas Carol.—In Prose. By Charles Dickens.

If Christmas, with its ancient and hospitable customs, its social and charitable observances, were in danger of decay, this is the book that would give them a new lease. The very name of the author predisposes one to the kindlier feelings; and a peep at the Frontispiece sets the animal spirits capering at once along with Mr. Fizziwig at his Benthamite Ball, in his warehouse adapted to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. If ever Comfort was personified, there she is, dancing with Hospitality in a white waistcoat, and close beside her the domesticated Robin Redbreast, transformed for the occasion into a little boy.

His coat is blue, indeed, instead of brown; but you can swear to him notwithstanding—to the cock of his bill and the cut of his tail, and to the hop that he will give when his turn comes!

It was a blessed inspiration that put such a book into the head of Charles Dickens; a happy inspiration of the heart, that warms every page. It is impossible to read, without a glowing bosom and burning cheeks, between love and shame for our kind, with perhaps a little touch of misgiving, whether we are not personally open, a crack or so, to the reproach of Wordsworth,

> "The world is too much with us, early and late,
> Getting and spending."

Whether our own heads have not become more inaccessible, our hearts more impregnable, our ears and eyes more dull and blind, to sounds and sights of human misery; if our Charity altogether is not too much of a Clari, thinking of Home, home, home, and no place but home. In a word, whether we have not grown *Scroogey?*

"Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

"External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to intreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often 'came down' handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

"Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, 'My dear Scrooge, how are you? when will you come to see me?' No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blindmen's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, 'no eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!'

"But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call 'nuts' to Scrooge."

Yes, *screw-nuts*. There was a figure to sit busy in his counting-house, as unmoved as a calculating machine, on the very threshold of Hilarity Term, that is to say on Christmas Eve! On that gracious Eve when knocking at every door and every hearts' door in gospel-lighted lands the gentle Spirit of Christianity craves admittance, not to chide or rebuke, but to cheer, to comfort, to pardon, to redeem—to bless the lintel and the hearth, the bed and the board, and to play with the little children! There was a man, to be visited by that divine Spirit, or by Charity and Mercy, who called on him in human shape.

"They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"'Scrooge and Marley's, I believe,' said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. 'Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?'

"'Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years,' Scrooge replied. 'He died seven years ago, this very night.'

"'We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner,' said the gentleman, presenting his credentials.

"It certainly was; for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word 'liberality,' Scrooge frowned, and shook his head, and handed back the credentials.

"'At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge,' said the gentleman, taking up a pen, 'it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the

present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir.'

"'Are there no prisons?' asked Scrooge.

"'Plenty of prisons,' said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

"'And the Union workhouses?' demanded Scrooge, 'Are they still in operation?'

"'They are. Still,' returned the gentleman, 'I wish I could say they were not.'

"'The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigour, then?' said Scrooge.

"'Both very busy, sir.'

"'Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course,' said Scrooge. 'I am very glad to hear it.'

"'Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude,' returned the gentleman, 'a few of us are endeavouring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?'

"'Nothing!' Scrooge replied.

"'You wish to be anonymous?'

"'I wish to be left alone,' said Scrooge. 'Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned; they cost enough: and those who are badly off must go there.'

"'Many can't go there; and many would rather die.'

"'If they would rather die,' said Scrooge, 'they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides—excuse me—I don't know that.'

"'But you might know it,' observed the gentleman.

"'It's not my business,' Scrooge returned. 'It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen!'

"Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labours with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with him."

But perhaps by degrees, as the advent of the Holy Day drew nearer and nearer, the miser's misanthropy thawed, his temper mended, and his temperature rose to blood heat: no,

not a fibre, or a nerve—not one moral degree, above the freezing point. He kept hardening and stiffening with the weather.

"Foggier yet, and colder! Piercing, searching, biting cold. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then, indeed, he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol: but at the first sound of,—

'God bless you merry gentleman!
May nothing you dismay!'

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action, that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost.

"At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"'You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?' said Scrooge.

"'If quite convenient, Sir.'

"'It's not convenient,' said Scrooge, 'and it's not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound?'

"The clerk smiled faintly.

"'And yet,' said Scrooge, 'you don't think *me* ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work.'

"The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"'A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!' said Scrooge, buttoning his great-coat to the chin. 'But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning!'

"The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great-coat), went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times in honour of its being Christmas-eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's-buff."

Poor fellow! And yet, compared with his master, he was as bright as the clerk that goes out "like winkin," on a piece of burnt paper. He had a spark of soul in him at any rate.

And poor as he was, there was a happy, aye and a merry Christmas before him; and a dinner we would rather have dined with, than with Duke Humphrey—certainly no ancestor of the alderman of that ilk. First, a Christmas picture.

"The house fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the roofs, and with the dirtier snow upon the ground; which last deposit had been ploughed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and waggons; furrows that crossed and re-crossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off, and made intricate channels, hard to trace, in the thick yellow mud and icy water. The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed half frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear hearts' content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad, that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain. For the people who were shovelling away on the house-tops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball—better-natured missile far than many a wordy jest—laughing heartily if it went right, and not less heartily if it went wrong. The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great round pot-bellied baskets of chesnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onions, shining in the fatness of their growth, like Spanish Friars; and winking from their shelves, in wanton slyness, at the girls as they went by and glanced demurely at the hung-up misletoe. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made, in the shop-keeper's benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant shufflings, ancle deep, through withered leaves; there were Norfolk Biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on; and, to a fish, went gasping round and round their

little world in slow and passionless excitement. The Grocers'! oh, the Grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales, descending on the counter, made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and so straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar, as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress: but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day, that they tumbled up against each other at the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes in the best humour possible; while the Grocer and his people were so frank and fresh that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind, might have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose."

Now for the dinner; enough to make the mouth of a stone cherub water, like a fountain.

"'Why, where's our Martha?' cried Bob Cratchit looking round.

"'Not coming,' said Mrs. Cratchit.

"'Not coming!' said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood-horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. 'Not coming upon Christmas Day!'

"Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"'And how did little Tim behave?' asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"'As good as gold,' said Bob, 'and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.'

"Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more

when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty. His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession. Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course: and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little sauce-pan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet everyone had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up, and bring it in. Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose: a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed. Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and be-

dight with Christmas holly stuck into the top. Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing. At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one: and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass; two tumblers and a custard-cup without a handle. These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chesnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"'A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!'

"Which all the family re-echoed.

"'God bless us every one!' said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

"He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him."

What a party in a parlour—and all blest! But how did Scrooge the miser spend his Christmas Day?—how did he get over his twenty-fifth of December? Of course in his office, gloating over that gloomy composition, with only half a plum in it, his ledger. Not so: he never even looked into his banker's book to check the balance. He dressed hastily in all his best, and sallied into the street, walking with his hands behind him, exchanging greetings with beggars! patting children on the head!! and smiling blandly and kindly on every body he passed!!! Nay, he actually hurried his steps to meet that very Charity (disguised as a stout gentleman) whom he had repulsed so rudely the evening before.

"He had not gone far, when coming on towards him he beheld the portly gentleman who had walked into his counting-house the day before, and said, 'Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?' It sent a pang across his

heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met ; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

" 'My dear sir,' said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands. 'How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A Merry Christmas to you sir !'

" 'Mr. Scrooge?'

" 'Yes,' said Scrooge, 'that is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness'—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

" 'Lord bless me !' cried the gentleman, as if his breath were gone. 'My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?'

" 'If you please,' said Scrooge ; 'not a farthing less. A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favour?'

" 'My dear sir,' said the other, shaking hands with him ; 'I don't know what to say to such munifi—'

" 'Don't say anything, please,' retorted Scrooge. 'Come and see me. Will you come and see me?'

" 'I will !' cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it."

There's a change !—a moral trick of metamorphosis as astounding as any mechanical one in the Christmas Pantomimes !—the parish cage into a Refuge for the Destitute—Newgate into the Philanthropic—a Pawnbroker into a Samaritan—a Scrooge into a Samaritan !—a Nero overnight, a Titus in the morning !

"But he was early at the office next morning. Oh he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late ! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

"And he did it ; yes he did ! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

"His hat was off before he opened the door ; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

" 'Hallo !' growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. 'What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?

" 'I'm very sorry, sir,' said Bob, 'I *am* behind my time.'

" 'You are?' repeated Scrooge ; 'yes, I think you are. Step this way, if you please.'

"'It's only once a year, sir,' pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank: 'it shall not be repeated; I was making rather merry yesterday, sir.'

"'Now, I'll tell you what, my friend,' said Scrooge, 'I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And, therefore,' he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again: 'and, therefore, I am about to raise your salary!'

"Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it; holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"'A Merry Christmas, Bob!' said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. 'A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob!'"

If that is not the most wonderful Bowl of Bishop ever promised—the most marvellous promise ever made—there is nothing Extraordinary in this world except an occasional Gazette! How the miraculous change was effected (if not exactly by Faith, Hope, and Charity), by what spiritual Trio (not Gin, Rum, and Brandy) the Worldly Wiseman was converted into a Christian, must be unriddled by the book itself; and haply there shall come a change over the reader also in its perusal. Ours is rather a selfish, luxurious age. "The world *is* too much with us"—there is a cold calculating utilitarianism, far too much of the hard harsh spirit of the money-grubber, who, being asked if he had ever done a good action in his life, replied, "Yes—he once detected a woman in a sham fit."

AN IRISH REBELLION.

It is impossible to divine for what reason all mention of the outbreak alluded to in the following letter has been suppressed in the daily papers of either kingdom; but whatever may have been the purpose of the journalists, the Rebellion described is, in the phrase of the *Times*, "A Great Fact."
—*Ed.*

"*To Miss * * * * * * Shrewsbury, Shropshire.*

"My dear Jane,

"This cums hopin your well and cumfortable, which is more then I am or ever hope to be in this distracted country. Lord forgive me for repinin. But I wish I had married any wheres except to the Emerald Jem. My nerves is litterally shook to peaces, for won mite as well xpect to sleep in Sow Ameriky without Rockin by erthquakes, as to live in Ireland without Agitashuns. Its always in Convulshuns like a teething Babby!

"Sich mobbins & publick meetins, & violent speechifyins witch encourages murderin English, & marchins & counter marchins, & bonfires without Guys to them—& blowin Horns, & Irish thretnin letters from men as cant rite to men as cant read. Sich squablings between Repeelers & No Repeelers, & Romans & Protestants, and exclusiv dealin, not like Mrs. Mullins at wist as used to deal all the Honners to herself, but not byin nuthin from noboddy except your own perswashun. Sich searchin for Harms & many factering Pikes and Repeel Wardins, & callin hard names, big Beggers, & mity big liers, and a surplus of rough uns, and a lion in

blood Langwage & religun,—and as they've bilt a grate Hall for Irish Concilliashun there will be fighten of course. In witch case Lord help us, for when it comes to Battle royal, an Irish Justis always throws up his commission & his Hat along with it raythe̊r then keep the peace! O Jane never never never marry into Ireland. Singleness is better than Dublin.

"Thank goodness I'me not a Saxon but from Shropsheer, or my days wouldn't be long in the Land. Wat the Saxons has dun to displease the Irish xcept desertin from Boney at the Battle of Lipsick is more then I know, but they are as bitter as Bark agin the hole race. This very blessid mornin there was poor Patrick Maguire the tailor was shillallid amost into nine parts of a man for only havin a peace of cloth in his winder marked Saxony superfine. Its shockin to stir up sich nashunal anymositties between cristians. For my own part altho I am a English woman I dont hate Ireland and indeed was once quite attached to the country being stuck fast up to my middle in a Bog.

"Then theres party cullers. Some of them runnin as mad at Orange as a bull at scarlet, because King William of Orange was a Dutchman and wanted to introdeuce Hollands instid of Wisky. And so they must upset poor Widder Grady & her baskit into the gutter for sellin Oranges instied of Greens & others agin cant abide Green—so you cant even suit your complexion xcept by goin in Newtral Tint like a Quaker. But that cums of leaving my own country for an Island surrounded as I may say with hot Warter and witch sum mornin I may get up and find repeeled off to the Continent and a next to France. Or wats wus simpathisin off to Ameriky. But before sich a repeel I hope I shall be Repeeld to my grave! As may be I may be—eithir pitch forkt to deth by a Protistant rebel or shot by a Poppish one with a barrelful of slugs. But who can expect behaving as

armless as Doves as Doctor Watts says in a country where a Pigeon House means a place full of sogers.

"As to my Husband insted of bein a cumfit in my allarms hes quite the Reverse, wat with his repeel pollytics & his Irish blud which is so easy set up he never goes out to spend an evenin & meet his frends but I look to see him cum home with a black eye or a pugnashus Nose,—if he ant sent sudden to heaven with a holy Head. Witch is rather alarmin for if thats his Friendship wat will his love be if it ever cums to Blows. Praps its sumthing in the soil for they do say you may no a real Irish tater by its havin black eyes. How sumever fighten & shillallyin is meat & drink to the Natives. But its his pollyticks as scars me out of my sensis. O if you could only hear him talk of goin to the Skaffold as he will sum day, without his Hod—& crackin every Crown in the Wurld, for the cause of Irish poverty he says is soverins raining over it, in short sich speeches as must be Ketchd up, for State Persecutions, if luckly there wasnt so menny all talking in the same stile, for Strong languige is one of their weaknesses. And witch is why they praps want to have a Parliment of their own, for as to the Hous of Communs they say theres nothin Irish about it xcept a Speaker as dont speak. And so I supose they will have a Parliment in Collige Green, or else the Fifteen Akers witch is a better Place to pair off in. For you know theyre dredful Duelists & always so reddy for challengin, if you only look hard at a deaf Irishman he considders it a callin out. Not but wat theyre a generus Pepel otherways as well as in fighting and would give away their last Rap in the wurld wether in munny or a stick, & whether a stick with a stick or with a pike. And I must say very gallant to the sects, even poor Thady when he's overcum by his Licker and sees dubble, Oh Nelly, says he, its a trate entirely it is to see two of your swate purty

Faces insted of one. Witch is all very well in the way of complementin but whats it all Wuth when it cums to Polly-ticks if he wants to repuddiate me like an Amerikan Det, and repeel all Unions between the English & the Irish. But a Marrige is a Marrige, & naythe̊r him nor Mister O Daniel O Connel with Mr. Ray and Mr. Steel into the Bargin can get quit of three Axes & the Halter. Witch reminds me of the prejudis agin English males, I mean to say the Crole Coaches. Wat I suspects they wants is busses to jine on to their Blunders. For theres shockin reports about a Genral risin with the lark some mornin in the disturbed distrix. I supose the Peep o'day Boys, & sum plot gettin up. There certainly has been seizers of arms, & sum talk of Rebecca cummin over to giv lessons in levellin 'Pikes, & they do say theres an unkommun stickin of Pigs by way of practisin for civil War. Likewise Rock letters, & as to land you mite as well take Leasis of the Goodwin Sands. There is poor Patrick Dolan, but I must call him Pat in futer for they've burnt his rick. Well he's as good as killd, for he's a pre-scribed man. And all for wat? Why for havin a cow as wouldn't toss up with the Procter for the Tithes. To be shure as Thady says there's a Commisshun appinted to enquire how Irishmen hold their own, But wats the use of a Commisshun to inquire out wat we all know beforehand namely that if so be every farmer in Ireland gives up his farm, the only Tennant left will be the Lord Left-tenant.

"What a friteful state of Things! Propperty not safe nor life naythe̊r for if your killd the murderer always gets an Irish allibi witch is being in two other Places at the time. No law—no justis—no nothing. And in such an age as ours for all sorts of larning. Looking from England at Ireland, who would believe he sees the Eighteenth sentry enlitened by Gas? But sumboddy's cum—Sergent Flanigan.

"O Jane, wat news for the poor Ile of Hearin! I ort to say hes a Sergent in the Cunstabulabulary Force and as sich knows every thing—& he says there's a breaking out at sum place that begins with Killin; its only a small Villige, but you know very bad erupshuns begins with little spots. I was too flurrid to ketch the particlers, but theres a reglar rebellion, & Lord nose how many thowsand Irish all harmed with sithes a-going to take the field. And theyre to take Dublin & to plow up the Fenix Park & repeal King Williams statute, & raise the Pigeon House down to the ground. In short he says the Police apprehends every thing thats bad. Theres news and Thady not come home yet! If he jines the disinfected I shall be misrable. I must go and look up Thady, so Adeu in haste,

"Your luving Sister,

"ELLINOR * * * *."

"P.S. Thady is just come in dredfully up in his spirrits, witch confirms the truth. He is as close as wax tho about it, & only says its a grate Day for Ireland, but theres rebelling in his very looks, & the way he wistles & snaps his fingers, and walks up & down the room like Marchin & keeping step. He longs & means he does to jine in the skrimmage, & lord help him if he does wether he gets shot or slashed or took Prisonner for the Law nevar spares Inn Serjeants. If he does jine them I shall go mad. But wat am I to do for hes as willful & hobstinate as an Irish Pig, witch wont be driv in the right road & witch makes their Pork so dangerus to eat its so apt to go the wrong way.

"P.S.S. More allarms! Sich drummins & fifing, and trumpiting, and prancing of horses, & rumblin of cannons, And Thady rubbing his hands & grinning & looking happy enuff to drive one delirius! O Jane, never marry into a civil

warring Fammily! And wats wus, he wont listen to a janting Car to go off with tho we're sitting as I may say on Barrils of Gunpowder & red hot Pokers!"

No. II.

From the same to the same.

"DEAR JANE,

"This is to say I am safe & well. No thenks to the Rebeling for the very day after I rit my last it broke out. But Guvernment having had timely notis the Millitary was all Mustard, and very strong. And no dout would have committed dredful slorter of the pore miss guided cretures, if they hadn't been misgided themselves by a traterus wretch as undertook to lead them the rite road. Insted of witch he led them clean contrary into a peacable common full of geese & asses so that nothin actionable took place xcept givin the guide a sound floggin. If the sogers had quarterd him on the spot it would have served him rite, But thenk Provedins wat was ment for our ruin was our preservin! It seems wen the rebbels come to Donny Brook they halted & drew up in order of Battel for a fite with the troops witch in course did not arive. You may gudge how that tride their Irish tempers & in partickler in such a famus spot for fiting and connected with Shillallyin Associations ever since the creation. So after waitin as long as they could & no signs of a skrimmage till their patience was wore out entirely with the disappintment, the Rebbels fell a fiting among themselves, the rite wing agin the left, & then both jining together atackt the center boddy & gave each other sich routs & got so

dissipated that they quite defeated themselves, and so there's an end of the Irish Rebellion. Praise goodness Thady wasn't there, having a Job on a house top, and I took away the ladder.

"I am, dear Susan,

"Your loving Sister,

"ELLINOR * * * *."

A SONG FOR THE MILLION.

ON WILHELM'S METHOD.

THERE's a Music aloft in the air
As if Cherubs were humming a song,
Now it's high, now it's low, here and there,
There's a Harmony floating along!
While the steeples are loud in their joy,
To the tune of the bells' ring-a-ding,
Let us chime in a peal, one and all,
For we all should be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

We are Chartists, Destructives and rogues,
We are Radicals, Tories, and Whigs,
We are Churchmen, Dissenters, what not,
We are asses, curs, monkeys and pigs,
But in spite of the slanderous names
Partisans on each other will fling.
Tho' in concord we cannot agree,
Yet we all in a chorus may sing
Hullahbaloo!

We may not have a happy New Year,
Be perplex'd by all possible ills—
Find the bread and the meat very dear,
And be troubled with very *hard bills*—
Yet like linnets, cock-robins and wrens,
Larks, and nightingales joyous in Spring,
Or the finches saluting their hens,
Sure we all should be able to sing
Hullahbaloo !

We may have but a Lilliput purse,
And the change in the purse very small,
And our notes may not pass at the Bank,
But they're current at Exeter Hall !
Then a fig for foul weather and fogs !
And whatever Misfortune may bring,
If we go to the dogs—like the dogs
In a pack we are able to sing
Hullahbaloo !

Though the coat may be worn with a badge—
Or the kerchief no prize for a prig—
Or the shirt never sent to the wash—
There's the Gamut for little and big !
O then come, rich and poor, young and old,
For of course it's a very fine thing,
Spite of Misery, Hunger, and cold,
That we all are so able to sing
Hullahbaloo !

There are Demons to worry the rich,
There are monsters to torture the poor,

There's the Worm that will gnaw at the heart,
There's the Wolf that will come to the door !
We may even be short of the cash
For the tax to a queen or a king,
And the broker may sell off our beds,
But we still shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo !

There's Consumption to wither the weak,
There are fevers that humble the stout—
A disease may be rife with the young,
Or a pestilence walking about—
Desolation may visit our hives,
And old Death's metaphorical sting
May dispose of the dearest of wives,
But we all shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo !

We may farm at a very high rent,
And with guano manure an inch deep,
We may sow, whether broadcast or drill,
And have only the whirlwind to reap ;
All our corn may be spoil'd in the ear,
And our barns be ignited by Swing,
And our sheep may die off with the rot,
But we all shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo !

Our acquaintance may cut us direct,
Even Love may become rather cold,
And a friend of our earlier years
May look shy at the coat that is old :

We may not have a twig or a straw,
Not a reed where affection may cling,
Not a dog for our love, or a cat,
But we still shall be able to sing,
Hullahbaloo!

Some are pallid with watching and want,
Some are burning with blushes of shame;
Some have lost all they had in the world,
And are bankrupts in honour and name.
Some have wasted a fortune in trade—
And by going at all in the ring,
Some have lost e'en a voice in the House;
But they all will be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

Some are deep in the Slough of Despond,
And so sick of the burthen of life,
That they dream of leaps over a bridge,
Of the pistol, rope, poison and knife;
To the Temples of Riches and Fame
We are not going up in a string;
And to some even Heaven seems black,
But we all shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

We may give up the struggle with Care,
And the last little hope that would stop,
We may strive with a Giant Despair—
From the very blue sky we may drop,
By some sudden bewildering blow
Stricken down like a bird on the wing,—

Or with hearts breaking surely and slow—
But we all shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

Oh! no matter how wretched we be,
How ill-lodg'd, or ill-clad, or ill-fed,
And with only one tile for a roof,—
That we carry about on the head:
We may croak with a very bad cold,
Or a throat that's as dry as a ling,—
There's the Street or the Stage for us all,
For we all shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

There's a Music aloft in the air,
As if Cherubs were humming a song,
Now it's high, now it's low, here and there,
There's a Harmony floating along!
While the steeples are loud in their joy,
To the tune of the bells' ring-a-ding,
Let us chime in a peal, one and all,
For we all should be able to sing
Hullahbaloo!

EPIGRAM

ON THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE STATUES IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

If Nelson looks down on a couple of Kings,
However it pleases the Loyals;
'Tis after the fashion of nautical things,
A sky-scraper over the Royals.

THE REGULAR AND THE IRREGULAR DRAMA.

A WRITER in the *Times* lately attributed the decline of the public taste for Theatrical Exhibitions to the superiority of the Dramatic Scenes, serious and comic, which are so admirably got up and performed daily in the Bankruptcy Courts, the Old Bailey, Guildhall, Westminster Hall, the Police Offices, the Courts of Conscience, and other Houses, major and minor, in London and the Provinces. And there is certainly some truth in the theory ; for the snatches of Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce, furnished by such places, are much more interesting and amusing, and infinitely more instructive, than the pieces fabricated by most of our modern play-wrights. Some of the Judges and Counsel show quite as "fiery off" as any stars on the boards, and the Jurors, common or special, are quite as clever and entertaining as the walking gentleman. The want of music and dancing in the places alluded to, makes them less strong in Opera and the Ballet, and Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket, prospers accordingly, from the absence of competition. The Police offices, however, are powerful rivals to the Adelphi, Surrey, &c., in pieces of strong and sometimes very domestic interest, the plots of which are duly recorded in some of the daily prints :—and Melodrama flourishes at the Sessions-house and in the inquest-room. Here and there a Coroner is also a very respectable performer in the funny line ; and Constables, Beadles, and Bumpkin witnesses are capital low comedians.

How far it might be practicable to retrieve the fortunes of the Patent Theatres, by allowing a certain portion of the

public business to be transacted on the stage, is left for the Proprietors to discuss with the Lord Chamberlain; nothing else, probably, will ever raise the shares of either to a profitable premium—for, who would pay to sit at their fictitious shows, when he might, gratis, see such exhibitions of real life elsewhere, and listen to the genuine dialogue of human nature? Here is a brief example:—

MISAPPREHENSION.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE.—*A Club Room at the Hare and Hounds. At the table sits the county Coroner with his Clerk. The Jurors are arranged round the board. The Constable, &c., fill the background.* TIMOTHY GUBBINS, *a Witness, is under examination.*

Cor. DID you know the defunct?

Wit. Who's he?

Cor. Why, the dead man.

Wit. Yes.

Cor. Intimately?

Wit. Wery.

Cor. How often have you been in company with him?

Wit. Ony once.

Cor. And do you call that intimately?

Wit. Yes—for he were wery drunk, and I were wery drunk —and that made us like two brothers.

Cor. Who recognised the body?

Wit. Jack Adams.

Cor. How did he recognise him?

Wit. By standing un on his head to let the water run out.

Cor. I mean how did he know him?

Wit. By his plush jacket.

Cor. Anything else?

Wit. No: ony his face were so swelled, his own mother wouldn't have knowed him.

Cor. Then how did you know him?

Wit. 'Cause I warn't his mother. [*Applause in court.*

Cor. What do you consider the cause of his death?

Wit. Drownding in course.

Cor. Was any attempt made to resuscitate him?

Wit. Yes.

Cor. How?

Wit. We sarched his pockets.

Cor. I mean did you try to bring him to?

Wit. Yes—to the public house.

Cor. I mean to recover him?

Wit. No. We warn't told to.

Cor. Did you ever suspect the deceased of mental alienation?

Wit. Yes—the whole village suspected un.

Cor. Why?

Wit. That he alienated one of the Squire's pigs.

Cor. You misunderstand me. I alluded to mental aberration.

Wit. Some thinks he was.

Cor. On what grounds?

Wit. I believe they belonged to Squire Waters.

Cor. Pshaw. I mean was he mad?

Wit. Sartenly.

Cor. What, devoid of reason?

Wit. He had no reason to drown hisself as I know of.

Cor. That will do, Sir. (*To the Jury.*) Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence, and will consider of your verdict.

Foreman. Your worship, we are all of one mind.

Cor. Well—what is it?

Foreman. We don't mind what. We're agreeable to anything your Worship pleases.

Cor. No, gentlemen,—I have no right to dictate,—you had better consult together.

Foreman. We have, your Worship, afore we came, and we're all unanimous.

Cor. I am happy to hear it, gentlemen. (*To the Clerk.*) Mr. Dicks, take down the verdict. Now then, gentlemen.

Foreman. Why, then, your Worship, its "Justifiable Suicide;" but begs to recommend to mercy;—and hopes we shall be allowed our expenses.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

Black, White, and Brown, were young men; in some respects very young—the two first especially, for they were inexperienced, thoughtless, and giddy, to a great many degrees beyond the average. But they were generous, warm-hearted fellows, notwithstanding, and would rather have had a tooth-ache apiece, than have given pain, wilfully, to man, woman, or child,—to horse, dog, or cat.

The trio lived together in the same boarding-house, more like brothers than friends, united in everything but one,—a desperate passion for Miss Theodora Wilmot. That was Brown's secret, in which the other two young men, however, went partners; and many a rallying the lover had to bear on the subject from his heart-whole companions.

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound."

But, like Benedict, the inamorato was too far gone in love for "a whole college of witcrackers to flout him out of his

humour." With such a flame as he had in his bosom, burning as he did, one of Love's martyrs, he might well despise a few squibs ; besides, the wags would give over when he was once married. But there was the rub : he was one of the most shy and diffident of mankind—the most bashful bachelor that ever blushed all the shades of *mauvaise honte*, from a warm flesh colour up to a rose damask—the most shrinking of all the race of the Sensitives. How could such a man propose ? A thousand times he determined to break the ice, but the ice always broke him. A million times at least he resolved to speak his mind, but his speech went out of his mind, and then his mind seemed to go out of itself, it was so mad at the failure. At all other times boiling, broiling, frying, burning, piping hot, salamandered till done brown by the warmth of his affection, and eloquent as a young barrister alone in his own chambers, in the presence of the lady his blood ran as cold, and his tongue was as dumbfounded, as if the Circean enchantress had actually transformed him into a cod-fish. His very passion seemed to have died suddenly, and left him to stand Mute at the door.

If Miss Wilmot would but have helped him out with a leading question, such as whether he was ever in love, or, if that was too bold for her delicate nature, how he liked such a song as "Crudel," or "Come live with me and be my love ;" if she had only looked at him a little less like the ladies at Madame Tussaud's—had she merely seemed to understand his case—but no ; she was either naturally ignorant of his symptoms, or wilfully, like Aberfeldie, when he said to a fanciful patient, who hinted something about ossification,—

"Young man, bring me your heart, on a plate, and I'll tell you what's the matter with it."

In vain he tried the usual expedients with which bash-

ful young men seek to reinforce their resolves; his case was beyond brandy. If he had seen a double Miss Wilmot, it would only have turned him into two codfish instead of one. In vain, taking a hint from Schiller's "Fight with the Dragon," he dressed up a lay figure of the Lady, for his courage to practise on—he never succeeded beyond the rehearsal. When he came on he was damned. Poor Brown!

In the meantime his two friends, whether pitying his condition, or for the sport's sake, tried their utmost to egg him on; but it was anything but egging a game chicken. Like some vicious horses, the more he was urged forward, the more he backed—or jibbed off the road—or turned short round and bolted. They even offered to go with him and help him, in the legal phrase, in delivering the declaration, or to propose for him by proxy; but to both proposals he gave a decided negative. There seemed no chance, in fact, of his ever offering himself to the lady's acceptance, except by a posthumous bequest. Black suggested this course, and White offered, with Black's assistance, to draw up the will, but Brown, as usual, would not accede to the proposition, and determined to die intestate, in spite of the additional duty on the administration.

At last, it occurred to his two backers, that perhaps the appearance of a rival in the field might induce their man to rush into the ring, and accordingly, in the absence of any real competitor, they invented one, as formidable a Heart-catcher in personal graces and accomplishments as ever was manufactured for a novel. A six foot fellow in his stockings,—White even estimated his height at another inch taller—and then such black glossy ringlets, and black eyes, with an aquiline nose, and a finely-chiselled mouth, and

a capital chin, and such an exquisite complexion, and what a noble bust, and yet so quiet and gentlemanly; for Black and White, to avoid inconsistency, agreed to describe their imaginary hero from a certain figure in a certain hair-dresser's window. And the bait took. Brown metaphorically swallowed his rival, ringlets and all—how happy could he have done so in reality.

Poor Brown! If that phantom had been a diabolical one, such as is said to haunt and torture the consciences of guilty mortals, it could not have caused him more perturbation. He thought of him, talked of him, swore, but trembled at him, shot at him, fenced at him, got the best and then the worst of him, and above all, he dreamt of him. His nights were terrible—for go where he would, and especially if walking, rowing, sailing, dancing, singing, declaring his love, or even saluting Miss Wilmot, there was the odious rival, turning the duet to a trio, or taking her other arm, protesting in her other ear, squeezing her other hand—zounds!—kissing her other cheek! That was unendurable; so to it they went, foot and fist, tooth and nail, shovel and poker, hammer and tongs, swords, pistols, and blunderbusses, rugging, riving, kicking, smashing, stabbing, shooting, wrestling on the ground, up and down, over and over, biting each other like dogs, till the Brown one's teeth were entangled with the vile ringlets—at least, as he found upon waking, with the fleece of the blanket!

What a life it was! Death at the stake would have been preferable, whether the stake was tender or not. Annihilation would have been still better, provided always that the rival was annihilated along with him—like an "infinite deal of nothing!" Why had he ever been at all!

In the meantime a solitary gleam of comfort sometimes

visited him. From a cause that may be guessed, Black and White, whilst eloquent in praise of the face and chest of the handsome pretender, were unconsciously rather silent about the rest of his figure, in particular never saying a word of his legs. Perhaps they were bowed, like Bacchus's, from riding cock-horse on a barrel, perhaps knock-kneed, like the baker's, or unnaturally short—a happy idea! Brown jumped at it, and indulged it, till in fancy he had twisted the lower limbs of his rival into a brace of right and left corkscrews, with a pair of club feet. That decided him. He resolved to walk with his own legs straight to the lady's house, to kneel, to throw himself, if necessary, at her feet, and with as much advantage as possible display his crural members, and hint that there were men who were only fit to approach a fair lady by jumping in a sack. Away he went; but first he communicated a hint of his purpose to his two friends, swaggering not a little, in his utter ignorance of the share they had in screwing him up to the desperate pitch. Of course Black and White laughed in their sleeves; but they said nothing but what was equivalent to a pat on the back, or the policeman's "move on."

"Good bye," shouted White; "remember faint heart never won fair lady."

"Nor a brown one, either," bawled Black.

"She's mine!" shrieked Brown, cutting a caper with his right leg, and flourishing one arm above his hat, like a colonel at the head of a forlorn hope, going to storm a fort—for example, Badajos. And no hero could have borne himself more bravely, for a few rods, poles, or perches—but then he faltered—then rallied—then wavered—and then marched on again. For whenever he thought of Miss Wilmot he lingered, but then he remembered the rival, and that spurred him forward; and sometimes he thought of both

together, which brought him to a stand still, that he might stamp a little, and vow vengeance a little, and shake his fist a good deal at some unconscious cow, or innocent donkey, or still more innocent empty air. No man ever went so many paces to the mile, besides occasionally going no pace at all. But the slowest coach, even if you lock one wheel, will get to somewhere at last, or still further, and on the same principle, at so many minutes to what-you-please o'clock, the peripatetic lover arrived at the door of his lady-love, and raised his hand towards the lion's head, his heart, though, forestalling him, and with a rapid series of little thumps and big ones, giving as good an imitation as human heart can, of a footman's thundering double knock. His hand tried to copy it, but it was a sad bungle, for after two or three little uncertain, unmeaning taps, as if the wind had done it, and then a pause, he let the iron knob fall with a loud abrupt bang, as if he had burnt his fingers. The moment afterwards he repented, and wished there was such a thing as unknocking, as well as unbuttoning or unpicking; but the irrevocable sound went its course through the hall and down the kitchen stairs, and through the ear of John Footman, till it played a tattoo on its drum. And so John went up the stairs, and through the hall, and opened the door, catching Mr. Brown in the very act of turning away, to sneak off, as the mere perpetrator of a run-away knock. What an abominably fast Footman! If he had but stopped to yawn, and stretch, and inquire, was that the knocker? through the regular three times of asking—but there he was, and there was no escape from him. So Mr. Brown walked in, or rather stumbled over the threshold, and having stropped his shoes on the mat, from heel to point, for at least two minutes, and hung up his hat twice, for the first time it fell down—without his catching

it,—well, after that, having first had a tedious attack of influenza, he pocketed his handkerchief again,—and at last—what a nasty short nervous cough he had, with a sort of an aguish fit from coming over the Flats—at last he got up the drawing-room stairs, heard his name announced and a hive of bees swarming at the same time—saw a carpet, then a ceiling, and then a table with two candles dancing on it, apparently for the amusement of Miss Wilmot. She was alone, and as he wished to be alone with her, so we leave him.

In the meantime Black and White, over their tea, discussed the chances for and against the success of the wooer, and settled that the odds were something like all St. George's, Hanover Square to a Dissenting chapel in his favour. In reality he was rather well looking than otherwise, with an elegant figure, a good address, and pleasing manners—such a person as few young ladies, if disengaged, would be likely to refuse. And as to any rival, they had never heard of or seen any trace of one, except the fellow with the black ringlets, and of him only his figure-head. It was a favourable sign besides, that Brown's visit was such a long one: hour struck after hour, but he did not return—how could he? Doubtless, having told his love, he had extorted a mutual confession in return, and was enjoying that sweet confidence between young hearts, for which the Longest Day and a bittock would hardly seem long enough!

Nine! Ten! Eleven! and still he came not—nor yet at Twelve—when the pair determined to wait no longer, but to return to their beds. In the way to their rooms they had to pass Brown's chamber, the door of which stood wide open, —and amongst other prominent objects within, Black's eye was attracted by a very large stout hook projecting from a beam on the wall. The hint was enough. In his own room

he kept a stout cord, to escape by from his first-floor window in case of fire. This rope he fetched, made a slip noose in it, most scientifically, and then fastened the other end to the hook. White looked on, till the apparatus was complete, and then with the burnt end of a stick, inscribed on the wall—

"FOR A REJECTED LOVER."

It was a capital joke, to judge by the amount of their laughter, but White suddenly turned rather grave. "Suppose," said he, "that by any chance she should refuse him—he will perhaps take it in dudgeon,—and besides, he would be terribly cut up, poor fellow, and I should be sorry to vex him."

"Not he!" said Black. "She is sure to have him, and he will return in such raptures, that the worst joke in the world would seem the best in it, and set him crowing like a cock! But he will want something to throw himself off from"—and with a chuckle he pushed a chair immediately under the rope. The friends then shook hands, bade each other good night, and went to bed,—and from bed to sleep, as sound as tops. Black dreamt of nothing: White had a vision of Brown's wedding, and that he fell in love with the bridesmaid; but all the amenities of the dream gradually vanished, till after several obscure entanglements he found himself tied neck and heels with that infernal cord. But that was not the worst—by-and-by the rope seemed to become endowed with life, and began twisting about him like a serpent, now encircling one limb, then another, then tightly compressing his chest and lungs till he could hardly breathe, and finally coiling round his throat so tightly that he felt all but strangled. In short, he suffered under a terrible nightmare.

It was nearly two in the morning before Brown came

home. He let himself in with his key, crept up to his bedroom, and struck a light. What a face it flashed upon! Haggard and pale as death! His eyes were hollow, and his blue lips quivered as if with intense cold. The skirts of his coat were torn; his pantaloons, up to the knees, were stained with mud. Never did human wretch look so utterly forlorn! He had been rejected—somewhat harshly—by the lady; and with a crushed heart had hurried out into the Waste, a type of the wide world to him, over the dreary Flats. He had rambled, at random, through mire, and marsh, and thicket—unable to confront a human face—to bear the sound of the human voice. Poor fellow! What long distracting hours he must have spent thus; darker in hope than the night—colder at heart than its wintry wind. At last some dubious impulse had led him home; perhaps to seek the consolations of friendship; the sympathy of those two, the very two, who had unconsciously prepared for him such a pang! For all at once his eye glanced on the rope, and the mocking inscription.

Oh! what trivial things determine the greatest turns of a mortal's destiny! Many a man, doubtless, in the first frenzy of despair or disappointment, has contemplated suicide—but some deliberation on the mode, and the absence of the means, have afforded time for reflection and repentance. If that fatal rope had not been there, ready fixed—the noose prepared:—if even the chair had been to fetch,—a minute gained, one precious minute might have sufficed for the birth of a better thought:—that petty fragment of time might have influenced the fate of a soul for eternity—but there was, alas! no such saving pause! Unexpectedly probed to the quick in the recent wound, the anguish was too keen for a brain already maddened by mental agony—the doomed man, muttering the stinging motto, stepped on the seat,

seized the rope—opened the noose; put his head through it; closed his eyes, clasped his hands; kicked away the chair ——and that was a Practical Joke.

REVIEW.

THE POST-OFFICE LONDON DIRECTORY FOR 1844.—W. Kelly & Co.

"WHEN Adam delved and Eve span," among all the things whereof they little thought, the least was a Post Office London Directory, comprising no end of names, instructing folk in all manner of ways, and putting people (as they do in schools and on railways) into all sorts of classes. In this huge volume, numerous as are the names, every one of them is a marked man or woman; and even the most courtly are here, like Charity children and policemen, each separately and particularly lettered and numbered. Lords and leather-sellers, physicians and pork-butchers, milliners and mill-wrights, are all regularly ticketed here, cheek by jowl, like fellowship-porters. In vain can the most dainty exclusive hope to escape from the enormous circle of society into which her Majesty's Postmaster-general has here introduced him. No master of the ceremonies could be so careful to exclude the nobodies as the Postmaster-general to include all the bodies, including "Mr. Martin Body, timber merchant, Lower Salisbury Place, Lock's Fields;" and to show that his lively volume is not a "corporation without a soul," he has animated page 924 with a couple of "Souls" from Finsbury, and page 923 with two from Aldermanbury. But since he has thus hospitably "brought them together," at Christmas

time, it must be admitted that due care has been taken in telling them off again conveniently into the different parts of this biblical mansion. It may, however, be as well to give the compilers of such a useful tome a hint of an improvement which may serve to facilitate the reference to each particular class. It is this. Let each have a distinct colour stained on the edge, as is done with French works of a similar character. Thus, the Law Directory might have a black edge, the Court Directory red, the Physic Directory blue, &c. Any one then wanting to refer, could, guided by the colour, instantly open the volume at the particular part he required.

We cannot close this notice without referring to an omission which we regard as personal and quite unaccountable in a literary man like the Postmaster-general. Under the letter A we found "artists" and "awl-blade-makers," but we looked in vain for "authors." Oh Col. Maberley, Col. Maberley, could you not find a local habitation for Selves and Co. in your bills of mortality? Are we indeed become a "dead letter" in your office? Do you really regard us as defunct; or, because Grub Street is grubbed up, that we are removed to some *terra incognita*, some bourn, not mentioned in Bourne's Gazetteer, whence no traveller returns? What! since the Penny postage reform, has an increase of letters really produced a decrease of authors? There must be something wrong in your book, Col. Maberley, which you must reform altogether before 1st January, 1845.

REAL RANDOM READINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "HOOD'S MAGAZINE."

Sir,—I do not know whether it has ever occurred to you, but it has struck me very forcibly, that the reminiscences of a bad memory might be quite as amusing, if not so instructive, as those of a good one. Certainly, some of the things published under the titles of Recollections, Records, Reminiscences, Retrospectives, &c., &c., have been extremely dull and tame; so much so as to make one wish that the authors, like Peter Pindar's George the Third, had remembered to forget them. For my part, I confess I set very little value on the historical embalming of mere names and dates; regarding them like preserved mummies, as rather dry matters of fact. At any rate, I have Mrs. Malaprop on my side, who did not approve of violent memories any more than myself. The level railway progress of such a powerful faculty must surely be less interesting and romantic than the rambles of a weak one, straying unconsciously from the path of reality into the great forest of fiction, and losing itself like a Babe in the Wood!

Now, my own memory was never a good one. Mnemosyne when I was born must have forgotten her invitation to the gossipping, or to bring me those organs with which she endows mankind in general, and the Poet of her Pleasures in particular, Mr. Thomas Campbell. Like him

> "Wafted by her gentle flow,
> Oft up the stream of time I try to row,"

but without his rudder and compass. My memory, as I think I said before, was never a good one, and from age and

natural decay is not even what it was. It especially fails me as to names, dates, places, and persons; but as Pope says to Eloise, or to the New Heloise,

"Give all you can, and we will give the rest."

I don't profess to be a regular Retrospective Reviewer like what's-his-name who used to edit it; but shall be guilty, I know, in my recallings of the past of a great many errors and anacreonisms, or anachronisms—which is it? It is easy, as Curran said to Dean Swift, if it wasn't Swift to Curran, it is easy for futurity to predict for posterity—I forget the exact words, but remember the sense; and on the same principle, when an octogenarian like myself is in the case—where was I? O! about Rogers's "Pleasures of Imagination." I remember Rogers well, though I forget where I met him, or on what occasion. But it was either at Lord Nelson's funeral in Westminster Abbey, or at George the Third's attempt, when he was out of his mind, on the life of Peg Nicholson. But I am sure it was Rogers; for he had just brought out either his "World before the Flood," or the World before that. There was to be a great party at Hannah Porter's, the authoress of "Evelina"—yes, "Evelina"—I believe I ought to have said Sir Charles Grandison; but at any rate the Bristol Milkwoman that Cowper patronised, was of the party. I recollect asking her what she thought of "Lalla Rookh." All the Johnsons were present. The great Doctor, Mrs. J., and all the little ones—they had just come up from Ludlow, or Lincoln, or Leicester, or Liverpool, or some place with an L, and had the provincial accent very strong. His patron was with him, Bubb Doddington, since Lord Melbourne Regis—of whom it was said he was a Lord amongst Lords, and a Wit amongst Wits. I quite forget what public service procured him his title. Horace Walpole

was to have been there too, but could not come. I am not sure that he was not dead. But it was either Horace Walpole, or Horace Mann, or Horace Smith, or Horace Twiss—I'm sure as to the Horace. We played at whist, and I remember having Pam five times running—but the amount of my winnings has escaped me. What else passed is, alas! as obliterated from my mind as if I had been dipped in the Styx—no, the Lethe. Yet slight as they are, these memorials of such celebrated Personages may do for a contribution to their Memories *poor servir*—perhaps the last word but one ought to be spelt pour, or perhaps pore. But I forget my French. As such, if you think, Sir, that a few Retrospective Sketches in the same style would suit your Metropolitan Magazine—I beg pardon, Blackwood's Miscellany—they are most heartily at your service; and, hoping for the favour of an early reply,

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

E. TYRRELL.

[The writer of the foregoing letter, a namesake, but no relation surely, of the City Remembrancer, is requested to forward his address.—ED. HOOD'S MAG.]

A DREAM BY THE FIRE.

IT is impossible, as every one knows, to sit by the fire in winter-time without gazing at it very earnestly; and the more you gaze, the more you see in it,—strange faces, and one of your love, perhaps, like a very "red, red rose"—a flamingo, or a whole flock of them,—Mount Vesuvius, with the neighbourhood overrun by the molten lava; a distant view of the Potteries, or the Carron Iron Works, by night,

with the furnaces at full work ; there is no end of the glowing objects you may see between or above the bars, if you have the least spark of imagination to eke them out with.

It is not a pleasure, however, without its price ; in the course of time the eyes become parched by the heat, the eyelids grow heavy, and in a moment or two you will inevitably go to sleep ; to avoid which I jumped up, though with some effort, and determined to look in at the Coal Hole —not the one in the cellar, but the one in the Strand. Still, from the name, the reader may run away with the notion, or rather be run away with, the notion that the Coal Hole goes the whole coal, at some shed or dingy wharf down those dark arches or narrow lanes in the neighbourhood of the Adelphi —that it is a depository for Wallsend, Russell's Main, and Adair's ; Hetton, Pontops, and Tanfield's, and all the other varieties of the black diamond. Whereas, if they take the right Rhodes, they will find a well-known house of entertainment in Fountain Court, celebrated for its good cheer and comic singing, to which a little deaf-and-dumb waiter,—call him page if you please—played a mute accompaniment.

Well, I walked in, passing the bar on the right, to the large room, where some voice in three volumes was singing a glee, with as much good will as if it had been earning three suppers. O what a rich jolly triple chorus it was, singing of wine and Bacchus, and Venus and myrtles,—while with every line some bright glorious image rose up in the mind's eye,—fauns skipping and nymphs dancing, grapes clustering, flowers springing, birds singing, and the sun shining from the clear blue sky with a fervour that made the blood bound through the heart, and run with a sensible thrill through every vein ! And when the song ceased, the genial feeling did not cease with it, for though there was no sun there, or blue sky, or clustering vines, there was abundance of radiant

lamps, and the fire glowed like a furnace, and the generous juice of the grape shone in amber and ruby through the crystal, and shed a light as from the painted windows of the Temple of Bacchus on the snowy table-cloths. And then those social little nooks round the room! Mirth occupied one; you could hear him laughing till his sides shook and his voice quavered. Friendship had taken possession of the next one; and was giving out hearty toasts and sentiments, followed by hip, hip, hips! and loud hurrahs! Harmony sat in the third: he had joined in the *trio*, a capital *fourth*—and in the other boxes sat dozens of Sociables, and United Brethren, and Odd Fellows enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, over the good things, solid and liquid, of this world. What comfortable steams rose over the tops of the partitions; what savoury odours streamed around; what a cheerful clatter of knives and forks and plates; what a merry jingle of bottles and glasses as they kissed each other in their hospitable journeys—like gossips laden with drink; what a tinkling, as if of little bells, between the glass and the busy spoon! What fumes of gin, rum, and brandy, mingling in the air and making a sort of aromatic punch for the benefit of the nose! And what rattling peals of laughter that seemed to come from some fat fellow with two hearts—one mocking the other! And all the while the deaf-and-dumb page, inspired by the spirit of the place, grew more and more intelligent, till he seemed to hear with every feature but his ears, and to speak with every feature but his mouth.

And better than all, in a corner box there was my very crony, my bosom friend, the friend of my soul, my other self, old Mann—or old humanity as we used to call him, sipping from a huge goblet to which he invited everybody who only looked at him—for he had a large heart and a liberal hand, loved everybody in the world but himself, and

deserved to be as largely loved in return. Yes—there he was, smiling and looking like a father to every one in the room. It was impossible not to drink with him when he asked you, which he was as sure to do, if you were within hearing, as that Burton ale is not Burton's Melancholy. So to it we went, glass for glass, hob and nob, 'here's to thee,' and 'fill again,'—and the wife and children, down to the baby in arms, were pledged in humming ale. At least that was *his* liquor, as it was Adam's, though of a weaker sort, for before A. B. was invented, double X would have been an anachronism. However, strong ale was his drink, and of all songs he best loved that old one, which sings of "jolly good ale and olde." But every man else might call for what he liked and welcome,—even the stranger whose face he had never seen before was a brother by descent to old Mann, and treated accordingly. So to it, I say, we went, with a will as the sailors say, like the jovial topers in Rabelais, taking great draughts of the stingo, and rare slices of the brawn, and huge trusses of the green salad, in which two or three lobsters had lost themselves, like tars in the country parts; and, meanwhile, the singing began again, first only one voice, then two, then three, then a fourth chimed in, and then more and more till the room rang again with the lusty chorus! Oh 'twas a glorious place that Coal Hole!—warm, bright, joyous with song and laughter,—you quite forgot there was such a thing as care, dull care, in the world!

Well, we drank on, old Mann and I, till my head became so heavy with the ale that had mounted into it, that I could not hold it up, but do what I would, it must needs drop first on my bosom, and then lower till it bobbed on the table; and lo, when it bobbed up again I was all in the dark, pitch dark. Every lamp had gone out; and as to the fire, it had died of apoplexy, or something as sudden, for there was not

a spark left of it. I never felt so cold and dreary in my life, for with the light and the warmth, the voices had died away too. Instead of the jovial chorus, the joyous jest, the many tongues, all clattering together, and the multitudinous laughing, one jolly cock crowing to another, like the chanticleers of the village, . . . all mute—not a tongue wagged—silent as death! I stretched out my hand for my ale, it was gone, table and all. I felt for old Mann and he was gone too; or turned into something cold, damp, and hard, like a wall. As soon as I could fetch my breath and voice, I called him: "Mann! Mann! Mann! Where are you?"

"Here I am," answered the voice of Mann, as from somewhere under the floor.

"What, are we down stairs?"

"I believe we are," grumbled the voice.

"What, down in the cellar?"

"Yes."

"Good God! How did we come there?" said I. "We had not such a great deal of ale! Why we were up in the great room, with a blazing fire, and the lamps, and Hudson or somebody was singing a comic song. For the Lord's sake, Mann, let's get up again. Where are you—what are you doing?"

"Here—getting coal!"

"Getting coal!"—(how drunk he must have been!)—And again I called to him by name—"Mann! Mann!"

"Here."

"Where?"

"Here."

Following the sound, I struck my head against a beam or a wall, with a crash that almost stunned me. I was in a low passage, so low that I was obliged to bend almost double. But there was a glimmer of light before me, and I crept

towards it, till at last I saw Mann, lying on his back in a sort of black cupboard, or gigantic coffin, at the top of which he was pecking with a pickaxe, as if he had been buried alive and was trying to break out. He was almost naked, and had his head bound up with a dirty cloth.

"Gracious Heaven! Mann! how came you there?—how came we here? I thought we were in the Coal Hole!"

"And so we are," said Mann, without turning his head or stopping for a moment in his labour. Pick, pick, pick—as if his return to the world depended on it. And I longed for a pickaxe, too, the black earth seemed to be closing upon me so oppressively. What a mystery it was! As if I and Mann had actually passed, by death, from the upper world, its light, its warmth, and human society, to the dark chambers of the grave! And was it really so?—had we bidden adieu for ever to the sun, for ever and ever to the blue skies and the green earth, and the sweet elastic air in which we used to live? Were we really sundered from all dear social ties, till the earth crumbled away, and the heavens rolled up like a parchment before the fire? It wanted not demons to convert it to a place of torment—the horrors of retrospection were sufficient to make that gloomy vault, or whatever it was, the abode of exquisite anguish. O how vividly returned upon me the blessed warmth and light, the communion with my kind, from which I was so suddenly and unaccountably cut off! Perhaps—so whispered a remorseful, misgiving thought—I had enjoyed these too much, too selfishly, too heedlessly, without asking or caring what portion others of my fellow-men had in the bounties of Providence. Perchance, for that sin, I had been condemned to an immortal solitary confinement, in the bowels of the earth—for I was solitary—Mann was too much occupied with his tool, pick, pick, pick, to be a companion. And something told me, that there he

might work for a thousand years without obtaining a glimpse of the blue sky. Mann, who on earth had so enjoyed the fellowship of man! and for very loneliness I could not help calling to him, occasionally, only for the sound of his voice, but he was too much absorbed in his dreary task to attend to me; sometimes he briefly answered me, sometimes not. Pick, pick, pick; he was so abstracted from me, by his labour, it was as if he had not been there. Oh, for but one human being that would speak if spoken to,—that would look at me, feel with me; and as I prayed, a faint light approached, from some unfathomable distance, nearer and nearer, till a woman, or the ghost of a woman, stooping, partly because of the low channel, and partly, it seemed, from some heavy burden on her back, came crawling past me. Another victim of Divine wrath, doomed to dreadful penance in the chambers of the earth. Oh, how squalid she was—how worn by woe—how haggard, how gaunt, how utterly withered from all that is womanly into all that is witch-like! And yet, even in that wasted form, and those wretched features, I recognised one I had known above—she was the wife of Mann!

"Elinor!"

But she made no answer, save a mournful shake of the head, and crept slowly on; she had not breath or heart to speak. Methought, now perhaps Mann will turn towards her, and pause in his work; but pick, pick, pick, pick, he let his wife, his miserable wife, pass on without a word or a glance. There was no time *there*, then, even for love! My soul sank within me. What an eternity was before me; dead even to hope! Nay not yet, for two more forms approached, strangely harnessed, and painfully dragging behind them some ponderous load, that made them stop to pant for breath—if it could be called breath, that was

inhaled in that awful subterranean prison. And as they stopped I knew them, a girl and a boy—but oh, how sadly disfigured! In years and size so young, in face so carefully old, like pain-ridden dwarfs! They were Mann's children! But the father looked not at his children; the children glanced not at their father! there was no time for love, conjugal, paternal, or filial, in that terrible place!

The ways of Providence are inscrutable! It is not for us to pry into the secrets of Heaven, and yet I could not help asking in my soul, by what awful guilt Mann, his wife, and his poor children, could have incurred so stupendous a punishment, such an appalling infliction of the Divine wrath? Above ground, on the living earth, they had seemed amongst the better examples of human nature; generous, charitable in word and deed, honest, industrious, tenderly affectionate to each other. I had known them under various phases, in sickness, in poverty, and oppressed, and yet how unrepining they were, how patient, how forbearing! Above all, in their days of want, how munificent, bestowing the half of their little on those who had less! As I thought of it, a crushing sense of my own unworthiness, compared with their worth, completely overwhelmed me. There was no juggling *there*, no self-deceit in that pitch-black prison, the Condemned Cell of the Soul! Weighed, even in my own balance, against poor Mann, conscience declared me deficient,—that I ought rather to have been condemned to pick, pick, pick, picking at that sable roof, to gain a glimpse, if I could, of the blessed face of Nature! "Mann," I cried, "Mann!"

"Well."

"Let me work for you a bit. You must be cramped in that narrow cell—and worn out with labour."

"Yes—my back 's a'most broke—and my neck aches as if it had been twisted."

"Give me the pick."

He put the tool into my hand—how heavy it was! And I crept into the black niche; but it was so like getting into the narrow home, that I lay paralysed with cold and dread, unable to lift my arm. In the mean time a faint light appeared as before, but from the opposite direction: it might be that Mann's wife and children were on their return—but no! a secret whisper told me that they were my own partner and our little ones, and I involuntarily closed my eyes against a spectacle, painted beforehand, on the blank black air. I dared not look at my wife or children—it was agony, unutterable agony, only to think of them in those depths of desolation.

But I was not to be spared that infliction. Through my eyelids, supernaturally transparent, I beheld a sight that filled my soul with bitterness. Oh, those dear young faces, so prematurely old, hunger-pinched, and puckered with cares —precociously informed of the woes of the world—children, without childhood. And, oh! that sad, forlorn matron's face, once the sunniest on earth; now, with hair so gray, eyes so dull, lips so thin—misery, misery! The sight was unbearable, and I shrieked out, "I am, I am in ——"

But before I could pronounce the unmentionable word, my eyes suddenly opened, and I saw before me my winter fire, with that great black block of the mineral fuel on the top, which, by its intense contrast with the glowing mass beneath, had led me into such a dream of the DARK and BRIGHT of the world, and that transition from the Coal Hole to the Coal Mine.

THE MARY.

A SEA-SIDE SKETCH.

Lov'ST thou not, Alice, with the early tide
To see the hardy Fisher hoist his mast,
And stretch his sail towards the ocean wide,—
Like God's own beadsman going forth to cast
His net into the deep, which doth provide
Enormous bounties, hidden in its vast
Bosom like Charity's, for all who seek
And take its gracious boon thankful and meek?

The sea is bright with morning,—but the dark
Seems still to linger on his broad black sail,
For it is early hoisted, like a mark
For the low sun to shoot at with his pale
And level beams: All round the shadowy bark
The green wave glimmers, and the gentle gale
Swells in her canvas, till the waters show
The keel's new speed, and whiten at the bow.

Then look abaft—(for thou canst understand
That phrase)—and there he sitteth at the stern,
Grasping the tiller in his broad brown hand,
The hardy Fisherman. Thou may'st discern
Ten fathoms off the wrinkles in the tann'd
And honest countenance that he will turn
To look upon us, with a quiet gaze—
As we are passing on our several ways.

*

So, some ten days ago, on such a morn,
The Mary, like a seamew, sought her spoil
Amongst the finny race : 'twas when the corn
Woo'd the sharp sickle, and the golden toil
Summon'd all rustic hands to fill the horn
Of Ceres to the brim, that brave turmoil
Was at the prime, and Woodgate went to reap
His harvest too, upon the broad blue deep.

His mast was up, his anchor heaved aboard,
His mainsail stretching in the first gray gleams
Of morning, for the wind. Ben's eye was stored
With fishes—fishes swam in all his dreams,
And all the goodly east seem'd but a hoard
Of silvery fishes, that in shoals and streams
Groped into the deep dusk that fill'd the sky,
For him to catch in meshes of his eye.

For Ben had the true sailor's sanguine heart,
And saw the future with a boy's brave thought,
No doubts, nor faint misgivings had a part
In his bright visions—ay, before he caught
His fish, he sold them in the scaly mart,
And summ'd the net proceeds. This should have brought
Despair upon him when his hopes were foil'd,
But though one crop was marr'd, again he toil'd
And sow'd his seed afresh.—Many foul blights
Perish'd his hardwon gains—yet he had plann'd
No schemes of too extravagant delights—
No goodly houses on the Goodwin sand—
But a small humble home, and loving nights,
Such as his honest heart and earnest hand

Might fairly purchase. Were these hopes too airy?
Such as they were, they rested on thee, Mary.

She was the prize of many a toilsome year,
And hardwon wages, on the perilous sea—
Of savings ever since the shipboy's tear
Was shed for home, that lay beyond the lee;—
She was purveyor for his other dear
Mary, and for the infant yet to be
Fruit of their married loves. These made him dote
Upon the homely beauties of his boat,

Whose pitch black hull roll'd darkly on the wave,
No gayer than one single stripe of blue
Could make her swarthy sides. She seem'd a slave,
A negro among boats—that only knew
Hardship and rugged toil—no pennons brave
Flaunted upon the mast—but oft a few
Dark dripping jackets flutter'd to the air,
Ensigns of hardihood and toilsome care.

And when she ventured for the deep, she spread
A tawny sail against the sunbright sky,
Dark as a cloud that journeys overhead—
But then those tawny wings were stretch'd to fly
Across the wide sea desert for the bread
Of babes and mothers—many an anxious eye
Dwelt on her course, and many a fervent pray'r
Invoked the Heavens to protect and spare.

Where is she now? The secrets of the deep
Are dark and hidden from the human ken;

Only the sea-bird saw the surges sweep
Over the bark of the devoted Ben,—
Meanwhile a widow sobs and orphans weep,
And sighs are heard from weatherbeaten men,
Dark sunburnt men, uncouth and rude and hairy,
While loungers idly ask, "Where is the Mary?"

A DISCOVERY IN ASTRONOMY.

One day—I had it from a hasty mouth
Accustom'd to make many blunders daily,
And therefore will not name, precisely, South,
Herschell, or Baily—
But one of those great men who watch the skies,
With all their rolling, winking eyes,
Was looking at that Orb whose ancient God
Was patron of the Ode, and Song, and Sonnet,
When thus he musing cried—"It's very odd
That no Astronomer of all the squad
Can tell the nature of those spots upon it!"

"Lord, master!" mutter'd John, a liveried elf,
"To wonder so at spots upon the sun!
I'll tell you what he's done—
Freckled hisself!"

THE ECHO.

—♦—

To avoid mistakes, be it understood that our Echo is not intended to be like the monotonous Repeater of the Lurlei Berg, which says the same thing over and over some dozen times; nor yet like Mr. Rogers' famous Echo at Ware, that only answers "Where?" It will not merely mock the last word or syllable addressed to it, but play at question and answer, after the manner of the celebrated Irish Echo, recorded by Joe Miller. There will be meaning and matter in its responses, as in those of the very original Echo, in Hudibras, which replied so pertinently to the queries of Orsin on the loss of his bear. Nay, on occasion, our Echo will speak without being spoken to, and whisper its own mind in a still *wee* voice, like the Ghost of an Editor. For example :—

"SIR: If the following Verses," &c. &c.

"ECHO: *Sir, we wish you a very harmonious New Year.*"

"SIR: Would you like a series of Essays on Bacon?"

"ECHO: *Yes; at breakfast, subject to the advice of our Physician.*"

Mr. B. is referred to Downing-street for the "Armorial Barings" he inquires about. If that fails, he may try Sir Charles Young, or the *Morning Herald*.

Our Foreign Correspondents are counselled to be cautious in the selection of conveyances for the transmission of their MSS., and to be careful in the packing. Two parcels of *broken English* have come to hand from abroad.

We remember reading in a recent notorious work, not otherwise very remarkable for originality, of a boat being forced through "a *serf*." Is the "Nautical Tale" from the same manufactory? There is certainly a resemblance of style in the following passage: "Our ship had struck on the *Sillies*. The sea was making *breeches* over her, and we were buried in *serge*."

THE LADY'S DREAM.

THE lady lay in her bed,
  Her couch so warm and soft,
But her sleep was restless and broken still;
  For turning often and oft
From side to side, she mutter'd and moan'd,
  And toss'd her arms aloft.

At last she startled up,
  And gazed on the vacant air,
With a look of awe, as if she saw
  Some dreadful phantom there—
And then in the pillow she buried her face
  From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,
  Her terror was so extreme;
And the light that fell on the broider'd quilt
  Kept a tremulous gleam;
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried:—
  "Oh me! that awful dream!

" That weary, weary walk,
In the churchyard's dismal ground!
And those horrible things, with shady wings,
That came and flitted round,—
Death, death, and nothing but death,
In every sight and sound!

" And oh! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room,
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom;—
And the Voice that cried, 'For the pomp of pride,
We haste to an early tomb!

"'For the pomp and pleasure of Pride,
We toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home at last,
Where yonder cypress waves;'—
And then they pointed—I never saw
A ground so full of graves!

" And still the coffins came,
With their sorrowful trains and slow;
Coffin after coffin still,
A sad and sickening show;
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt
Of such a World of Woe!

" Of the hearts that daily break,
Of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life,
That grieve this earthly ball—
Disease and Hunger, and Pain, and Want,
But now I dreamt of them all!

" For the blind and the cripple were there,
And the babe that pined for bread,
And the houseless man, and the widow poor
Who begged—to bury the dead ;
The naked, alas, that I might have clad,
The famish'd I might have fed !

" The sorrow I might have sooth'd,
And the unregarded tears ;
For many a thronging shape was there,
From long forgotten years,
Aye, even the poor rejected Moor,
Who raised my childish fears !

" Each pleading look, that long ago
I scann'd with a heedless eye,
Each face was gazing as plainly there,
As when I pass'd it by :
Woe, woe for me if the past should be
Thus present when I die !

" No need of sulphurous lake,
No need of fiery coal,
But only that crowd of human kind
Who wanted pity and dole—
In everlasting retrospect—
Will wring my sinful soul !

" Alas ! I have walk'd through life
Too heedless where I trod ;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm,
And fill the burial sod—
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmark'd of God !

"I drank the richest draughts;
And ate whatever is good—
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,
Supplied my hungry mood;
But I never remember'd the wretched ones
That starve for want of food!

"I dress'd as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remember'd the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold.

"The wounds I might have heal'd!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part:
But evil is wrought by want of Thought,
As well as want of Heart!"

She clasp'd her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream;
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme:
And yet, oh yet, that many a Dame
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

[The illustration to the "Lady's Dream" was from my father's pencil. The following note, referring to the picture, was written to William Harvey, who however was applied-to too late. It will show some of the difficulties, as well as the design of the publication, which it was intended to carry on without the assistance of "the Trade," if possible.]

MY DEAR HARVEY,

I SENT you the Magazine. There is a dead set against it in the trade, not one will they put in a window or hang on showboard. But we shall beat them. I have the press on my side.

Now we have determined on a woodcut number for our 2nd, and we want you to do one in your very best style, and to get it engraved in the very best ditto, to do you all justice—Thomson, or if he could not, perhaps Williams—but *you* had better see to that—so as to show you off best. The great thing is time, in which you must not deceive yourself, as it is imperative on us to forestall the other Mags. this month. But that is between ourselves. I can give you a subject at once, which may save you some trouble—my own Modern Belinda—if you take to the subject. You can draw it your own way—perhaps introducing the same accessories. We want a capital specimen of Harvey, as I think we have given of Creswick.* Pray let me know your mind as early as you can, and get it forward. We shall not haggle about terms or be Cradocky. Only let us be *sure* as to *time*, by not deceiving yourself about it.

We shall do very well,—but rather a hard fight of it at first with the trade. All send love to you.

Yours very truly,

THOS. HOOD.

W. Harvey, Esq.

* The illustration of the "Haunted House," which appeared with the first number.

A NEW BERRY.

A FEW evenings since, at a small party in Gardiner's Lane, where of course not one of the company had any knowledge of Horticulture, the mention of the Service Berry (or Sorb) gave rise to a discussion as to what sort of berry it was. One person thought it was either the hip or haw; another that it was a species of "cramberry;" a third that it grew on the elder tree—nobody appeared to have had any acquaintance with the fruit; till at last an old half-pay officer guessed—and was held to have solved the riddle—that it was a sort of Berry you got in the Service, commonly called a bullet.

NATURE AND ART.

THE following Correspondence is submitted, without comment, to the reader, who must discover for himself to which of our Art-Unions it refers. Perhaps it applies indirectly to all Picture Lotteries and raffles for Engravings, in which the very best *designs* are left at the mercy of *chance*.

I.—To R. A. BRUSH, Esq., London.

SUR,

About the Hart Unnion. Accordin to yure advice I tuck out for my Prize that are grate Picter as was in the Xibition and am sorry to say It dont give sattisfaction to noboddy, naythe to self and familly or any Frend watsum-

ever. Indeed sum pepel dont scrupple to say Ive been reglarly Dun in ile.

The fust thing I did on its arrival were to stick it up in the back Parlour verry much agin my Missis, who objected to its takin too much of her room, witch she likes to have to herself. Howsumever there it were and I made a pint to ax everry boddy, custumers, & nabers, to step in & faver with their oppinions And witch am concernd to say is all unanimus Per Contra, And partickly Sam Jones the Hous Painter whom is reckond a judge. As youd say if youd seed him squinnyin at it thro a roll of paper like one of the reglar knowin wuns I see at the Nashunal Gallery. Besides backin & backin furder & furder off to get the rite Distance as he said, till he backt into the fire. Whereby he says theres not a room in the hole Premisis big enuff to get at the focus. And sure enuff the nigher you look into it the furder youre off from diskivering the meanin. And my Missis objecs in to-to to landskips in doors witch sounds resonable and agreable to Natur only it would spile in the open air. So wat to do with the Pictur lord nose. Why Id better have had a share in the Boy's Distributing, with a chance of gittin a hactive one, to go round with the Tray.

As for Dadley, he wont have it at no price—not even for a sign—for says he theres no entertanement in it for man or horse. And witch I am almost convarted to myself, arter lookin at it for three Days runnin. So you see it dont impruve on acquaintance. Rigsby the Carpenter is of the same mind as the others ; He have wun a Prize himself, that are Print as you see in everry House I goes to, like the Willer patten chaney Namely the yung Female with the Lion walkin into the Cottage—why he don't walk into her & the old oman too is astonishin.

Well, there it is in the littel back parler, & as Jones says,

"bein kill'd for want of space," & advises to stick it in the slorterous, But witch I cant spare for a Picter Gallery.

As such havin follerd your proffeshinal advice witch makes you responsibel for the same, Beg to know wether the Picter cant be took back at a redeuced Wallyation Or by way of swop for the same length and Bredth, by the foot square, of littel paintings In witch case Sporting subjex would be preferd. Or would be agreable to take out the Amount in fammily likenesses, includin my grey mare.

Hopin for the faver of an erly reply I am

Sur

Your very humbel sarvent

RICHARD CARNABY.

II.—(THE ANSWER.)

SIR,

In reply to your communication I beg to state, that having afforded you the benefit of my professional knowledge and experience in the selection of a Picture, I am quite as deeply concerned as I ought to be that the result has not proved satisfactory to yourself, Mr. Jones the House Painter, and the rest of the provincial connoisseurs.

As to taking back the Picture, under any of the arrangements you propose, it is quite out of the question; and indeed altogether inconsistent with the rules and views of a Society expressly instituted for the encouragement of a taste for the Fine Arts.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

R. A. BRUSH.

III.—To Mr. Brush.

Sur,

Am sorry you decline to take the Pictur off my hands havin proposed such Fair Terms. As to my encurragin a taste for the Fine Harts, as my missis say, its my bisness to encurrege a taste for fine meat Witch is the fact. And as such ort praps to have confined my attentions to butcherin Whereby I mite sit cumfitable in my own parler But a 200 ginny Picter, and a greasy blue jacket & red nite cap don't match no how. Howsumever I shant put in agin At least not till sich time as theres a Hart Union for Hagriculture and a raffle for a Prize Ox.

I remane

Sur

Your verry humbel sarvent,

Richard Carnaby.

P.S.—Since ritin the abuv, Jones have found a custumer, on condition of paintin some annimals into the landskip, whereby the Picter stands a chance of showing off, on the outside of a Wild Beast Carrywan.

REVIEW.

Fifty Days on Board a Slaver.—By the Rev. Pascoe Grenfell Hill. Murray.

On the 12th of February 1843, the Cleopatra frigate, Captain Wyvill, captured, off Fogo, a Brazilian slave ship, and the prize being ordered to the Cape of Good Hope, the chaplain of the frigate volunteered his services as interpreter

between the negroes and the persons appointed to take charge of them—a Spaniard, and a Portuguese cook. Hence this unpretending little volume, but valuable as the sketch book of an intelligent observer, who paints the scenes he witnessed without aiming at those violent effects which some designers have introduced into their views of the Slave Trade. The picture, in its true tints, is quite sombre enough, in spite of that temporary gleam of sunshine which falls on the act of rescue, and the dropping fetters. Strange was the scene when the captors boarded the Progresso,—no relation, of course, to the Christian one of Bunyan.

"The deck was crowded to the utmost with naked negroes, to the number, as stated in her papers, of 450, in almost riotous confusion, having revolted, before our arrival, against their late masters; who, on their part, also showed strong excitement, from feelings, it may be supposed, of no pleasant nature. The negroes, a meagre, famished-looking throng, having broken through all control, had seized everything to which they had a fancy in the vessel; some with hands full of 'farinha,' the powdered root of the mandroe or cassava; others with large pieces of pork and beef, having broken open the casks; and some had taken fowls from the coops, which they devoured raw. Many were busily dipping rags, fastened to bits of string, into the water-casks; and, unhappily, there were some who, by a like method, got at the contents of a cask of 'aguardiente,' fiery Brazilian rum, of which they drank to excess. The addition of our boats' crews to this crowd left hardly room to move on the deck. The shrill hubbub of noises, which I cannot attempt to describe, expressive, however, of the wildest joy, thrilled on the ear, mingled with the clank of the iron, as they were knocking off their fetters on every side. It seemed that, from the moment the first ball was fired, they had been actively employed in thus freeing themselves, in which our men were not slow in lending their assistance. I counted but thirty shackled together in pairs; but many more pairs of shackles were found below. We were not left an instant in doubt as to the light in which they viewed us. They crawled in crowds, and rubbed caressingly our feet and clothes with their hands, even rolling themselves, as far as room allowed, on the deck before us. And when they saw the crew of the vessel rather unceremoniously sent over the side into the boat which was to take them prisoners to the frigate, they sent up a long, universal shout of triumph and delight."

Alas! this bright gleam was transient as the flash of the

gun which brought-to the Progresso! During the first watch all went smoothly and regularly, as if it had been one of Dent's or Savory's—the water calm, and the liberated negroes lying in quietness about the deck,—their slender supple limbs entwining, as the author describes, in surprisingly small compass, so that they resembled, in the moonlight, confused piles of arms and legs, rather than distinct human forms. But the weather was getting blacker, even for the liberated blacks.

"About one hour after midnight the sky began to gather clouds, and a haze overspread the horizon to windward. A squall approached, of which I and others, who laid down on the deck, received warning by a few heavy drops of rain. Then ensued a scene the horrors of which it is impossible to depict. The hands having to shorten sail suddenly, uncertain as to the force of the squall, found the poor helpless creatures lying about the deck an obstruction to getting at the ropes and doing what was required. This caused the order to send them all below, which was immediately obeyed. The night, however, being intensely hot and close, 400 wretched beings thus crammed into a hold 12 yards in length, 7 in breadth, and only 3½ feet in height, speedily began to make an effort to re-issue to the open air. Being thrust back, and striving the more to get out, the after-hatch was forced down on them. Over the other hatchway, in the fore-part of the vessel, a wooden grating was fastened. To this, the sole inlet for the air, the suffocating heat of the hold, and, perhaps, panic from the strangeness of their situation, made them press; and thus great part of the space below was rendered useless. They crowded to the grating, and, clinging to it for air, completely barred its entrance. They strove to force their way through apertures, in length 14 inches, and barely 6 inches in breadth, and, in some instances, succeeded. The cries, the heat,—I may say, without exaggeration, the smoke, of their torment,—which ascended, can be compared to nothing earthly. One of the Spaniards gave warning that the consequence would be 'many deaths.'—'Mañana habrâ muchos muertos.'"

"*Thursday, April* 13*th* (*Holy Thursday*).—The Spaniard's prediction of last night, this morning was fearfully verified. Fifty-four crushed and mangled corpses lifted up from the slave-deck have been brought to the gangway and thrown overboard. Some were emaciated from disease; many, bruised and bloody. Antonio tells me that some were found strangled, their hands still grasping each other's throats, and tongues protruding from their mouths. The bowels of one were crushed out. They had been trampled to death for the most part, the weaker under the feet of

the stronger, in the madness and torment of suffocation from crowd and heat. It was a horrid sight, as they passed one by one—the stiff distorted limbs smeared with blood and filth—to be cast into the sea. Some, still quivering, were laid on the deck to die, salt water thrown on them to revive them, and a little fresh water poured into their mouths. Antonio reminded me of his last night's warning, 'Ya se lo dixè anoche.' He actively employed himself, with his comrade Sebastian, in attendance on the wretched living beings now released from their confinement below; distributing to them their morning meal of 'farinha,' and their allowance of water, rather more than half a pint to each, which they grasped with inconceivable eagerness, some bending their knees to the deck, to avoid the risk of losing any of the liquid by unsteady footing, their throats, doubtless, parched to the utmost with crying and yelling through the night."

And now, gentle reader, with those yells still in your mind's ear, and those parched wretches still in your mind's eye, be pleased, by way of contrast, to look over the following bill of fare,—no, unfair—with its disproportionate provision for human thirst.

"The cabin stores are profuse; lockers filled with ale and porter; barrels of wine; liqueurs of various sorts; macaroni, vermicelli, tapioca of the finest kind; cases of English pickles, each containing twelve jars; boxes of cigars; muscatel raisins, tamarinds, almonds, walnuts, &c., &c. The coops on deck are crammed with fowls and ducks, and there are eleven pigs."

If the master of those liquid cabin stores did not deserve the fate of Tantalus, or the vinous drowning of Clarence, we will forego malt-liquors, and the juice of the grape. Be it remembered that the pores of the black skin give off moisture with a peculiar liberality, and accordingly, as might be expected, they require a proportionate supply of liquid.

"The great physical suffering of all seems to be a raging, unquenchable thirst. They eagerly catch the drippings from the sails after a shower; apply their lips to the wet masts; and crawl to the coops to share the supply placed there for the fowls. I have remarked some of the sick licking the deck, when washed with salt water."

In fact, the only delinquencies of the negroes consist in stealing water; involving not only the loss of the water

extracted, according to Mr. Hill, but the corruption of that which remains, by the foul rags which they dip into the casks to obtain it.

"*Friday, May* 5.—The 'Capitaŏ Pequenino,' who bears also the Portuguese name of 'Luiz,' came quietly to me this evening, and said, 'Senhor, estaŏ roubando aguardiente abaxo.'—'They are stealing brandy below.' I could not comprehend how this could be, as all the brandy in the hold had been started at the commencement of the voyage, to prevent mischief. Having reported it to the Lieutenant, I accompanied the two Spaniards to the slave-deck, and surprised a large party of the negroes, busily drawing up, by means of old rags, as usual, the contents of two barrels. One of these proved to be of water, and another smaller one, which Luiz supposed to be aguardiente, contained vinegar. Summary punishment was inflicted on eight, who were taken in the fact. They received by moonlight about eighteen lashes each, and were coupled in shackles previously to being sent back into the hold. Thus, as in many other fine beginnings, the end but ill corresponds with the 'early promise.' The sound of knocking off their irons, which thrilled so musically on the ear when we boarded the prize, terminates in the clank of riveting them on again, with the accompaniment of flogging. The result of their offence is certainly highly provoking, when, as is sometimes the case, instead of pure water, we draw up from the casks their putrid rags; on the other hand, none can tell, save he who has tried, the pangs of thirst which may excite them in that heated hold, many of them fevered by mortal disease."

A venial theft, enforced no doubt by stern physical necessity; for, in the article of food, they appear to be strictly conscientious, with a touch of the natural gentleman—if, indeed, the first gentleman in the world was not a negro, as is maintained, we believe, by Adam Black of Edinburgh, and others.

"There is a natural good breeding frequently to be remarked among the negroes, which one might little expect. They sometimes come aft, on seeing us first appear on deck in the morning, and bend the knee by way of salutation. Their manner of returning thanks for any little present of food or water is by a stamp on the deck, and a scrape of the foot backwards, and they seldom fail, however weak, to make this acknowledgment, though it cost them an effort to rise for the purpose. The women make a curtsey, bowing their knees forwards so as nearly to touch the ground. In the partition of the small pieces of beef in their tubs of farinha, the most perfect fair dealing is always observed. One of each little party takes the

whole into his hands, and distributes two or three bits, as the number allows, to each, and, should there be any remainder after the division, pulls it into yet smaller pieces, and hands them round with equal impartiality. After a meal they express general satisfaction by a clapping of hands; a mode also used by some among them of asking a favour, or begging pardon for a fault."

And, now, let it not be set down to the discredit of the savage race and natural good manners, if their best black behaviour relaxes under trials which would probably disturb the good conduct of even white civilisation. Morals may well change colour in an atmosphere which tarnishes the purest metals.

"At the outset of our voyage, it was comparatively trifling, and I suffered little inconvenience from venturing down on the slave-deck, to see what the matter was, when any extraordinary noise or outcries occurred. It is superfluous now to make this descent, in order to inhale its atmosphere, which pervades every part of the vessel, and in our after-cabin is almost intolerable. Gold lace and silver articles, though kept in drawers or japanned cases, have turned quite black, through this state of the air.

* * * *

"Disorder, I think, in every sense, is on the increase among the unhappy blacks. During the late fine weather, they have spent the sunny hours of the day on deck, but when below, their cries are incessant day and night. Thinned as their numbers are by death, there is no longer narrowness of room, but increasing sickness and misery make the survivors more hard and unfeeling, and they fight and bruise one another more than formerly. Little Catula, the finest among them, who received a bite in the leg about six weeks since, getting continual blows and knocks, the wound has now become a deep-spreading ulcer. Another fine intelligent lad has been lately severely bitten in the head. Others have the heel, the great toe, the ankle-joint, nearly bitten through; and worse injuries than these, too savage to mention, have been inflicted. Madness, the distraction of despair, seems to possess them."

The number of deaths, during the voyage of fifty days, appears to have been 163, but the real number who died on board was 175, besides 14 more who expired on shore, out of a total of 397—a fearful waste of human life. As a set-off, however, the crew of the Slaver escaped with as much im-

punity as if they had only committed a literary piracy ; and certainly a very *white* fate was reserved for the skipper.

"The captain, whom they reported to have perished in the surf near Quilimane, but who was concealed among them, embarked for Rio, with four of his companions, in an English brig, having obtained money, as has been since discovered, from an English mercantile house in Cape Town."

That the Slave Trade should exist at all in the nineteenth century is a great fact, to the disgrace of civilisation. No Christian nation ought to accredit a representative of human nature to a Court that connives at such a detestable traffic ; or to acknowledge, even as foreign relations, those repudiators, who disown their brotherhood to any of the sons of Adam !

END OF VOL. VI.

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MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Hood, Thomas

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